

PETER PINDAR, ESQ[R].

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME. III.

CONTAINING

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THE
RIGHTS OF KINGS;
OR,
LOYAL ODES
TO
DISLOYAL ACADEMICIANS.

Τις μανίη θυμὸν εἰσέβη. ANACREON.

Thus for a MIGHTY MONARCH to be *levell'd!*
Pray were you drunk, or mad, Sirs, or be-devill'd?

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

THE foundation of the following Odes is ſimply this—The Preſident of the Royal Academy, happy to be able to gratify our amiable Monarch in the minuteſt of his predilections, reported lately to the Academicians his Majeſty's deſire, that a Mr. LAURENCE might be added to the liſt of R. A.'s, his Majeſty, from his ſuperior knowledge in painting, being *perfectly convinced* of this young Artiſt's uncommon abilities, and conſequently fair pretenſions to the honour. Notwithſtanding the Royal wiſh, and the wiſh of the Preſident, and (under the roſe ! ! !) the wiſh of Mr. BENJAMIN WEST, the Windſor oracle of paint, and painter of hiſtory, the R. A.'s received the annunciation of his Majeſty's wiſh, Sir JOSHUA's wiſh, Mr. WEST's wiſh, with the moſt ineffable *ſang-froid*, not to call it by the harder name, diſguſt. The annunciation happening on the night of an election of Aſſociates, at which Mr. LAURENCE ought to have been elected an Aſſociate (a ſtep neceſſary to the more exalted one of R. A.)—behold the obſtinacy of theſe Royal mules !—the number of votes in favour of Mr. LAURENCE amounted to juſt three, and that of his opponent, Mr. WHEATLEY, to ſixteen ! ! !—Indignant and loyal Reader, the Lyric Muſe, who has uniformly attacked Meanneſs, Folly, Impudence, Avarice, and Ignorance, from her cradle, caught fire at the above important event, and moſt loyally poured forth the following Odes, replete with their uſual ſublimity.

PROËMIUM.



TO THE PUBLIC.

GENTLES! behold a poor plain-ſpoken man!
  Modeſt as ADDINGTON our SPEAKER,
Amidſt Saint Stephen's patriotic clan,
  Where INNOCENCE ſo meek did ne'er look meeker;

When with much palpitation, and much dread,
He turn'd about his pretty Speaker's head,
  One leg juſt rais'd to hop into the chair;
Juſt like a CAT in rain amid the ſtreet,
That fears to wet her white and velvet feet,
  Which for a handſome gutter-leap prepare!

" I fear I am a moſt unworthy choice,"
  Said *Miſter* SPEAKER, with a lamb-like voice!
" I have but one ſtep more," he cry'd,
  Keeping his head coquettiſhly aſide.

How much like CHRISTIE, with his hammer rais'd,
(CHRISTIE, a public Speaker too, ſo prais'd),
Looking around him, ſimpering, ſmiling, bowing,
Then crying—"Gemmen, going, going, going!"

Yes, *Gentles* all, a modeſt Bard and ſhy,
With dove-like mien, and ground-exploring eye;
Modeſt as *Miſter* SPEAKER at the LORDS,
When lowly he did Majeſty *beſeech*
T' *allow* his *humble* COMMONS uſe of words;
That is to ſay, a liberty of ſpeech:

Alſo to have at times a *tête-à-tête*,
Becauſe a *confab* royal is a treat;
Indeed for *ſubjects* much too rich,
As wiſe KING JAMES aſſerted of the *itch*:

Likewiſe to have the privilege of TICK,
Becauſe a BAILIFF is a meddling rogue,
Who, with a hand of iron, or a ſtick,
Stoppeth the travels of our men of vogue!
Barbarian act, that men of worſhip frets!
Who think of loftier things than idle debts;

Deep

Deep pond'ring ever on the NATION's good,
Not on great greaſy butchers, taylor knaves,
Mercers and clammy grocers—compter ſlaves,
Who, by their ſtinking ſweat, procure their food.

Tradeſmen! a ſet of vulgar ſwine;
Crutches for FORTUNE in a deep decline:
Lo! what a tradeſman's good for, and lo all—
A wooden buttreſs for a tott'ring wall!

With tears have I beheld full many a 'SQUIRE
Moſt brutally by *Bailiffs* dragg'd along;
For turnpike, furniture, or houſe's hire,
Horſe, wages, coach, or ſome ſuch idle ſong!

Now 'SQUIRE's a title of much reputation—
Belongs to people of *no*—occupation;
Who cannot (in their looks we read it)
Get, for a mutton-chop, a little credit!
Poor Gentlemen! how hard, alas! their fate,
To knuckle to ſuch nuiſances of State!

Gentles, to you, well pleas'd, I turn again,
Quitting my fav'rite *rambling* ſtrain;

Leaving belov'd, admir'd, ador'd digreſſion,
So practis'd by *us* men of *ode-profeſſion*,
When we have ſcarcely aught to ſing or ſay,
And ſneaking FANCY quits the lyric lay.

I do remember!—What?—That thus my pen,
Licentious, ſlander'd crown-and-ſceptre men!
" Readers, one moment look me in the face;
" A Poet not *quite* deſtitute of grace;
" And anſwer *one* not bred in FLATT'RY's ſchools—
" Are you, or are you not, a ſet of fools?
" Pinning your faith on GRANDEUR's ſleeve—
" Say, do you, in your conſciences, believe
" That M——s never can be weak nor mean;
" And that a M——'s wife, yclept a ——,
" May not (and why not?) be a downright ſlop,
" Form'd of the coarſeſt rags of NATURE's ſhop?
" I read the anſwer in each viſage—" No."
" O Jeſu! *can* it be? and *is* it ſo?
" Put down my book—
" Give it not *one* contaminating look:
" I ſtare on you with pity—nay, with pain—
" KEARSLEY ſhall toſs your money back again:
" Get your crowns ſhav'd, poor ſouls—I wiſh you well;
" And hear me—Bedlam has a vacant cell."

Such

Such were the ſtanzas that I wrote of yore,
  When tainted by a King-deriding Clan:
But now I curſe thoſe *tenets* o'er and o'er—
  A convert quite—a ſweet and alter'd man:

The ſacred force of SOV'REIGNTY I feel—
To ROYALTY's ſtern port I learn to kneel:
  For Royalties are deem'd moſt ſacred things;
So ſacred by the Courtiers, that the *Bible*
May be inform'd againſt, and prov'd a libel,
  For ſaying—"Put no confidence in Kings!"

Though this indeed may be interpolation,
  As much was coin'd by Popiſh prieſts and friars;
For ah! how hard 'tis for imagination
  To *fancy* Monarchs hypocrites and liars!

THE
RIGHTS OF KINGS.

ODE TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

AM I awake, or dreaming, O ye Gods?
Alas! in *waking*'s favour lie the odds!
The dev'l it is! ah me! 'tis really ſo!
How, Sirs! on Majeſty's proud corns to tread!
Meſſieurs Academicians, when you're dead,
Where can your Impudencies hope to go?

Refuſe a Monarch's mighty orders!—
It ſmells of treaſon—on rebellion borders!
'Sdeath, Sirs! it was the QUEEN's fond wiſh as well,
That * Maſter LAURENCE ſhould come in!
Againſt a Queen ſo gentle to rebel!
This is another crying ſin!

What!—not oblige, in ſuch a trifling thing,
So ſweet a Queen, and ſuch a goodly King!

A Queen

* A young portrait-painter of ſome merit.

A Queen *unus'd* to oppofition-weather—
At difappointment fo *unus'd* to ftart—
So full of dove-like gentlenefs her heart,
As if the dove had lent its fofteft feather,
That heart of gentlenefs to form,
Unus'd (as I have faid) to oppofition-ftorm!

O let me juft inform you, one and all,
That Kings and Potentates, both great and fmall,
Born to be humour'd, for *obedience* battle:
Moft inftantaneous too muft be compliance;
Refufal is moft damnable defiance;
They ftruggle for't, like children for the rattle.

But in our *fimile* fome diff'rence lies—
We whip a bantling when it kicks and cries,
Fully determin'd not to pleafe it:
But lo! the children that poffefs a crown
(Young Herculeses) knock us down,
And, angry for the bauble, *feize* it.

Each of you, Sirs, has kept a cur, *perchaunce:*
Poor wretch, how oft his eyes with lightnings dance;
How he looks up to Mafter for a fmile!

Shakes

Shakes his imploring head with wriggling tail,
Now whining yelps, now pawing to prevail,
  Eager with ſuch anxiety the while;

And if a pat *ſhould* bleſs the whining ſcraper,
Lord, how the animal begins to caper!

Thus ſhould it be with ſubjects and great Kings—
But you are ſtrangers to theſe humble things.
For ſhame! upon the courtier's creed go look—
And take a leaf from humble HAWKSB'RY's book;
Or ſweet neck-bending water-gruel LEEDS,
Who Majeſty with pap of flatt'ry feeds;
Which pap, if highly reliſh'd, will of courſe,
Rewarded, make him MASTER OF THE HORSE.

Where was PREROGATIVE?—aſleep?
A blockhead, not a better watch to keep
  In this moſt ſolemn, moſt important hour!
Why heard we not the thunder of his voice;
Saw down your gullets cramm'd the royal choice,
  So eaſy to the iron arm of Power?

Why ſlept his ſledge, the guardian of a crown,
So form'd to knock unruly raſcals down?

Ah,

Ah me! PREROGATIVE ſeems nearly dead!
Behold his tott'ring limbs and palſied head;
Sunk in their orbits his dim eyes;
His teeth dropp'd out; and hark! his voice ſo weak;
A mouſe behind the wainſcot—eunuch ſqueak!
"Ah! *non ſum qualis eram*," now he ſighs.
To ev'ry body's call, ah! now ſo pliant!
Sad ſkeleton of once a ſturdy giant!

Poor bending ſhrivell'd form, but juſt alive,
Art thou that bully once—PREROGATIVE?
Where is the mien of MARS, the eye's wild ſtare,
A meteor darting horror with its glare?
How like a BRANDY-DRINKER, who on flame
Feeds with a roſy beacon-face at firſt;
But, by his enemy INTEMP'RANCE curſt,
Yields to that victor of mankind with ſhame;
Pale, hobbling, voiceleſs, crawling to decay,
Juſt like a paſſing ſhadow, ſinks away!

Bedchamber Lords are all in ire—
The Maids of Honour all on fire;
Nay, though deſpotically ſhav'd, the Cooks,
Bluff on th' occaſion, put on bull's-beef looks:

And really this is very grand behaving,
So nobly to forgive the famous ſhaving!

See Madam SCHWELLENBERG moſt cat-like ſtare;
  And though no fav'rite of the King,
She cries, " *By Got, it ſhock and make my hair*
  Upright—it is ſo dam dam ſaucy ting."

STANHOPE, perchance, will claſp you in his arms;
And PRICE's Ghoſt, with eloquence's charms,
  Will, from his tomb upſpringing, ſound applauſe:
But know, I deem not ſo of EDMUND BURKE:
He nobly ſtyles the deed " a d-mn'd day's work;"
  Superior he to cutting royal claws.

MUN very juſtly thinks the human back
Should be to Kings a ſort of humble hack;
That ev'ry ſubject ought to wear a ſaddle,
O'er which thoſe great rough-riders, Kings, may ſtraddle.

ODE II.

THE fam'd Aſſembly of the French will ſmile,
At this diſgrace of our fair iſle:
Meſſieurs FAYETTE the Great, and Co.
With tears of joy will overflow,
And order the Aſſembly of the Nation
To ſend you ſweet congratulation.

What haſt thou to complain of each, thou imp?
Compar'd to Kings, a grampus and a ſhrimp!

Lo! when from Windſor mighty Kings arrive,
Like London mack'rel, all alive!
Terrenes of flatt'ry are prepar'd ſo hot
By courtiers—a delicious pepper-pot;
Which, to be ſure, the royal maw devours,
Kings boaſting very ſtrong digeſtive pow'rs.

A POINTER thus, lock'd up a week,
Half ſtarv'd, and longing for a ſteak;
Behold him now turn'd looſe ſo wild to eat—
Gods! how he gobbles down the broth and meat!

Yes

Yes, flatt'ry-ſoups are all prepar'd ſo hot,
As I have hinted, a fine pepper-pot:

Side-diſhes too of curtſies, bows, and ſcrapes,
With ſtare and wonder in all ſorts of ſhapes;
Attentions darting from the full-ſtretch'd eye,
That not a royal glance may paſs unheeded by:
Attentions ſharp as thoſe of LUMPY, SMALL,
At cricket ſkill'd to catch the flying ball;
Whilſt you ſurvey (abominable thing!)
With cold contempt the character of King!

Think by what royal bounty you are bleſt!
  Think of the patronage to Painters all!
Not a poor ſhallow rill confin'd to WEST,
  But torrents that like Niagara fall.

Yes; GEORGE is gen'rous—watches all your wants—
And pours his foſt'ring rains upon his plants.
Then, meeting ſuch a friend, ye ought to cry,
" Glory be to GEORGE on high!

Thus, when two clouds approach, a wand'ring pair,
As oft it happens, 'mid their walks in air;

Though one be rich, the other poor
In rare electric matter, how they greet!
With what delight they ſeem to meet;
And, pleas'd, with all the fire of friendſhip roar!

GEORGE, O ye raggamuffins, loves you dearly;
Sends you rare pictures for improvement yearly;
Buys up your works, and much commiſſion gives
To Hiſt'ry, Portrait, Landſcape-men—
Careful as of a chicken a good hen:
Thus like an Alderman each Limner lives.

Yes; a good hen—I ſee her wing diſplay'd,
To warm, protect you with parental ſhade:
But you, a flock of vile rebellious chicken,
Are all for mounting on your mother's back,
With threat'ning beak and noiſy ſaucy clack,
Her eyes out, trying to be picking;

Againſt her blaſphemouſly ſwearing:
This is undutiful beyond all bearing.
Where'er the plaintive cry of WANT appears,
Cock'd, like a greyhound's, are the King's two ears:

Ready for ſuch poor wights to bake and brew!
A circumſtance believ'd by very few!
Thus, to PHILOSOPHY's ſurpriſe,
A pin can lead the lightning of the ſkies!

ODE III.

BEHOLD, his Majeſty is in a paſſion!
Tremble, ye rogues, and tremble all the nation!
Suppoſe he takes it in his royal head,
To ſtrike your Academic Idol dead;
Knock down your HOUSE, diſſolve you in his ire,
And ſtrip you of your boaſted title—'SQUIRE!

To bend a piece of iron to your will,
  You always make that iron hot;
For then it aſks but little force and ſkill—
  Its ſturdineſs is quite forgot:

But lo! it is quite otherwiſe with man!
Make *him* red-hot, and bend him as you can:

So widely diff'rent are the metals,
Composing man, or kings indeed, and kettles!

Oft has he left his Queen and Windsor tow'rs,
Oft from the fascinating Dairy flown,
To raise the Arts with all his mighty pow'rs,
And hold high converse with the folks of TOWN

From lofty CARTHAGE thus, by JOVE's decree,
On nobler works than those of love, intent,
ÆNEAS from the widow DIDO went,
And, full of piety, put off to sea!

Vain of your academic honours, vain,
I say again,
Idly you deem'd yourselves the first of men;
And then
You spurn'd the hand which rais'd you into notice—
By all the Gods, unfortunately, so 'tis!

Full oft, by FORTUNE, man is play'd a trick;
Too often ruin'd by her glittering toys,
Just like the CANDLE's luckless wick
Surrounded by the lustre that destroys.

ODE IV.

RESISTANCE turns me, like a napkin, pale;
REBELLION chills me into ftone;
" Tell not in Gath the tale,
" Nor publifh in the ftreets of Afcalon."

Copy the manners of a Court:
There (thanks to EDUCATION for't)
SUBMISSION cow'ring creeps, with fearful eye,
Unceafing bends the willowy neck to ground,
In rev'rence, abject and profound,
Too humbly modeft to behold the fky:

There, all alive too, HAWK ATTENTION fits,
To ftudy Royal HUMOUR's various fits;
With wings expanded, ready to fly poft,
To Eaft, to Weft, to North, or South,
To cater for a Monarch's mighty mouth,
To get him bak'd, or grill'd, or boil'd, or roaft:

Now fcampers to pick up each bit of news,
Which full-fed London ev'ry moment fp—s:

Then to the Palace the rich treaſure bears,
And pours the whole into the royal ears.

There ADULATION, with her ſilvèr tongue,
Sweeter than Philomela's ſweeteſt ſong,
Says unto Majeſty *ſuch things!*
Tells him that CÆSAR won not half *his* fame;
That ALEXANDER was a childiſh name,
Compar'd to *his*—the King of KINGS!

Now ſmiling, ſtaring huge ſurpriſe,
With ſuch a brace of wonder-looking eyes,
On all the words from Majeſty that dart;
As if bright gems, as large as eggs of pullet,
Flow'd from the King's Golconda gullet,
Enough, indeed, to load a cart:
Her mouth ſo pleas'd the treaſures to devour!
Wide as the port-hole of a Seventy-four!

Such is the picture of a Palace ſcene,
Drawn by an *amateur*, I ween:
The outline chaſte, and eaſy flowing;
The colouring not a whit too glowing.
Such, ſuch is ADULATION, charming maid!
Whoſe conduct you won't copy, I'm afraid.

ODE

ODE V.

AT oppoſition, lo! the ſoul demurs!
At ſuch the royal mind revolts;
Hates it as much as ſticks, the cats and curs,
Or curbs, and whips, and ſpurs, high-mettled colts.

Too well I know, that you the Great deſpiſe;
Molehills, inſtead of mountains, in your eyes:
'Tis wrong!
I often rev'rence GRANDEUR in my ſong.

Go, Sirs, to Court upon a gala day:
Soon as the ſoldiers cry aloud, "Make way!"
How glorioufly the Courtiers ſtrut it by,
In gorgeous clothes of ſilk and gold,
With ſuch an elevated front, and bold,
With ſuch ſtate-conſequence in either eye;

So much above the ground on which they ſtrut,
So ſtiff, ſo ſtake-like, all the pompous pack,
As though Dame NATURE had forgot to put
The joints of manners to the neck and back.

O glorious ſight! this no one dares deny:
And lo! I'd lay conſiderable odds,
That man who ne'er divinities did ſpy,
Would really take them for a pack of gods!

Grant that the Great are ignorant—what then?
Still are they folks of worſhip—ſtill *great* men;
Though flogg'd through ſchools, and baniſh'd from a college,
Although not one inch broad their minds, I ween:
The utmoſt boundary of all their knowledge,
The Game-act and JOHN NICHOLS' Magazine.

Still men of worſhip muſt they all appear,
BEINGS we little people ſhould *revere!*
'Tis nat'ral to revere the *folk* on high;
To rev'rence, lo! our infancies are led!
Well do I recollect how oft my eye
Ador'd the Kings and Queens of Gingerbread:

King David, Solomon, and that brave Queen*
Who rode ſo far to ſee, and to be ſeen:

Though

* Her Majeſty of Sheba.

Though hungry as a hound, with pence in ſtore,
When in their glory on the ſtalls I met 'em;
Though longing to devour them o'er and o'er,
I deem'd it ſacrilege to eat 'em!

ODE VI.

THE light of REASON is a little ray,
But ſtill it ſhows us the right way:
Indeed, the GENTLEWOMAN makes no blaze,
No bonfire tempting a fool's eye to gaze—
A modeſt dame, remote, and calm, and coy,
And never playeth gambols, to deſtroy.

But ERROR, what a meretricious jade,
Amidſt her trackleſs wilds immers'd in ſhade,
To tempt the ſilly and unwary!
Her meteor, lo! ſhe lights!—here, there,
Up, down, ſhe dances it—now far, now near,
In mad and riotous vagary.

On the fools wander, in purſuit ſo ſtout,
And love of this ſame gariſh light;
All on a ſudden goes this meteor out;
And caught, like badgers, in the ſack of night,
Blund'ring, and trying to get back agen,
They roll about in vain, poor men.

Thus you Academicians all proceed!
You are thoſe BADGERS, Gentlemen, indeed!

There ſeems an ardent ſpirit, to my mind,
A Revolution ſpirit, 'mongſt mankind:
A ſpark will now ſet kingdoms in a blaze,
That would not fire a barn in former days;
So lately turn'd to touchwood is each State—
So whimſical indeed the ways of FATE!

Pray, Sirs, both old and young, ye bright and muddy
Did ever you make cuckoldom your ſtudy?
P'rhaps *not*, if rightly I divine—
But, Gentlemen, I've made it *mine*.

This ſtate of man, and let me add obſcenity,
Is not a ſituation of *betweenity*,

A

As ſome word-coiners are diſpos'd to call't—
Meaning a mawkiſh, *as-it-were-iſh* ſtate,
Containing neither love nor hate—
A ſort of water-gruel without ſalt.

Know then, that Cuckoldom's all eye, all ear,
All ſmell, all taſte, and, faith! all feeling:
His ſenſes ſharp as thoſe of cats appear,
To right, to left—as quick as ſoldiers wheeling,
To catch a wife's bad fame, alas! not praiſe;
Thus ſetting traps to ſqueeze his future days;

Watering with one eternal tear the eye,
And making lovely Life one lengthen'd ſigh:
A pair of antlers his—he ſits on thorns—
He nothing ſees but horns, horns, horns!

Nay, to the Cuckold in idea, lo,
On either ſide his head a horn appears
Tremendous! but which all his neighbours know
Are only one huge pair of aſs's ears.

Then pray diſmiſs your jealouſies and frights;
Our M——h means not to invade your rights:

It

It never, never was a Royal plan—
" For BRUTUS is an honourable man!"
Greater from CHAMBERS ſhould be all your fears,
Whoſe HOUSE is tumbling faſt about your ears.

ODE VII.

THE King (God grace him) wiſhes you to *ſhine:*
He rais'd the building with *your* caſh and *mine.*
But what is wealth? what, thouſands? trifling things!
To ſwell the mighty volume of its fame,
He call'd it ROYAL—thus he *gave* the name;
Which proveth the munificence of Kings—
Heav'ns, what a preſent! ah, well worth poſſeſſing!
Lo! on a level with a Biſhop's bleſſing!

DOMITIAN (ſo ſays HIST'RY, with a ſigh)
Would quit affairs of ſtate, to hunt a fly:
But we have no ſuch trifle-hunting Kings—
Europe knows no ſuch miſerable *things!*
Her Princes gallop on a larger ſcale;
No flippant minnow, but the flound'ring whale!

GEORGE wiſhes not to give the dome a grave;
Not to deſtroy, he cometh—but to ſave:
Not like Dame NATURE, who compoſes forms
The faireſt for the faſcinated eye;
Then ſends her lightnings, floods, and ſtorms,
To bid the beauteous flowrets die!

When once a woman's handſome, ſmart, and clever,
In God's name let her bloom for ever!
Ah! could I ſnatch TIME's ploughſhare from his hand,
Who, with that eaſe a farmer ſkirts his land,
Furrows ſo cruelly o'er the faireſt face!
Relentleſs as a Mohawk, on he goes,
Cuts up the lily and the roſe,
Roots up each wavy curl, and bends the neck of grace—

Ah! could I ſimply do but this,
The ſweeteſt lips would give me many a kiſs.

By raiſing, then deſtroying like a Turk,
It ſeems as though TIME did not like his work;
As though he wanted ſomething *better* ſtill,
Than e'er was manufactur'd at his mill.

And

And yet how exquiſite, of charms the crop
In Meſdames * JOHNSON'S, * KELLY'S, * WINDSOR'S
ſhop,
Or rather hot-houſe!—Lord, if fond of billing,
What grace, for guineas, we may find!
Nay, in the ſtreets, if cheapneſs ſuits our mind,
We purchaſe Cleopatras for a ſhilling!

O BEAUTY, how thou ſtealeſt me away!
Born, thou ſweet WITCH, thy POET to beguile!
Thy fool, idolater, by night, by day,
He feels a chain in ev'ry ſmile.
Thou Tyrant of my heart, let go my pen—
I *muſt*, *will* ſpeak to Academic men.

Sirs! ſhould the ROYAL EAGLE, from his height,
Dart on your puny forms, his eye of flame,
And wanton, juſt to exerciſe his might,
(Deeming you no ignoble game)
Should pounce on your owl-backs, ſo ſtout,
How would a cloud of feathers fly about!
The thunder of his beak, for falling, ripe,
What figures you would cut within his gripe!

This

* The Prieſteſſes of the Cyprian Goddeſs.

This can the KING OF ISLES perform—I know it:
Yet, though of pow'r ſo full, he will not ſhow it.
Too ſoon your band its weakneſs would deplore!
A crab in a cow's mouth—no more!

Say, don't ye tremble at th' affronted name?
Where lurks the burning bluſh of ſhame?
Alas! that ſymptom of remaining grace
Knows not to tinge an Academic face!
Sons of the Dev'l like you, rebellious, hear—
It is for Kings to *burden*—*us* to *bear*.

I own I've ſaid (and glory in the advice),
" Be not, O King, as uſual, *over-nice:*
" Dread Sire, (to take a phraſe from CALIBAN)
" Bite 'em"—
" To pour a heavier vengeance on the clan,
" Knight 'em."

ODE IX.

THE modern French deem Monarchs much like fire,
Which a good looking-after doth require—
  Too much inclin'd to prove an evil;
A fire that needeth to be well ſecur'd,
Well iron'd, pinion'd, and immur'd,
  Which otherwiſe would play the devil:
Yet if on politics a *bard* may prate,
I deem their Monarch's jacket rather ſtrait.
MESDAMES POISSARDES, 'twas ſhockingly ill-bred,
To fling your flounders at your MONARCH's head.
Though, VENUS-like, deſcended from the flood,
'Twas baſe, ye ſweet DIVINITIES of Mud.
To this great truth, a UNIVERSE agrees,
" *He who lies down with dogs, will riſe with fleas.*"

How applicable! lo, you took advice,
I'm ſure, from that ARCH-DEVIL, DOCTOR PRICE,
And STANHOPE—who ſo praiſe the French and clap,
For catching Kings, like polecats, in a trap.

Oh,

Oh, may I never *be*—but *were* I King,
Like ropes ſhould I conſider laws;
Preventing, when I wiſh'd it, a good ſpring—
Hand-cuffs to bind my lion claws.

A ſet of articles implies miſtruſt—
How can the LORD's ANOINTED be unjuſt?
We never ſhould believe ſuch things
As doubt the wiſdom of the KING OF KINGS:
What the LORD chooſes *muſt* be good,
Although he ſend us but a piece of wood.
Ev'n *CHESTERFIELD, that atheiſtic dog,
Declares he has a rev'rence for KING LOG.
" When will that lucky day be born, that brings
" A bridle for the arrogance of Kings?
" Too ſlowly moves, alas! the loit'ring hour.
" When will thoſe tyrants ceaſe to fancy Man
" A Dog in PROVIDENCE's lev'ling plan,
" To crouch and lick the blood-ſtain'd rods of POW'R?"
Such is your moſt unkingly cry;
And lo, I tell it with a ſigh!

 Rank

* " I confeſs I have ſome regard for KING LOG." *Vide* his Letters.

Rank is in man the itch of oppoſition,
Which wanteth a good whip for a phyſician.
  You keep bad company that turns your head—
So hungrily you ev'ry thing devour,
That tends to clip the wings of royal pow'r,
  Which like the eagle's pinion ought to ſpread;
So greedily ſuck in REBELLION's breath,
That wafts the ſeeds of IMPUDENCE and DEATH.

Thus, hound-like, at a Lord-Mayor's feaſt,
A COMMON-COUNCILMAN, a beaſt,
On ev'ry ſeaſon'd diſh ſo hungry ſtuffs—
Unbuttons, wipes the ſweat away, and puffs.

Poor fool! he ſwallows rheumatiſm and gout,
  Aſthma and apoplexy—and more ills
Than Doctors, with their knowledges ſo ſtout,
  Can vanquiſh with their boluses and pills!

But, Sirs, you muſt be *cautious* how you act;
  Attorney-General is no *reaſoning* thing!
    'Tis an indubitable fact,
  This fellow is the creature of a King;
His eagle—thunder-bearer—loud his cry—
And "Inſtant vengeance" is his ſole reply.

'Tis

'Tis dangerous to ſhake hands with ſuch hard claws,
His gripe enough to make the braveſt pauſe!

Then be not at your midnight orgies ſeen,
Buzzing opinions upon King and Queen.
Ah! ſhould he ſally forth ſo ſtrong,
Amidſt your wantonneſs of ſpeech and ſong;
Unlin'd by mercy, you will feel his gripe,
Stopping the melody of many a pipe.
Thus at the ſolemn, ſtill, and ſunleſs hour,
When to their ſports the inſect nations pour:

In airy tumult bleſt, the light-wing'd throng,
   Thoughtleſs of enemies in ambuſcade,
Hums to NIGHT's liſt'ning ear the choral ſong,
   And wantons through the boundleſs field of ſhade;
When, lo! the mouſe-fac'd DEMON of the gloom,
Eſpying, hungry meditates their doom!

Bounce, from his hole ſo ſecret burſts the BAT,
   To honour, mercy, moderation, loſt!
   Behold him ſally on the humming hoſt,
And murd'rous overturn the tribes of GNAT;
Nimbly from right to left, like TIPPOO, wheel,
And ſnap ten thouſand pris'ners at a meal!

ODE X.

HOW pleaſant 'tis the Courtier clan to ſee!
So prompt to drop to Majeſty the knee;
To ſtart, to run, to leap, to fly;
And gambol in the Royal eye!
And, if expectant of ſome high employ,
How kicks the heart againſt the ribs, for joy!

How rich the incenſe to the Royal noſe!
How liquidly the oil of FLATT'RY flows!
But ſhould the Monarch turn from ſweet to ſour,
Which cometh oft to paſs in half an hour,
How alter'd inſtantly the Courtier clan!
How faint! how pale! how woe-begone, and wan!

Thus CORYDON, betroth'd to DELIA's charms,
In fancy holds her ever in his arms:
In mad'ning fancy, cheeks, eyes, lips devours;
Plays with the ringlets that all flaxen flow
In rich luxuriance o'er a breaſt of ſnow,
And on that breaſt the ſoul of rapture pours,

NIGHT too entrances—SLUMBER brings the dream—
Gives to his lips his IDOL's ſweeteſt kiſs;
Bids the wild heart, high panting, ſwell its ſtream,
And deluge every nerve with bliſs:
But if his NYMPH unfortunately frowns,
Sad, chapfall'n, lo! he hangs himſelf, or drowns!

Oh, try with bliſs his moments to beguile:
Strive not to make your Sov'reign frown—but ſmile:
Sublime are Royal nods—moſt precious things!—
Then, to be *whiſtled to* by Kings!

To have him lean familiar on one's ſhoulder,
Becoming thus the royal arm-upholder,
A heart of very ſtone muſt glad!
Oh! would ſome King ſo far himſelf demean,
As on *my* ſhoulder but for *once* to lean,
Th' exceſs of joy would nearly make me mad!
How on the honour'd garment I ſhould dote,
And think a glory blaz'd around the coat!

Bleſt, I ſhould make this coat my coat of arms,
In fancy glitt'ring with a thouſand charms;

And ſhow my children's children o'er and o'er:
" Here, Babies," I ſhould ſay, " with awe behold
" This coat—worth fifty times its weight in gold:
" This very, very coat, your grandſire wore!

" Here," pointing to the ſhoulder, I ſhould ſay,
" Here Majeſty's *own* hand ſo ſacred lay:"
Then p'rhaps repeat ſome ſpeech the King might utter;
As—" Peter, how go ſheep a ſcore? what? what?
" What's cheapeſt meat to make a bullock fat?
"Hæ? hæ? what, what's the price of country butter?"

Then ſhould I, ſtrutting, give myſelf an air,
And deem my houſe adorn'd with immortality:
Thus ſhould I make the children, calf-like, ſtare,
And fancy grandfather a man of quality:
And yet, not ſtopping here, with cheerful note,
The Muſe ſhould ſing an *ode* upon the coat.

Poor loſt AMERICA, high honours miſſing,
Knows nought of ſmile and nod, and ſweet hand-kiſſing;
Knows nought of golden promiſes of Kings;
Knows nought of coronets, and ſtars, and ſtrings:

In

In ſolitude the lovely REBEL ſighs!
But vainly drops the penitential tear—
Deaf as the adder to the Woman's cries,
We ſuffer not her wail to wound OUR ear:
For food, we bid her hopeleſs children prowl,
And with the ſavage of the deſert howl.

ODE XI.

"MAN may be happy, if he will:"
I've ſaid it often, and I think ſo ſtill:
Doctrine to make the MILLION ſtare!
Know then, each MORTAL is an actual JOVE;
Can brew what weather he ſhall moſt approve,
Or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.

But here's the miſchief—Man's an aſs, I ſay;
Too fond of thunder, lightning, ſtorm, and rain;
He hides the charming, cheerful ray
That ſpreads a ſmile o'er hill and plain!
Dark, he *muſt* court the ſcull, and ſpade, and ſhroud—
The miſtreſs of his ſoul muſt be a CLOUD!

Who told him that he must be curs'd on earth?—
The God of Nature?—No such thing!
Heav'n whisper'd him, the moment of his birth,
"Don't cry, my lad, but dance and sing;
"Don't be too wise, and be an ape:
"In colours let thy soul be dress'd, not crape.

"Roses shall smooth Life's journey, and adorn;
"Yet, mind me—if, through want of grace,
"Thou mean'st to fling the blessing in my face,
"Thou hast full leave to tread upon a thorn."

Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,
Poor imps! unhappy, if they can't be curs'd—
For ever brooding over Mis'ry's eggs,
As though Life's pleasure were a deadly sin;
Mousing for ever for a gin
To catch their happinesses by the legs.

Ev'n at a dinner, some will be unbless'd,
However good the viands, and well dress'd:
They always come to table with a scowl,
Squint with a face of verjuice o'er each dish,
Fault the poor flesh, and quarrel with the fish,
Curse cook and wife, and, loathing, eat and growl.

A cart-

A cart-load, lo, their ſtomachs ſteal,
Yet ſwear they cannot make a meal.
I like not the blue-devil-hunting crew!
I hate to drop the diſcontented jaw!
O let me NATURE's ſimple ſmile purſue,
And pick ev'n pleaſure from a ſtraw!

ODE XII.

TREAT SOV'REIGNS, Sirs, with more reſpect, I beg:
To Thrones, with due *decorum*, make a leg;
Ev'n *thoſe* are ſacred, though but empty chairs:
There lurks in Thrones a *ſomething*, though but wood,
That thrills with awe the vulgar maſs of blood,
And fills the mouth and eye with gapes and ſtares:

Wiſhing by no means to affront,
I wonder what's the meaning on't!

LOUIS QUATORZE was quite the Frenchman's GOD;
Who made all nations tremble at his nod;

Married

Married SCARRON's old widow, dry and froufy;
Got deep in debt, the conftable out-ran;
And, to complete the farce, this GOD-LIKE MAN
Died—*loufy!* *

The CROWN, fo powerful, made him every thing!
There's fomewhat marv'lous in it, I muft own!
For folly is not folly on a Throne;
For whiting's eyes are di'monds in a King!

I dare not fay that no exception fprings
Againft this mighty magic pow'r of Kings:
Not all a MONARCH's fmiles, and pow'r of PLACE,
Can wipe vulgarity from BRUDENELL's face;
Nor, though a whole eternity they try,
Blot art, infernal art, from H—KSB—Y's eye;
Blot beaft from S-LISB—Y, who no legend needs,
Pertnefs from DICK, and vacancy from LEEDS.

* He actually had the *Morbus Pediculofus.*

ODE XIII.

LO! Majesty admireth yon fair *DOME;
And deemeth that he is admir'd again!
The King is wedded to it—'tis his home;
He watches it, and *loves* it, e'en to pain:
And yet this lofty Dome is heard to say,
" Poh! poh! p-x take your love—away! away!"

To this, with energy I answer—" Shame!"
Such bad behaviour puts me in a flame:
This is unseemly, nay, ungrateful carriage,
And brings to mind a little Ode to MARRIAGE.

ODE TO HYMEN;

OR,

THE HECTIC.

GOD of ten million charming things,
Of whom *our* MILTON so divinely sings,
Once dove-tail'd to a devil of a wife—

HYMEN,

* The Royal Academy.

HYMEN, how comes it that I am ſo ſlighted?
Why with thy myſt'ries am I not delighted,
Which I have try'd to peep on half my life?

God of the down-clad chains, diſpel the miſt—
Oh, put me ſpeedily upon thy liſt!
A civil liſt, like that of Kings, I'm told,
Bringing in ſwelling bags of glorious gold!

What have I done to loſe thy good opinion?
Againſt thee was I ever known to rail;
And ſay, (abuſing thus thy ſweet dominion)
"Curſe me! if this boy's trap ſhall catch my tail?"
No! no! I praiſe thy knot with bellowing breath,
Which, like JACK KETCH's, ſeldom ſlips till death.

Lo! 'midſt the hollow-ſounding vault of Night,
Deep coughing by the taper's lonely light,
The hopeleſs HECTIC rolls his eye-balls, ſighing;
"Sleep on," he cries, and drops the tend'reſt tear;
Then kiſſes his wife's cherub cheek ſo dear:
"Bleſt be thy ſlumbers, Love! though I am dying:
"Ah! whilſt *thou* ſleepeſt with the ſweeteſt breath,
"*I* pump, for life, the putrid well of death!
"*I* feel

"*I* feel of Fate's hard hand th' oppreſſive pow'r;
"*I* count the iron tongue of ev'ry hour,
"That ſeems in Fancy's ſtartled ear to ſay—
"Soon muſt thou wander from thy wife away."

"Dread ſound! too ſolemn for the ſoul to bear,
"Murm'ring deep melancholy on my ear:
"And ſullen—ling'ring, as if loth to part,
"And eaſe the terrors of my fainting heart.
"Yet, though *I* pant for life, ſleep *thou*, my dove,
"For well thy conſtancy deſerves my love."

And, lo! all young and beauteous, by his ſide,
His ſoft, freſh-blooming, incenſe-breathing Bride,
  Whoſe cheek the dream of rapt'rous kiſſes warms,
Anticipates her Spouse's wiſh ſo good;
Feels Love's wild ardours tingling through her blood,
  And pants amidſt a *ſecond* huſband's arms;
Now opes her eyes, and, turning round her head,
"Wonders the filthy fellow is not dead!"

ODE XIV.

YE quarrell'd with SIR JOSHUA ſome time ſince;
Of Painters, eaſily allow'd the Prince—
The Em'pror, let me ſay, without a flattery:
Yet wantonly againſt this Emp'ror, lo!
An overflowing tub of bile to ſhow,
Ye fooliſh planted an infernal battery.

The mind of man is vaſtly like a hive;
His thoughts ſo buſy ever—all alive:
But here the *ſimile* will go no further;
For bees are making honey, one and all;
Man's thoughts are buſy in producing gall,
Committing, as it were, ſelf-murther.

But let the ſpirit that ſurrounds *my* frame
Sit eaſy on it, juſt like an old ſhoe—
When DISAPPOINTMENT ſets my houſe in flame,
Let REASON all ſhe can to quench it do:
REASON has engines plentiful and ſtout,
With water at command to put it out.

I hate to hear men quarrelling through life,
Themſelves the fabricators of the ſtrife;

For ever hunting, with a hound-like nose,
That hornet's nest, the tribe of woes:
And when the woes invited greet 'em,
They wonder how the dev'l they meet 'em.

ODE XV.

AH! could ye wish your *PRESIDENT to change!
Ah! could ye, PAGANS, after false Gods range?
Swop *solid* REYNOLDS for that *shadow* WEST?
In love-affairs variety's no sin—
Trav'lers may change at any time their inn—
Here 'tis Paint-blasphemy, I do protest.

In LOVE's warm regions I should like, I own,
'Midst diff'rent climes to fix my throne:

DAVID'S

* The AUTHOR has *some* reason to imagine that a part of the Academic Rebellion was meant to attack the PRESIDENT; the disappearance of whose works, in the present EXHIBITION, has been fatal.—One Picture from SIR JOSHUA's hand would have atoned for a host of *Daubs*.

DAVID's Phyſicians order'd change of *Dame—
And, lo! t'improve our cows, we bid 'em paſs
Into variety of graſs—
With *bulls*, I gueſs, th' advantage is the ſame.

And as I MONSIEUR CUPIDON employ,
To manufacture pieces of my joy,
I would not mad run counter to the faſhion:
A little SYLVIA, with the ſweeteſt ſmile,
Poſſeſſes power ſome moments to beguile,
And in Elyſium lap the pretticſt paſſion.

But not *toujours perdrix*—the vulgar thing!
Then PLEASURE ſoon would ſpread her wanton wing:
No! no! VARIETY the game muſt ſtart—
Come oft, and make her curt'ſy to my heart;
And, like the Orange Girls, my taſte to ſuit,
Cry, "Choice of fruit—fine fruit, Sir—choice of fruit."

Dull CONSTANCY is quite a Quaker's hat,
So formal!—changeleſs in its great broad brim:
VARIETY's a fine young playful CAT—
A hopeful imp of ſpirit, ſport, and whim;
Who, when all other objects fail,
Runs after its own tail.

ODE

* Abiſhag, the fair Shunamite.

ODE XVI.

DEAD is idolatry, and faint the praiſe
That Sceptred People meet with now-a-days!
All unmoleſted, lo! the VIRTUES ſleep!
Their roof with fair applauſe but rarely rings;
Sweet PANEGYRIC moves with ſnail-like creep,
And DEFAMATION on the lightning's wings!

Too pleas'd to pluck the ſoaring plume of Pow'r,
Ye bleſs an Oppoſition hour;
Too fond, alas! of roaſting harmleſs Kings;
Too well I know what freedoms you would take—
Beat the *dear* creatures juſt like bears at ſtake;
Juſt like a poor tame GULL's, would clip his wings!

Poor bird! whom FATE oft cruelly aſſails;
Forc'd from his bold aërial height,
Sweeping the ſun amidſt his flight,
To hop a garden, and hunt ſnails!

Such is the fate of LOUIS SEIZE,
Whom PITY, with a ſigh, ſurveys;

Whom FRENCHMEN daringly have laid a curb on;
Who now no more *full royally* indites,
No more "*Sic volo*" to his kingdom writes,
But, "I'm your humble ſervant, LOUIS BOURBON."

Lettres-de-cachet, now no longer known,
Shall lull no more an EMPIRE's idle groan:
Baſtilles, thoſe ſchools of peace and ſweet morality,
Inſtruct no more the mob, and men of quality:

Baſtilles, the haunt of philoſophic gloom,
Surround the IMPS of Liberty no more:
In duſt each iron and coloſſal door,
Which clos'd in thunder on a Rebel's room;

That pealing, with reverberated ſound,
Rung through the caverns of the dread PROFOUND;
Where MEDITATION ponder'd, penſive maid!
And HORROR, death-like, paus'd upon the ſhade.

Oh, let us cheriſh, then, the ROYAL RACE,
The fount of honour, freedom, penſion, place!
On *me* would KINGS their treaſure fling away,
Moſt humbly grateful would I ſay,

"Thus

" Thus LYBIA's Forests a kind shade supply,
" And for the meanest Savage form a den;
" And thus the Mountains that invade the sky,
" Kind, in their shaggy bosoms warm the WREN."

ODE XVII.

'MID the deep'ning gloom of Time
Your puny names shall scarce appear;
While those of Kings, in characters sublime,
Shall, blazing, bid a *world* revere:
Their peerless acts, with ev'ry virtuous quality,
Shall grace the PYRAMID of IMMORTALITY.

There shall their glorious names be seen so bright,
As on a Birth or Coronation night,
Amidst the evening's honour'd shade,
Fast by the grocer's, or the chandler's shop,
Or lace, or pinman, or the man of mop,
By loyal thumb-bottles display'd!
That, burning with a rival glow,
Beam on the gaping multitude below,

Know, when we ſlumber, not ſo ſleeps the King;
He watches!—yes, he ponders through the night!
To buried GENIUS lends a fancied wing,
And lifts him from his darkneſs into light:

Thus, nightly on the *MEVAGIZZY ſhore,
When HORROR breathes upon the heaving DEEP,
Amid the wild and ſolemn roar,
Theſe eyes have ſeen the crafty HERON creep,
Now dart his beak ſo ſharp for fiſh's blood,
And ſnatch a wriggling Conger from the flood!

Here differeth this compariſon of ours:
The KING *preſerveth*—but the FOWL *devours*.

* A Fiſhing-town, in Cornwall.

ODE XVIII.

GO, Sirs, with halters round your wretched necks,
Which ſome contrition for your crime beſpeaks,
And much-offended Majeſty implore:
Say, piteous, kneeling in the Royal view—
"Have pity on a ſad abandon'd crew,
"And we, great King, will ſin no more:
"Forgive, dread Sir, the crying ſin,
"And *Miſter* LAURENCE ſhall come in."

Your hemp cravats, your pray'r, your Tyburn mien,
May pardon gain from our good King and Queen,
For they are not inexorable people;
Although you thus have run their patience hard;
And though you are, to ſuch great folk compar'd,
Candle-extinguiſhers to ſome high ſteeple.

For Kings (I ſpeak it to their vaſt applauſe)
Can pardon, if you let them gain their cauſe!
So gracious, they will give you ſuch kind looks,
As fell upon the ſhav'd and humbled Cooks;
Kind as a gard'ner's charitable eye
On ſome cruſh'd ſnail, or bird-lim'd fly;

Kind as the epicure's, who, fond of mites,
Mingleth compaſſion with his bites.

How vile to make the front of Monarchs low'r!
I ſee him, all like vinegar ſo ſour,
  Look black!—but, *ſtill* good-humour's in his ſoul;
And now I mark it, ſtealing forth ſo ſweet—
Stream of forgiveneſs—what a treat!
  I ſee his eye, with love rekindling, roll.

Thus, when the DEMON of the ſtorm has driv'n
The SUN, that YOUTH of ſplendor, from his heav'n,
  Drown'd ev'ry vale, and blaſted ev'ry bloom;
Caſt o'er poor NATURE's ſmile a ſable ſhroud,
Each beauty blotted with his inkieſt cloud,
  And giv'n a cheerful world to gloom;

Lo! through the giant ſhade, a lonely Ray
  Peeps from the op'ning Weſt with timid air,
(Till forc'd by ſhouldering clouds away),
  Informing man, "To-morrow will be fair."

Oh, had you rev'renc'd a great K—g's commands,
What trouble he had taken off your hands!

For

For ART you had not rang'd the realm around!
His keener eye the precious gem had found!
Then, what an honour to have seen appointed,
Your very NIGHTMAN, by the LORD'S ANOINTED!

ODE XIX.

LITTLE more, and I have done—
The Muse's tittle-tattle must go on.

The world is very fond of calling "Fool:"
It looks with rapture on a simple head,
Of puerilities the rich hot-bed,
So pleasing to the taste of RIDICULE:
Rare crops! that, thick'ning into life,
Start, like asparagus, to tempt the knife.

And, should the head belong to some great DUKE,
HAWK-SATIRE eyes it with the keenest look:
Still, should the OWNER hap to be a KING,
Sharp for her quarry, how she prunes her wing!

Such is the proneneſs to aſſail *great folk*,
And make high-birth and ſtate a ſtanding joke.

Oh, for an ointment to deſtroy the ſcab
Call'd ENVY, which, alas! too many know!
The heart ſhould be a medlar, not a crab;
Milk, and not verjuice, from its fount ſhould flow:
But GREATNESS, ſun-like, from the muddy ſtream,
Draws the foul vapour that obſcures its beam!

Indeed, the PEOPLE are a lawleſs crew;
Why ſtrive I then, Quixotic, to reform?
As ſoon a feather may the waves ſubdue,
And ſpiders bind the pinions of the ſtorm.

Yet, 'tis not ſtrange, that *Kings* ſhould loſe repute,
Conſid'ring man's ſo *nat'rally* a brute.
Ev'n SAINTS themſelves have loſt their reputation:
Rome formerly had thirty thouſand gods;
And now, I warrant ye, 'tis odds,
They own ſcarce *one* through all the Romiſh nation.

Alas! who now believes in ſticks and ſtones,
Old rags, and hair, and nails, and marrow-bones?

SAINT

Saint Agnes, that ſweet lady, void of ſin,
Was ſtripp'd, poor gentlewoman, to her ſkin,
And, for religion, carried to the ſtews;
When, as the lady was ſo bare,
God gave her ſuch a quantity of hair,
As reach'd unto her very ſhoes.

When to the bawdy-houſe arriv'd the Dame,
An angel from above commiſſion'd came,
And ſpread around her ſuch a heav'nly light,
As dazzled every body's ſight.

However, a young Officer,* a buck,
Wiſhing prodigiouſly to have a *look*,
Daſh'd forth, to pierce the middle of the light,
Meaning to violate the Dame ſo good;
Which meaning, when the Devil underſtood,
He choak'd the wanton Rogue out-right.

Such is the tale! true ev'ry crumb;
Now, no more heeded than Tom Thumb.

* The ſon of a Præfect.

TO MISTER PITT.

DEAR as a di'mond to the beſt of Queens,
Dear as to cormorants, of fiſh a ſhoal;
Dear to a German hog, as beds of beans;
Dear as a ſixpence ſav'd, to MIS'RY'S ſoul:

Dear as REFORM to *Miſter* PITT of yore,
When *he* and RICHMOND made a bullock-*roar*,
Bellowing themſelves into the prettieſt places;
Dear as *ſham*-fights to that ſame 'SQUIRE OF COALS,
Or to his eyes a * ſoldier's coat in holes,
Rent by the ſheers of TIME in fifty places:

Dear as the Doctor's bill to this good nation,
Which Parliament, with tears of joy, ſurvey'd;
Which brought about a much-deſir'd ſalvation,
For which the Doctors have been *poorly* paid:

Dear

* A poor *invalid*, under his GRACE's patronage, who (like the felons hung in chains on Hounſlow, Bagſhot, Blackheath, and elſewhere) wears his coat until it *drops from his back*.

Dear as the *ROYAL MESSAGE to the NATION,
By which *more money* humbly is implor'd—
" More money for the CHILDREN's education—
" Hard times! more money for the CHILDREN's board:"

Dear as to *valiant* GLO'STER ſword and gun;
Dear as a dock-leaf to a hungry aſs;
Dear to the fam'd GEORGE SELWYN, as a pun;
Dear as to legs of mutton, caper ſauce;

Dear as the voice of flatt'ry to the PROUD;
Dear as to hackney-coachmen ſigns of rain,
Who count their ſhillings in a coming cloud,
And, pious, pray for Noah's flood again;

So dear to Monarchs is that idol POW'R!
So dear is prompt obedience to a King!
Far, of reſiſtance be the trying hour!
God bleſs us! what a melancholy thing!

Yet

* What a niggardly ſet of Repreſentatives we ſend to Parliament! To ſuffer his Majeſty ſo *frequently* to be begging for a *little* money, is ſhameful in the extreme. In God's name, let him have the TREASURY at once. Had he been worth ten or eleven millions, an economy would have been pardonable.

Yet oppoſition-fraught to Royal wiſhes,
  Quite counter to a gracious King's commands,
Behold! th' ACADEMICIANS, thoſe ſtrange fiſhes,
  For * WHEATLY lifted their unhallow'd hands.

So then, thoſe fellows have not learnt to crawl,
  To play the ſpaniel, lick the foot, and fawn—
Oh, be their bones by tigers broken all!
  Pleas'd, by wild horſes could I ſee them drawn.

O PITT! with thee I'm ſorry, very ſorry!
  Not make a poor ASSOCIATE!—ſuch a *thing!*
Who try'd to tarniſh thus the Royal Glory?
  What rebel balloted againſt his King?

Then, Sir, he is ſo bountiful a man!
  A cataract of charity, I'll ſay—
Inform me any body, if you can,
  Unmark'd by liberality a day!

Where'er he walks, where'er his wild career,
  Through CHELT'NAM, WEYMOUTH, EXON, PLYMOUTH, lo!
With joy his ſtaring ſubjects all, ſo dear,
  See from each ſtep a ſtream of glory flow.

Thus,

* The rival candidate of Mr. LAURENCE.

Thus, when that pretty animal an —,
  At night, on pavement gallops like the wind;
Fire kindling at his heels, behold him pass!
  How bright the sparkles that hop out behind!

Nurs'd on the dunghill of the smiles of Kings,
  What mushrooms daily, to surprise us, start!
So nimbly the fair vegetable springs!
  Such warmth prolific, can a smile impart!

Such is of Royalty the envied pow'r!
  Then perish ev'ry Academic Plant!
Oh, may they feel nor sun, nor fost'ring show'r!
  Blow round them, O ye cold, cold winds of WANT!

What Nabob structures rise, with wings outspread,
  Whose owners' necks well merit to be lopp'd!
With what sublimity they lift the head,
  By DEATH, and RUIN'S ATLAS-shoulders propp'd!

But such thy Master's purity of soul,
  His eyes upon the sword of Justice feast:
" Curse on the Pearl (he cries) by RAPINE stole;
  " Curse on the di'monds of the bleeding East!

"Curſe on the villains that whole realms deſpoil!
"Curſe on the cruel hand (we hear him cry)
"That ſteals the fruit of LABOUR's honeſt toil,
"And draws the tear of blood from PITY's eye!

O PITT! what puniſhment ſhall we contrive,
To ſuit this ſaucy, ſelf-important crew?
How ſhall we ſmoke this academic hive,
That ſtinging makes us look ſo very *blue?*

Oh, bid our Monarch draw his purſe-ſtrings tight;
Contract his open heart, of giant ſtature;
Uſe ev'ry ſpecies of little ſpite,
And violate for *once* his noble nature.

Oh, bid our Sov'reign take it not to heart;
For downright brutes are BRITONS, nine in ten:
At curbs and whips behold us aſſes ſtart,
And inſolently claim the RIGHTS OF MEN!

And yet, I moderation wiſh to Kings!
Yes, yes, they ſhould be merciful, though ſtrong
As SCEPTRES have been found in France with wings,
One would not loſe an EMPIRE for a *Song*.

ODES TO MISTER PAINE,

AUTHOR OF

"RIGHTS OF MAN;"

ON THE INTENDED CELEBRATION OF

THE DOWNFALL OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE,

BY A

SET OF BRITISH DEMOCRATES,

ON THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.



Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.——— JUVENAL.

ODES TO MISTER PAINE,

AUTHOR OF

"RIGHTS OF MAN."

ODE I.

O PAINE! thy vast endeavour I admire!
How brave the hope to set a realm on fire!
  AMBITION, smiling, prais'd thy giant wish:
Compar'd to *thee*, the MAN, to gain a name,
Who to DIANA's temple put the flame,
  A simple minnow to the KING OF FISH.

Say, didst thou fear that Britain was too blest,
Of Peace thou most delicious pest?
How shameful that this pin's-head of an ISLE,
While half the GLOBE's in grief, should wear a smile!
How dares the WREN amidst his hedges sing,
While Eagles droop the beak, and flag the wing?

Oh, muſt the ſcythe of DESOLATION ſleep,
So keen for carnage, ſtay its mighty ſweep,
And HAVOCK on his hunter drop his laſh;
Spurr'd, arm'd, and ripe to ſtorm with groans the ſky,
To chaſe an empire, and enjoy the cry,
The cry of millions—what a glorious craſh!

What pity thy combuſtibles were bad!
How DEATH had grinn'd delight, and HELL been glad,
To ſee our liberties o'erturning;
And WAR, whoſe expectation tiptoe ſtood,
Ready for hills of ſlain, and ſeas of blood,
Who drops his death's-head flag, and puts on mourning!

Why, cur-like, didſt thou ſneak away, nay fly?
Dread'ſt thou of anger'd JUSTICE the ſharp eye?
Return, and bring MESDAMES POISSARDES along:
And lo, with FRIENDSHIP's ſqueeze and fire to meet 'em,
And oaths of ev'ry hue to greet 'em,
The ſiſterhood of Billingſgate ſhall throng.

The jails may open all their dreary cells,
Where HORROR brooding on damnation dwells,

And

And vomit forth their grisly bands;
Surrounded by this squalid host,
PAINE shall their leader be, and boast;
PAINE, GORDON, and REBELLION, shall shake hands.

IMPORTANCE, in a nut-shell hide thy head!
I deem'd myself a dare-devil in rhyme,
To *whisper* to a KING of modern time,
And try to strike a royal *foible* dead;
While dauntless *thou*, of *treason* mak'st no bones,
But strik'st at *Kings themselves* upon their thrones!

ODE II.

HELL hears our pray'r!—all is not lost—
Behold a chosen few, a *host*,
Stand forth the CHAMPIONS of the glorious cause!
The jails are opening!—hark! the iron doors!
Chains clank!—the brazen throat of TUMULT roars;
And lo, the destin'd VICTIMS of the Laws!
Disgorg'd, they pour in dark'ning tribes along,
And mingle with our DEMOCRATIC THRONG!

BEDLAM unlocks her melancholy cells!
Forth rush the MANIACS grim, with joyful yells;
  They tear their blankets, clap their frenzied hands;
They grind their teeth, they dance, they foam, they stare;
They rend with bursts of laughter wild the air:
  And join, they know not why, our thick'ning bands!

Thou SUN, withdraw thy hated day;
  To Æthiop DARKNESS yield thy reign;
And hide in clouds, O MOON, thy ray,
  Nor peep upon our spectre scene!
Though faint thy solitary light,
We feel thy feeble beam too bright.

Ah! PEACE, thy triumph now is o'er!
Thy cheek so cheerful smiles no more;
  Thine eye with disappointment glooms!
Our Music shall be NATURE'S cry;
Our ears shall feast on PITY'S sigh—
  Lo, haggard DEATH prepares his tombs!

Hot with the fascinating grape, we reel;
The full proud spirit of Rebellion feel!
  SON of Sedition, daring PAINE,

While

While ſpeech endues thy treaſon tongue,
Bid the roof ring with damned ſong,
  And EREBUS ſhall echo back the ſtrain.





SONG,

BY MISTER PAINE.

COME, good fellows all—Confuſion's the toaſt,
  And ſucceſs to our excellent cauſe:
As we've nothing to *loſe*, lo, nought can be loſt;
  So, perdition to Monarchs and Laws!

FRANCE ſhows us the way—an example how great!
  Then, like France, let us ſtir up a riot;
May our names be preſerv'd by ſome damnable feat,
  For what but a wretch would lie quiet?

As we all are poor rogues, 'tis moſt certainly right,
  At the doors of the rich ones to thunder;
Like the thieves who ſet fire to a dwelling by night,
  And come in for a ſhare of the plunder.

Whoever for miſchief invents the beſt plan,
Beſt murders, ſets fire, and knocks down,
The thanks of our CLUB ſhall be giv'n to that MAN,
And *hemlock* ſhall form him a crown.

Our Empire has tow'r'd with a luſtre too long;
Then blot out this wonderful SUN;
Let us aim then at once, and in confidence ſtrong
Complete what dark GORDON begun.

But grant a defeat—we are hang'd, and that's all;
A puniſhment light as a feather;—
Yet we triumph in death, as we CATILINES fall,
And go to the Devil together.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ODE TO MY ASS:

ALSO,

THE MAGPIE AND ROBIN, A TALE;

AN APOLOGY FOR KINGS;

AND

AN ADDRESS TO MY PAMPHLET.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, &c. &c. HOR.

The MAN of dove-like INNOCENCE a sample,
So sweet! so mild! *myself now*, for example,
Disdains of GOSSIP FAME the tittle-tattle!
HE begs no NEWS-PAPER to fight his battle—
Unmov'd, with equal eye on all he looks,
The LORD's ANOINTED, and his lousy COOKS.

I deem'd rude Clamour, in my days of youth,
The solemn voice of all commanding TRUTH:
But now, no more creating awe and wonder:
Old empty hogsheads, rumbling in a cart,
That make *some people* gape, and stare, and start,
As well may tell me, "*Where's* the NOBLE THUNDER?"

P. PINDAR.

THE

REMONSTRANCE, &c.

ODE.

WIDE gapes the thoughtlefs mouth of moon-ey'd
WONDER,
While "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbufs, and thunder,"
With CALUMNY's dark hounds the BARD purfue:
" Bring on his marrow-bones th' apoftate down,
" The turncoat is a flatt'rer of the Crown;
" Burn all his verfes, burn the author too:"

Such is the found of millions! fuch the roar
Of billows booming on the rocky fhore!
" How chang'd his note! (they cry) now fpinning [rhymes
" In compliment to Monarchs of the times,
" Who lately felt no mercy from his rancour;
" The ftar-bedizen'd fycophants of ftate,
" Blue-ribbon'd knaves have brib'd his pliant hate;
" Behold him at St. James's fnug at anchor."

Thus

Thus on my ears, ſo patient let me ſay,
They pour their rough, rude peals of groundleſs clamour:
Battering, pell-mell, upon my head away,
Juſt like on anvils the ſmith's ſledge and hammer!

Howe'er the world in ſcorn may ſhake its head,
Nor knave nor fool through me ſhall current paſs;
Too honeſt yet, I thank my ſtars, to ſpread
The MUSE's ſilver o'er a lump of braſs.

I own the voice of CENSURE, very proper;
Greatly reſembling a tobacco-ſtopper;
Confining all the ſeeds of fire ſo ſtout,
And quick in growth, when left to run about:

But poſſibly I'm harden'd—yes, I fear
Her frequent ſtrokes have form'd a callous ear.

There was a time when PETER ghoſt-like ſtar'd
When CENSURE thunder'd—ſtar'd with awe profound;
With ſighs, to deprecate her wrath, prepar'd;
So chill'd with horror at the ſolemn ſound;

But harden'd, ſoon he gave his ague o'er;
Look'd up, and ſmil'd, and thought of her no more.

Thus when an earthquake bids JAMAICA tremble;
On Sunday all the folks to church aſſemble,
To ſoothe JEHOVAH, ſo devoutly ſtudying—
Proſtrate they vow to keep his holy laws:
Returning home, they ſmite their hungry craws,
And ſcarce indulge them with a ſlice of pudding—
Deeming, in earthquake-time, a dainty board,
A ſad abomination to the LORD!

Ere Sunday comes again, their hearts recover;
The tempeſt of their fears blown over,
Fled ev'ry terror of the burning lake,
They think they have no bus'neſs now with church;
So, calmly leave th' ALMIGHTY in the lurch,
And ſin it—till he gives a *ſecond* ſhake.

The ladies too have join'd the gen'ral cry!
What! thoſe *divinities* in PETER's eye!
Angels in *petticoats!*—it ill behoves 'em:
What! bite the conſtant STENTOR of their praiſe,
Who robb'd the Muſes of their *ſweeteſt* lays,
To tell the world how much he loves 'em!

The

The Bard, who vouches for their *harmless* souls,
And like another CICERO persuades,
The frenzied eye of admiration rolls—
Ready to kneel and worship 'em—Oh, jades!

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,
Know, that I scorn a prostituted pen:
No royal rotten wood, my verse veneers—
Oh, yield me, for a moment yield your ears.

Stubborn, and mean, and weak, nay fools indeed,
Though Kings may be, we *must* support the breed.
Yet join I issue with you—yes, 'tis granted,
That through the world such royal folly rules,
As bids us think thrones advertise for fools;
Yet is a King a utensil much wanted—

A screw, a nail, a bolt, to keep together
The ship's old leaky sides in stormy weather;
Which screw, or nail, or bolt, its work performs,
Though downright ignorant of ships and storms.

I knuckle not—I owe not to the Great
A thimble-full of obligation;
Nor luscious wife have I, their lips to treat,
To lift me to PREFERMENT's sunny station;

Like

Like many a *gentleman* whom Love promotes;
  Whose lofty front the ray of gold adorns;
Resembling certain most ingenious goats,
  That climb up precipices by their horns.

I'm not oblig'd (believe my honest word)
To kiss—what shall I call 't?—of any Lord:
Not pepper-corn acknowledgment I owe 'em;
Nay, like the God of truth, *I scarcely know 'em.*

By me unprais'd are Dukes and Earls:
At such most commonly my satire *snarls*—
My pride like *theirs* indeed, the high-nos'd elves,
Who love what's equal only to *themselves.*

As for Court virtues, wheresoe'er they lie,
I leave them all to Laureate Pye,
The fashionable Bard, whom Courts revere;
  Who trotteth, with a grave and goodly pace,
Deep laden with his Sovereign, twice a year,
  Around Parnassus's old famous base:
Not only proving his great King alive,
But that, like docks, the royal virtues thrive.

But I'm not qualified to be a hack;
Too proud to carry lumber on my back:

Too

Too dainty is my Lady Muſe, I hope,
Into a coalſhed to convert her ſhop;
Her ſhop indeed—a very handſome room,
Fill'd with rich ſpices and Parnaſſian bloom.

Court Poets muſt *create*—on trifles rant—
Make ſomething out of nothing—Lord, I can't!
Bards muſt bid virtues crowd on Kings in ſwarms,
Howe'er from ſuch good company remote;
Juſt as well-natur'd heralds make up arms
For Nabob-robbers born without a coat.

I'm a poor botching taylor for a Court,
Low bred on liver, and what clowns call *mugget* · *
Beſides, what greatly too my gains would hurt,
I cannot ſew gold lace upon a drugget.

Say not I'm *turn'd* towards the SCEPTER'D GREAT:
Talk not of *Kings*—I deem one half a cheat:
Felt is their weakneſs—huſks, mere huſks of men!
Yes, they create NOBILITY—I know it;
The verieſt ideot of them all can do it,
And on the falcon's perch can place the wren.

But

* Part of the entrails of certain cattle.

But can a King command th' ethereal flame
That clothes with immortality a name?
  Oh, could the RACE *that* fire ethereal catch!
But no ſuch privilege to *Kings* is giv'n:
So very *low* their int'reſt lies in Heav'n,
  They can' *command enough* to light a *match*.

  No, Sirs, and therefore pray be civil;
  I've not yet bargain'd with the Devil.

Yet grant me ſold—I've precedents a ſtore;
Beſides, we poets are confounded poor;
  And, ah! how hard to ſtarve, to pleaſe MORALITY!
For HUNGER, though a fav'rite of old SAINTS,
Whoſe pinching virtue pious hiſt'ry paints,
  Is reckon'd now a FELLOW of bad quality:
Not deem'd a *gentleman*—can't ſhew his face,
E'en where SAINT PETER'S *children give the grace!
A roſy ſinner, LUXURY *yclept*,
Long in his place hath eat, and drunk, and ſlept.

Yes, (as I've ſaid) we Bards are moſtly poor,
Can ſcarcely drive gaunt FAMINE from the door!
That

* Archbiſhops, Biſhops, &c.

That Helicon's a hellish stream, God knows!
Ah me! most rarely it *Pactolian* flows:
Though sharp as hawks, and hungry too, and thick,
Few are the golden grains that POETS pick;
And yet each new advent'rer of the NINE
Deems all Parnassus one mere golden mine.

All this by way of wild digression—
And now for my political Confession.

Again, ye Crown-and-Anchor sinners,
I reprobate your revolution-dinners.

NATURE at times makes wretched wares;
(Amongst the smiling corn-like tares)
Men with such miserable souls!
Nought pleases from the moment of their birth;
With horror for a while they blot the earth,
Then, crab-like, crawl into their burying-holes.

How like a dreary dull December DAY,
That shows his muddy discontented head,
Low'rs on the world awhile, then moves away
In gloom and sullenness to bed!

Have not our Revolution host a few
Of souls of this same Æthiop hue?

Permit me, Sirs, to tell you, ye are mad;
Your case, although not mortal, yet quite bad:
An ugly inflammation of the brain.
Although a dull physician, I could find
Something to calm the hurry of the mind,
And bring you back to common sense again—
The stocks would do it, gentlemen, or jails:
A heavy *nostrum*—yet it rarely fails.

Lo, DRUNKENNESS, a blust'ring, bullying blade,
The cock'd hat covering half one eye so brave,
As though dread valour were his meat, his trade,
NATURE a driv'ler, and the world his slave:
He rants, roars, prays, howls, swears, on boldly goes,
To seize sun, moon, and planets, by the nose;

When lo, NIGHT's long-staff'd GUARDIAN to him steals,
Squints with one eye on him, and then the other;
To pillow well his head, trips up his heels,
And lays him on old earth, our common mother.

Thence at the round-houſe, in about an hour,
Renews his poor debilitated pow'r
Of comprehending, feeling, hearing, ſeeing—
Yet is this WATCHMAN too a heavy BEING.

Keel up lies FRANCE! long may ſhe keep that poſture!
Her knav'ry, folly, on the rocks have toſt her;
Behold the thouſands that ſurround the wreck!
Her cables parted, rudder gone,
Split all her ſails, her main-maſt down,
Choak'd all her pumps, cruſh'd in her deck;
Sport for the winds, the billows o'er her roll!
Now am I glad of it with all my ſoul.

FRANCE lifts the buſy ſword of blood no more;
Loſt to its giant graſp the wither'd hand:
O ſay, what kingdom can her fate deplore,
The dark diſturber of each happy land?

To Britain an inſidious damn'd Iägo—
Remember, Engliſhmen, old Cato's cry,
And keep that patriot model in your eye—
His conſtant cry, "*Delenda eſt* CARTHAGO."

France is *our* Carthage, that ſworn foe to truth,
Whoſe perfidy deſerves th' eternal chain!
And now ſhe's down, our Britiſh bucks forſooth
Would lift the ſtabbing ſtrumpet up again.

Love I the French?—By heav'ns 'tis no ſuch matter!
Who loves a Frenchman, wars with ſimple Nature.
What Frenchman loves a Briton?—None:
Yet by the hand this enemy we take;
Yes, blund'ring Britons boſom up the ſnake,
And feel themſelves, too late indeed, undone.

The converſe chaſte of day, and eke of night,
The kiſs-clad moments of ſupreme delight,
To Love's pure paſſion only due;
The ſeraph-ſmile that ſoft-ey'd Friendship wears,
And Sorrow's balm of ſympathiſing tears,
Thoſe iron fellows never knew.

For this I hate them.—Art, all varniſh'd art!
This doth Experience ev'ry moment prove:
And hollow muſt to all things be the heart,
That foe to beauty, which deceives in *love*.

Hear me, Dame NATURE, on thoſe men of *cork*—
Bluſh at a FRENCHMAN'S *heart*, thy handywork;
A dunghill that luxuriant feeds
The gaudy and the rankeſt weeds:
Deception, grub-like, taints its very core,
Like flies in carrion—pr'ythee, make no more.

Not but a *neighb'ring* nation to the French
Have morals that emit a ſtronger ſtench,
That Chriſtian noſes ſcarcely can withſtand:
The HEART a dungeon, hollow, dark, and foul,
The dwelling of the toad, ſnake, bat, and owl,
Demons, and all the grimly ſpectre band.

Mad fools!—And can we deem the French *profound*,
And, pleas'd, their infant politics embrace,
Who drag a noble pyramid to ground,
Without one pebble to ſupply its place?

Yet are they follow'd, prais'd, admir'd, ador'd.
Be, with ſuch praiſe, theſe ears no longer bor'd!
This moment could I prove it to the nation all,
That verily a FRENCHMAN is not rational.

Yes,

Yes, FRENCHMEN, this is my unvarying creed,
"Ye are not *rational* indeed;
"So low have fond conceit and folly ſunk ye:
"Only a larger kind of monkey!"

"What art thou writing now? the WORLD exclaims,
"Thou man of braſs!"
Good WORLD, no names, no names—I beg, no names—
Writing?—an Ode to my old fav'rite Ass.

Not making royal varniſh—no!
My Ass's virtues bid my numbers flow:
PETER his name, my nameſake, a good beaſt;
A ſervant to my family ſome years.
To me is gratitude a turtle-feaſt,
A haunch of ven'ſon that my taſte reveres;
And therefore I've been fabricating metre
All in the praiſe of honeſt PETER.

ODE TO MY ASS, PETER.

O THOU, my ſolemn friend, of man deſpis'd,
But not by *me* deſpis'd—reſpected long!
To prove how much thy qualities are priz'd,
Accept, old fellow-traveller, a ſong.

My great great ANCESTOR, of Lyric fame,
Immortal! threw a glory round the *horſe*;
Then, as I lit my candle at his flame,
That candle ſhall illumine *thee* of courſe.

For why not thou, in works and virtues rich,
In FAME's fair temple alſo boaſt a niche?
How many a genius, 'midſt a vulgar pack,
OBLIVION ſtuffs into her ſooty ſack,
Calmly as Jew old-clothes-men, in their bags,
Mix ſome great man's lac'd coat with dirty rags;
Or ſatin petticoat of ſome ſweet maid,
That o'er her beauties caſt an envious ſhade!
And what's the reaſon?—reaſon too apparent!
Ah! "*quia vate ſacro carent*,"

As

As Horace ſays, that bard divine,
Whoſe wits ſo fortunately jump with mine.

Ah, PETER, I remember, oft, when tir'd
And moſt unpleaſantly at times bemir'd,
Bold haſt thou ſaid, "I'll budge not one inch further;
"And now, young MASTER, you may kick or murther."
Then have I cudgell'd thee—a fruitleſs matter!
For 'twas in vain to kick, or flog, or chatter.
Though, BALAAM-like, I curs'd thee with a ſmack;
Sturdy thou dropp'dſt thine ears upon thy back,
And trotting retrograde, with wriggling tail,
In vain did I thy running rump aſſail:

For lo, between thy legs thou putt'dſt thine head,
And gaveſt me a puddle for a bed.
Now this was fair—the action bore no guile:
Thou duck'dſt me not, like JUDAS, with a ſmile.
O were the manners of ſome Monarchs *ſuch*,
Who ſmile ev'n in the cloſe inſidious hour
That kicks th' unguarded minion from his pow'r!
But this is aſking p'rhaps of Kings *too much*.

O PETER, little didſt thou think, I ween,
When I a ſchoolboy on thy back was ſeen,

Riding thee oft, in attitude uncouth;
For bridle, an old garter in thy mouth;
Jogging and whiſtling wild o'er hill and dale,
On ſloes, or nuts, or ſtrawb'ries to regale—

I ſay, O PETER, little didſt thou think,
That *I*, thy nameſake, in immortal ink
Should dip my pen, and riſe a *wond'rous Bard*,
And gain ſuch praiſe, SUBLIMITY's reward;

But not the LAUREL—honour much too high;
Giv'n by the KING of ISLES to *Miſter* PYE,
Who ſings his SOV'REIGN's virtues twice a year,
And therefore cannot chronicle SMALL BEER.

Yet ſimple as Montaigne, I'll tell thee true;
There are, who on my verſes look *aſkew*,
And call my lyric lucrubations *ſtuff*:
But I'm a *modeſt*, not *unconnyinge* elf,
Or I could ſay *ſuch things* about *myſelf*—
But God forbid that I ſhould puff!

Yet natural are *ſelfiſh* predilections!
Like ſnakes they writhe about the heart's affections,
And

And ſometimes too infuſe a poiſonous ſpirit;
Producing, as by nat'raliſts I'm told,
Torpid inſenſibility, ſo cold
To ev'ry brother's riſing merit.

WITS to each other juſt like loadſtones act,
That do not *always* like firm friends *attract*;
Though of the ſame rare nature, (ſtrange to tell!)
The little harden'd rogues as oft *repel*.

But lo, of *thee* I'll ſpeak, my long-ear'd friend!
Great were the wonders of thy heels of yore;
Victorious, for lac'd hats didſt thou contend;
And ribbons grac'd thy ears—a gaudy ſtore.

Buff breeches too have crown'd a proud proud day,
Not *thou*, but which thy *rider* wore away;
Triumphant ſtrutting through the world he ſtrode,
Great ſoul! deſerving an Olympic Ode.

Thy bravery often did I much approve;
Rais'd by that Queen of Paſſions, LOVE.
Whene'er in LOVE's delicious frenzy croſt
By long-ear'd brothers, lo, wert thou a *hoſt!*

LOVE

Love did thy lion-heart with courage ſteel!
Quicker than that of Vestris mov'd thy heel:
Here, there, up, down, in, out, how thou didſt ſmite!
And then no Alderman could match thy bite!

And is thy race no more rever'd?
Indeed 'tis greatly to be fear'd!

Yet ſhalt Thou flouriſh in immortal ſong,
To *me* if immortality belong;
For ſtranger things than *this* have come to paſs—
Posterity thine hiſt'ry ſhall devour,
And read with pleaſure *how*, when vernal ſhow'r
In gay profuſion rais'd the dewy graſs,
I led thee forth, thine appetite to pleaſe,
And 'mid the verdure ſaw thee up to knees!

How, oft I pluck'd the tender blade;
And, happy, *how* thou cam'ſt at my command,
And wantoning around, as though afraid,
With poking neck didſt pull it from my hand,
Then ſcamper, kicking, frolickſome, away,
With ſuch a faſcinating bray!

Where

Where oft I paid thee viſits, and where thou
  Didſt cock with happineſs thy kingly ears,
And grin ſo 'witchingly, I can't tell how,
  And dart at me ſuch friendly leers;

With ſuch a ſmiling head, and laughing tail;
  And when I mov'd, *how*, griev'd, thou ſeem'dſt to ſay,
" Dear MASTER, let your humble Ass prevail;
  " Pray, MASTER, do not go away"—
And *how* (for what than friendſhip can be ſweeter?)
I gave thee graſs again, O pleaſant PETER.

And *how*, when WINTER bade the herbage die,
And Nature mourn'd beneath the ſtormy ſky;
When waving trees, ſurcharg'd with chilling rain,
Dropp'd ſeeming tears upon the haraſs'd plain,
I gave thee a good ſtable, warm as wool,
With oats to grind, and hay to pull:
Thus, whilſt *abroad* DECEMBER rul'd the day,
How PLENTY ſhew'd *within*, the blooming MAY!

And lo, to future times it ſhall be known,
How, twice a day, to comb and rub thee down,
  And be thy bed-maker at night,

Thy

Thy groom attended, both with hay and oat,
By which thy back could boaſt a handſome coat,
And laugh at many a fine Court Lord and Knight,
Whoſe ſtrutting coats belong p'rhaps to the tailor,
And probably their bodies to the jailor!

What though no dimples thou haſt got;
Black ſparkling eyes (the faſhion) are thy lot,
And oft a 'witching ſmile and cheerful laugh;
And then thy *cleanlineſs!*—'tis ſtrange to utter!
Like ſin, thy heels avoid a pool, or gutter;
And then the ſtream ſo *daintily* doſt quaff!
Unlike a country alderman, who blows,
And in the mug baptizeth mouth and noſe!

What though I've heard ſome voices ſweeter;
Yet exquiſite thy hearing, gentle PETER!
Whether a judge of muſic, I don't know—
If ſo,
Thou haſt th' advantage got of many a ſcore
That enter at the Opera door.

Some people think thy tones are *rather* coarſe;
Ev'n love-ſick tones, addreſs'd to Lady Aſſes—
Octaves indeed of wond'rous force;
And yet thy voice full many a voice ſurpaſſes.

LORD CARDIGAN, if rightly I divine,
Would very gladly give *his* voice for *thine*:

And LADY MOUNT,* her MAJESTY's fine foil,
For whom perfumers, barbers, vainly toil,
Poor lady! who has quarrell'd with the Graces,
Would very willingly change *faces*.

How honour'd *once* wert thou! but ah, no more!
Thus too *despis'd* the Bards—*esteem'd* of yore!
How rated once, the tuneful TRIBES of Greece!
Deem'd much like di'monds—thousands worth a piece!

How great was PINDAR's glory!—On a day,
Entering APOLLO's church, to pray,
The LADY of the sacred fane, or *Mistress*,
Or, in more classic term, the PRIESTESS,
Address'd him with ineffable delight—
"GREAT SIR, (quoth she) in pigs, and sheep, and calves,
"Master *insists upon't* that you go halves:
"To *beef* his Godship also gives you right."

Thus

* Her M——y is always happy to have LADY MOUNT E—— by her side, as being one of the ugliest women in England—in short, his LORDSHIP in *petticoats*.

Thus did the TWAIN moſt hearty dinners make;
PINDAR and PHŒBUS eating ſteak and ſteak:
When too (PAUSANIAS ſays,) to pleaſe the GOD—
Between each mouthful, PINDAR ſung an ODE!

Thus half a Deity was this great POET!
Now this was grand in PHŒBUS—vaſtly civil—
How chang'd are things! the preſent moments ſhow it;
For *Bard* is now ſynonymous with *Devil!*

Juſt to three hundred years ago, I ſpeak—
How *ſimple ſcholarſhip* was wont to rule!
A man like DOCTOR PARR, that *mouth'd* but *Greek*,
Was almoſt worſhipp'd by the SAGE and FOOL;
Deem'd by the world indeed a firſt-rate ſtar.
How diff'rent *now* the fate of DOCTOR PARR!

Unknown he walks!—his name no infants liſp—
Not only reckon'd not a firſt-rate ſtar
Is this our Greek man, DOCTOR PARR,
But, Gods! not equal to a will-o'-wiſp!
Plague on't! how niggardly the trump of Fame,
That wakes not **Bellendenus* on the ſhelf!

The

* The Preface to *Bellendenus* was a *coup d'eſſai* of the DOCTOR's for a Biſhoprick—it was the child of his *dotage*. The pap of Party ſupported it ſome little time; when, after ſeveral ſtruggles to remain amongſt us, it paid the laſt debt of nature.

The world ſo ſtill, too, on the DOCTOR's name,
The man is really forc'd to praiſe *himſelf!*

" Archbiſhops, Biſhops," (ſo ſays DOCTOR PARR)
" By *Alpha, Beta, merely*, have been made:
" Why from the mitre then am *I* ſo far;
" So long a dray-horſe in this thundering trade?
" O PITT, ſhame on thee!—art thou *ſtill* to ſeek
" The *ſoul* of wiſdom in the *ſound* of Greek?"

PETER, ſuppoſe we make a bit of ſtyle,
And reſt ourſelves a little while?

IN CONTINUATION.

THUS endeth DOCTOR PARR; and now again,
To thee, as *good* a ſubject, flows the ſtrain.
Permit me, PETER, in my lyric canter,
Juſt to ſpeak Latin—" *tempora mutantur!*"

Kings did not ſcorn to preſs your backs of yore;
But now, with humbled neck and patient face,
Tied to a thieviſh miller's duſty door,
I mark thy fall'n and diſregarded race.

To chimney-ſweepers now a common hack;
Now with a brace of ſand-bags on your back!
No gorgeous ſaddles yours—no iv'ry cribs;
No ſilken girts ſurround your ribs;

No ROYAL hands your cheeks with pleaſure pat;
Cheeks by a roguiſh halter preſt—
Your ears and rump, of inſolence the jeſt;
Dragg'd, kick'd, and pummell'd, by a beggar's brat.

Thus, as I've ſaid, your race is much degraded!
And much too is the POET's glory faded!

A time there was, when Kings of this fair LAND,
So meek, would *creep* to POETS, cap in hand,
Begging, as 'twere for alms, a grain of fame,
To ſweeten a poor putrifying name—
But paſt are thoſe rich hours! ah! hours of *yore!*
Thoſe golden ſands of TIME ſhall glide no more.

Yet are we not in *thy diſcarded* ſtate,
Whate'er may be the *future* will of FATE;
Since, as we find by PYE, (what ſtill muſt pride us)
Kings *twice a year* can condeſcend to *ride us.*

Nor

AN AFTER-REFLECTION.

NOW, WORLD, thou seest the stuff of which I'm made;
Firm to the honour of the *tuneful Trade*;
Leaving, with high contempt, the Courtier class,
To sing the merits of the humble ASS.

Yet should a miracle the PALACE mend,
And high-nos'd SAL'SB'RY to the VIRTUES send,
  Commanding them to come and chat with KINGS;
Well pleas'd *repentant* Sinners to support,
So help me, IMPUDENCE, I'll go to Court!
  Besides, I dearly love to see *strange things*.

PROËMIUM

TO THE

MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

HOW varied are our taſtes! Dame NATURE's plan,
All for *wiſe* reaſons, ſince the world began:
Yes, yes, the good old LADY acted right:
Had things been *otherwiſe*, like wolves and bears,
We all had fall'n together by the ears—
One object had produc'd an endleſs fight.

Nettles had ſtrew'd LIFE's path inſtead of *roſes*;
And multitudes of mortal faces,
Printed with hiſtories of bloody noſes,
Had taken leave of abſence of the GRACES.

Now interrupting not each other's line,
You ride *your* hobby-horſe, and *I* ride *mine*—
You preſs the blue-ey'd CHLOE to your arms,
And *I* the black-ey'd SAPPHO's browner charms:
Thus ſituated in our different bliſſes,
We ſquint not envious on each other's kiſſes.

Yet are there ſome exceptions to this rule:
We meet with now and then a ſtubborn fool,
Dragooning us into his predilections;
As though there was no *diff'rence* in affections,
And that it was the booby's firm belief,
Pork cannot pleaſe, becauſe *he* doats on *beef!*
Again—how weak the ways of *ſome*, and ſad!
One would ſuppoſe the Man-creation mad.

Lo! this poor fellow, folly-drunk, he rambles,
And flings himſelf into Misfortune's brambles,
In full purſuit of Happiness's treaſure;
When, with a little glance of circumſpection,
A muſtard-grain of ſenſe—a *child's* reflection—
The fool had cours'd the velvet lawn of Pleasure.

Idly he braves the ſurge, and roaring gale;
When Reason, if conſulted with a ſmile,
Had tow'd through ſummer ſeas his ſilken *ſail*,
And ſav'd a dangerous and Herculean toil.

Yes, as I've ſomewhere ſaid above, I find,
That many a man has many a mind.

How I hate DRUNKENNESS, a nasty pig!
With snuff-stain'd neckcloth, without hat or wig,
Reeling, and belching wisdom in one's face!
How I hate BULLY UPROAR from my soul,
Whom nought but whips and prisons can controul,
Those necessary implements of GRACE!

Yet altars rise to DRUNKENNESS and RIOT—
How few to mild SOBRIETY and QUIET!

Thou art my Goddess, SOLITUDE—to thee,
Parent of dove-ey'd PEACE, I bend the knee!
O with what joy I roam thy calm retreat,
Whence soars the lark amid the radiant hour,
Where many a varied chaste and fragrant flow'r
Turns coyly from Rogue *ZEPHYR*'s whisper sweet!
Blest IMP! who wantons o'er thy wide domain,
And kisses all the BEAUTIES of the plain:

Where, happy, 'mid the all-enlivening ray,
The insect nations spend the busy day,
Wing the pure fields of air, and crawl the ground;
Where, idle none, the Jew-like myriads range,
Just like the Hebrews at high 'Change,
Diffusing hum of Babel-notes around!

Where

Where HEALTH ſo wild and gay, with boſom bare,
And roſy cheek, keen eye, and flowing hair,
Trips with a ſmile the breezy ſcenes along,
And pours the ſpirit of content in ſong!

Thus taſtes are various, as I've ſaid before—
Theſe damn moſt cordially, what *thoſe adore.*

THE MAGPIE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST: A TALE.

A MAGPIE, in the ſpirit of romance,
Much like the fam'd Reformers now of FRANCE,
  Flew from the dwelling of an old POISSARDE;
Where, ſometimes *in* his cage, and ſometimes *out*,
He juſtified the Revolution rout,
  That is, call'd names, and got a ſop for his reward.

Red-hot with Monarch-roaſting coals,
  Juſt like his old fiſh-thund'ring Dame,
He left the Queen of crabs, and plaice, and ſoles,
  To kindle in Old England's realm a flame.

Arriv'd at evening's philoſophic hour,
He reſted on a rural antique tow'r,
  Some BARON's caſtle in the days of old;

When

When furious wars, miſnomer'd civil,
Sent mighty chiefs to ſee the Devil,
  Leaving behind, their bodies for rich mould,
That pliable from form to form patroles,
  Making freſh houſes for new ſouls.

Perch on the wall, he cocks his tail and eye,
  And hops like modern beaux in country dances;
Looks dev'liſh knowing, with his head,
  Squinting with connoiſſeurſhip glances.

All on a ſudden, MAGGOT ſtarts and ſtares,
And wonders, and for ſomewhat *ſtrange* prepares;
  But lo, his wonder did not hold him long—
Soft from a buſh below, divinely clear,
A modeſt warble melted on his ear,
  A plaintive, ſoothing, ſolitary ſong—

A ſtealing, timid, unpreſuming ſound,
Afraid dim NATURE's deep repoſe to wound;
  That huſh'd (a death-like pauſe) the rude SUBLIME.
This was a novelty to MAG indeed,
Who, pulling up his ſpindle-ſhanks with ſpeed,
  Dropp'd from his turret, half-devour'd by TIME,

A la Françoise, upon the ſpray,
Where a lone Red-breaſt pour'd to eve, his lay.

Staring the modeſt minſtrel in the face;
Familiar, and with arch grimace,
He conn'd the duſky warbler o'er and o'er,
As though he knew him years before;
And thus began, with ſeeming great civility,
All in the Paris eaſe of volubility—

" What—Bobby! dam'me, is it *you*,
" That thus your pretty phiz to muſic ſcrew,
" So far from hamlet, village, town, and city,
" To glad old battlements with dull pſalm ditty?

" 'Sdeath! what a pleaſant, lively, merry ſcene!
" Plenty of bats, and owls, and ghoſts, I ween;
" Rare midnight ſcreeches, Bob, between you all!
" Why, what's the name on't, Bobby? Diſmal Hall?

" Come, to be ſerious—curſe this queer old ſpot,
" And let thy owliſh habitation rot!
" Join *me*, and ſoon in riot will we revel:
" I'll teach thee how to curſe, and call folks names,
" And be expert in treaſon, murder, flames,
" And moſt *divinely* play the devil.

" Yes,

"Yes, thou ſhalt leave this ſpectred hole,
"And prove thou haſt a bit of ſoul:
"Soon ſhalt thou ſee old ſtupid LONDON *dance*;
"There will we ſhine immortal knaves;
"Not ſteal unknown, like cuckoos, to our *graves*,
"But imitate the geniuses of FRANCE.

"Who'd be that monkiſh, cloiſter'd thing, a muſcle?
"Importance only can ariſe from buſtle!
"Tornado, thunder, lightning, tumult, ſtrife—
"Theſe *charm*, and add a *dignity* to life.
"That thou ſhouldſt chooſe this ſpot, is monſtrous odd;
"Poh, poh! thou canſt not like this life, by G--!"

"Sir!" like one thunder-ſtricken, ſtaring wide—
"Can you be ſerious, Sir?" the ROBIN cry'd.
"Serious!" rejoin'd the MACPIE, "aye, my boy—
"So come, let's play the devil, and enjoy."

"Flames!" quoth the ROBIN—"and in riot revel,
"Call names, and curſe, *divinely* play the devil!
"I cannot, for my life, the fun diſcern."
"No!—bluſh then, BOB! and follow me, and learn."

"Excuſe

" Excuse me, Sir," the modest HERMIT cry'd—
" Hell's not the hobby-horse I wish to ride."
" Hell!" laugh'd the MAGPIE—" hell no longer dread;
" Why, BOB, in FRANCE the Devil's lately dead:

" Damnation vulgar to a Frenchman's hearing—
" The world is only kept alive for swearing.
" Against futurity they all protest;
" And God and Heav'n are grown a standing jest.

" Brimstone and sin are downright out of fashion;
" FRANCE is quite alter'd—now a *thinking* nation:
" No more of penitential tears and groans!
" PHILOSOPHY has crack'd RELIGION's bones.

" As for your *Saviour* of a wicked world,
" Long from his consequence has *he* been hurl'd:
" They *do* acknowledge *such* a *man*, d'ye see;
" But then they call him simple MONSIEUR CHRIST.
" BOB, for thy ignorance, pray blush for shame—
" Behold, *thy* DOCTOR PRIESTLEY *says the same.*

" Well! now thou fully art *convinc'd*—let's go."
" What cursed doctrine!" quoth the ROBIN, " No—
" I won't

"I won't go—no! thy ſpeeches make me ſhudder."
"*Poor* ROBIN!" quoth the *MAGPIE*, "what a pudder!
"Be damn'd, then, BOBBY"—flying off, he rav'd—
"And, (quoth the ROBIN) Sir, may *you* be *ſav'd!*"
This ſaid, the tuneful SPRITE renew'd his lay;
A ſweet and farewell hymn to parting DAY.

In THOMAS PAINE the MAGPIE doth appear:
That I'm POOR ROBIN, is not *quite ſo clear*.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE CANDID READER.

I REALLY think that this Tale of the MAGPIE and ROBIN ought *immediately* to have *followed* the REMONSTRANCE: but as *diſ*order, inſtead of *order*, is the leading feature of my ſublime LYRIC BRETHREN of old, I ſhall take the liberty of ſheltering myſelf under the wing of *their ſacred* names. The fable was written in conſequence of a ſtrenuous application of a red-hot REVOLUTIONIST to a POET in the country, preſſing him to become a Member of the ORDER of CONFUSION.

AN

APOLOGY FOR KINGS.

As want of candour really is not right,
I own my Satire too inclin'd to *bite:*
On Kings behold it *breakfaſt*, *dine*, and *ſup:*
Now ſhall ſhe *praiſe*, and try to make it up.

Why will the ſimple world expect wiſe things
From lofty folk, particularly Kings?
Look on their poverty of education!
Ador'd and flatter'd, taught that they are Gods;
And by their awful frowns and nods,
Jove-like, to ſhake the pillars of creation!

They ſcorn that little uſeful Imp call'd Mind,
Who fits them for the circle of Mankind!
Pride their companion, and the World their hate;
Immur'd, they doze in ignorance and ſtate.

Sometimes, indeed, Great Kings *will condeſcend*
A little with their *ſubjects* to *unbend!*

An inſtance take—A King of this great land,
In days of yore, we *underſtand*,
Did viſit SAL'SBURY's old church ſo fair:
An EARL of PEMBROKE was the MONARCH's guide;
Incog. they travell'd, ſhuffling ſide by ſide;
And into the Cathedral ſtole the PAIR.

The VERGER met them in his blue ſilk gown,
And humbly bow'd his neck with rev'rence down,
Low as an aſs to lick a lock of hay:
Looking the frighten'd VERGER through and through,
All with his eye-glaſs—" Well, Sir, who are *you*?
" What, what, Sir?—hey, Sir?" deign'd the King to ſay.

" I am the VERGER here, moſt mighty * KING:
" In this Cathedral I do *ev'ry* thing;
" Sweep it, an't pleaſe ye, Sir, and keep it clean."
" Hey? Verger! Verger! you the Verger?—hey?"
" Yes, pleaſe your glorious MAJESTY, I *be*,"
The VERGER anſwer'd, with the mildeſt mien.

Then

* The Reader will be pleaſed to obſerve, that the VERGER, of all the ſons of the Church, was the *only* ONE entruſted with the ROYAL INTENTION.

Then turn'd the KING about towards the PEER,
And wink'd, and laugh'd; then whiſper'd in his ear,
" Hey, hey—what, what—fine fellow, 'pon my word:
" I'll knight him, knight him, knight him—hey, my
        Lord?"
Then with his glaſs, as hard as eye could ſtrain,
He kenn'd the trembling VERGER o'er again.

" He's a poor Verger, SIRE," his Lordſhip cry'd:
  " Sixpence would *handſomely* requite him."
" Poor Verger, Verger, hey?" the King reply'd:
  " No, no, then, we won't *knight* him—no, won't
        knight him."

Now to the lofty roof the King did raiſe
His glaſs, and ſkipp'd it o'er with ſounds of praiſe;
  For thus his marv'ling MAJESTY did ſpeak:
" Fine roof this, Maſter Verger, quite complete;
" High—high and lofty too, and clean and neat:
  " What, Verger, what? *mop*, *mop* it once a week?"

" An't pleaſe your MAJESTY," with marv'ling chops,
The VERGER anſwer'd, " we have got no mops
  " In Sal'ſb'ry that will reach ſo high."

" Not

"Not *mop*, no, no, not *mop* it," quoth the King.
"No, Sir, *our Sal'sb'ry mops* do no such thing;
"They might as well pretend to scrub the *sky*."

MORAL.

This little anecdote doth plainly show
That IGNORANCE, a King too often lurches;
For, hid from ART, Lord! how *should* MONARCHS know
The nat'ral history of mops and churches?



STORY THE SECOND.

FROM Sal'sb'ry Church to Wilton House so grand,
Return'd the mighty RULER of the Land—
"My Lord, you've got fine statues," said the King.
"A *few! beneath* your royal notice, Sir,"
Reply'd Lord PEMBROKE—"Stir, my Lord, stir, stir;
"Let's see them all, all, all, all, *ev'ry* thing.

"Who's

" Who's this? who's this? who's this fine fellow here?"
" SESOSTRIS," bowing low, reply'd the Peer.
" SIR SOSTRIS, hey? SIR SOSTRIS? 'pon my word!
" KNIGHT or a BARONET, my Lord?
" One of *my making?* what, my Lord, *my making?*"
This, with a vengeance, was miſtaking!

" *Se*-SOSTRIS, SIRE," *ſo ſoft*, the Peer reply'd;
" A famous KING of EGYPT, Sir, of old."
" Poh, poh!" th' *inſtructed* MONARCH ſnappiſh cry'd,
" I need not *that*—I need not *that* be told."

" Pray, pray, my Lord, who's that big fellow there?"
" 'Tis HERCULES," replies the ſhrinking PEER.
" Strong fellow, hey, my Lord? ſtrong fellow, hey?
" Clean'd ſtables! crack'd a lion like a flea;
" Kill'd ſnakes, great ſnakes, that in a cradle found him—
" The QUEEN, QUEEN's coming! wrap an *apron* round him."

c



OUR Moral is not merely water-gruel;
It ſhows that curioſity's a jewel!
  It ſhows with Kings that IGNORANCE may dwell!
It ſhows that ſubjects muſt not give opinions
To PEOPLE reigning over wide dominions,
  As *information* to *great Folk*, is hell:

It ſhows that DECENCY may live with Kings,
  On whom the bold *Virtù*-men turn their backs;
And ſhows (for num'rous are the naked things)
  That ſaucy Statues ſhould be lodg'd in *ſacks*.

ADDRESS

ADDRESS TO MY BOOK.

AN ELEGY.

CHILD of my love, go forth, and try thy fate:
  Few are thy friends, and manifold thy foes!
Whether or long or ſhort will be thy date,
  FUTURITY's dark volume only knows.

Much criticiſm, alas! will be thy lot!
  Severe thine ordeal, I am ſore afraid!
Some judges will *condemn*, and others *not*:
  Some call thy form *ſubſtantial*—others, *ſhade*.

Yes, CHILD, by multitudes wilt thou be tried!
  Wiſe men, and fools, thy merits will examine:
Thoſe through *much prudence*, may thy virtues *hide*;
  Theſe, through *vile rancour*, or *the dread of famine*.

Prov'd will it be indeed (to make thee ſhrink)
  What metal Nature in thy maſs did knead:
A * *melting* proceſs will be us'd, I think;
  That is to ſay, large quantities of *lead*.

 By

* Called *Eliquation*.

By some indeed will NITRE's fuming spirit
  Be o'er thy form so sweet, so tender, thrown;
Perchance a *Master* hand may try thy merit;
  Perchance an Imp by FOLLY only known.

Now, now I fancy thee a timid hare,
  Started for beagles, hounds, and curs, to chace!
A mongrel dog may snap thee up unfair;
  For SPITE and HUNGER boast but little grace.

Long are thy legs (I know), and stout for running;
  And many a trick hast thou within thy brain;
But guns and greyhounds are too much for *cunning*,
  Join'd to the *rav'nous pack* of THOMAS PAINE!

And now a LAMB!—What devils now-a-days
  The butch'ring SHOP of CRITICISM employs!
Each beardless villain now cuts up, and flays;
  A gang of wanton, brutal, 'prentice boys!

Ah me! how hard to reach the dome of FAME!
  Knock'd down before she gets half way, poor Muse!
For many a LOUT that cannot gain a name,
  (Rebus and riddle maker) now *reviews!*

Poor jealous Eunuchs in the land of TASTE,
  Too *weak* to reap a harveſt of fair praiſe;
Malicious, lo, they lay the region waſte,
  Fire all they can, and triumph at the blaze!

Too oft, with talents bleſt, the cruel FEW
  Fix on poor MERIT's throat, to ſtop her breath:
How like the beauteous * FRUIT, that turns of Dew
  The life ambroſial, into drops of Death!

Sweet BABE, to WEYMOUTH ſhouldſt thou find thy way!
  The KING, with curioſity ſo wild,
May on a ſudden ſend for thee, and ſay,
  " See, CHARLY, PETER's child—fine child, fine child:

" Ring, ring for SCHWELLENBERG; ring, Charly, ring;
  " Show it to SCHWELLENBERG; ſhow, ſhow it, ſhow it:
" She'll ſay, *Got dem de ſaucy ſtoopid ting,*
  " *I hate more worſe as hell what come from Poet.*"

* The mortifying powers of dew or rain falling from the Manchineel tree, are univerſally known.

Yet will *ſome Courtiers* all at once be glad!
LEEDS, HAWKSB'RY, SAL'SB'RY, BRUDENELL, will *rejoice*;
Forget how oft thy Brothers made them mad,
And echo through the realm the royal voice.

And then for ME his MAJESTY may ſend;
(Making ſome people grumble in their gizzards)
With DRAKE's new place, perchance, thy SIRE befriend!
FIRST FLY-CATCHER to good QUEEN CHARLOTTE's * Lizards!

* The ſtory of the LIZARDS is as follows:—At a BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH lately, which aſſembled, as uſual, with due *decorum*, to deliberate on the *ſpecies* of *food* proper to be given to the LIONS of BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE, the ſolemnity of the meeting was interrupted by the ſudden Gothic irruption, and ſelf-introduction, of a ſervant of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, one of the *Honourable* BOARD; which ſervant, a true DEVONSHIRE DUMPLIN, opening an ell-wide pair of jaws, exclaimed thus: "ZUR VRANCIS, I'm a zent to ax if yow've a cort † enny ‡ "more Vlees §—Have ye cort enny, ZUR VRANCIS?" The Baronet hemmed, winked, nodded, knitted his brows, ſtared, ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, blew his noſe, bit his lips at poor NUMPS: but all the face-making hints were thrown away. "Why, ZUR VRANCIS, I zay, (continued NUMPS) MADAM "ZWELLINGBURG wanth to know if yow've a nabb'd enny "more *Vlees*?" The BOARD ſtood amazed!—SIR FRANCIS bluſhed for the *firſt* time. At length, revovering from his confuſion, and

† For caught. ‡ Any. § Flies.

and bidding the fellow, in an angry tone, go about his busineſs, he very candidly informed the BOARD, that HER MAJESTY had lately received a preſent of Lizards; that ſhe had ordered MISTRESS SCHWELLENBERG to catch *flies* for them; but that, to oblige MISTRESS SCHWELLENBERG, who kindly invited him to dine with her three or four times a week, he promiſed to aſſiſt her in her FLY-HUNT; in ſhort, to be her *Deputy* FLY-CATCHER, and not *Firſt* FLY-CATCHER, as the ELEGY erroneouſly proclaimeth.

MORE MONEY!

OR,

ODES OF INSTRUCTION

TO

MISTER PITT:

WITH

A VARIETY OF OTHER CHOICE MATTERS.

——— *Quid non mortalia pectore cogis,*
Auri sacra fames? VIRGIL.

O Gold! thou precious fascinating evil,
Say, with what soul thou hast not play'd the devil?

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta *movebo.* VIRGIL.

Go to the House—beg, threaten, nay, *compel* for't:
We must have Money, though we shake all Hell for't.

READER,

THE rumour of an intended and speedy application to Parliament for more Money for the KING, gave birth to the following Odes. Though by no means an advocate for Mr. PAINE's violent system of Revolution, I am too much the POET OF THE PEOPLE, not to sing for a *Reformation*. To the ODES is subjoined a sort of make-weight Poetry. As the Pieces are alluded to in the ODES, I deemed it not amiss to publish them—To be sure, they add to the *price* as well as the *bulk* of the Pamphlet; but, as I still profess myself free from political corruption, notwithstanding a wicked report to the contrary, (for GREAT POETS as well as GREAT KINGS may be traduced) I flatter myself that thou wilt be proud of the opportunity of paying a small tribute to PUBLIC VIRTUE.

P. P.

ODES

TO

MISTER PITT, &c.

ODE I.

MORE Money wanted!—'tis a brazen lie;
'Tis OPPOSITION's diſappointed cry;
A poiſon'd ſhaft to wound the beſt of Kings.
More Money!—'tis a poor invented ſtory,
To cloud with dire diſgrace the King of Glory;
Damn'd ſheers to clip his FAME's exalted wings.

More Money!—'tis a little dirty tale,
To ſink of popularity the gale
That wafts the name of GEORGE to utmoſt earth;
A ſnake that ſhould be ſtrangled in its birth.

More Money!—'Tis a party-trick ſo mean,
To make us ſick of our *good* King and Queen!

We

'We have no more to give—a truce to grants,
That make the State a field devour'd by * wants;
The ruſt that eats the cannon—the rank weed
That dares the veſſel's courſe ſublime impede;
The worm that gnaws its native keel, th' ingrate,
And opes the world of waters for its fate;
A ſpreading cancer that demands the knife;
That, wolf-like, preys upon the Nation's life.

More Money!—what a ſound! the ſolemn bell
That tolls the Conſtitution's knell.

Clap a hot iron on the patriot tongues,
For loading ſpotleſs Majeſty with wrongs:
Nay, tear thoſe tongues, th' offenders, from their holes,
Foul pumps, that pour the froth from poiſon'd ſouls.
The Monarch ſcorns to aſk a penny more;
Tax'd to the eyes, his groans the State deplore:
Away, then, DEFAMATION's baleful breath,
That blows on VIRTUE's bud, the blight of death.

Yet *ſhould* it happen that the Beſt of Kings
Should whiſper to his Miniſter *ſtrange things*,

And

* Another word for a mole.

And bid thee Money aſk, the tempting curſe;
Then *firmly* THOU, the Nation's ſteward, ſay
(With rev'rence due to Royalty, I pray),
"Dread Sir, have mercy on your People's purſe:

"O King, your calculations have miſled ye:
"Millions on millions you have had already.
"Oh! let *DISCRETION from the Virtue band
"Be call'd to Court, to take you by the hand.

"You really do not know how rich you are:
"Your wealth ſo wond'rous makes your ſubjects ſtare,
"Squeez'd from great cities, towns, and hovels:
"HAWKSB'RY and COUTTS can ſhow ſuch heaps of treaſure,
"Such loads of guineas for the royal pleaſure,
"Heav'd into iron cheſts with ſhovels;
"Then how can Majeſty be poor?
"Your coffers, Sir, are running o'er;
"Thanks to ECONOMY, of golden views,
"Who mends old breeches, and twice ſoles old ſhoes!"

ODE

* This is fruitleſs advice, I fear—The PASSIONS are too powerful for the *gentle* VIRTUES. See my beautiful Addreſs to thoſe LADIES in this Work.

5

ODE II.

SAY to the King (but with profound reſpect,
For who would manners unto Kings neglect?)
" Dread Sir, to Hoſpitals you little grant,
" Your magic Name ſupplying every want:
" And then your mutton, veal, and beef, you kill,
" The ſtomachs of your favour'd Few to fill:

" And lo, you kill your own delightful lambs;
" And beat old BAKEWELL * in the breed of rams;
" And never wiſh to keep a thing for finery:
" Thus are parterres of Richmond and of Kew
" Dug up for bull and cow, and ram and ewe,
" And Windſor Park, ſo glorious, made a ſwinery.

" And lo, your Dairy thriving, let me ſay,
" As not *one* drop of milk is giv'n away;
" So ſays your little dairy-maid ſo ſweet,
" Whoſe beauties many a ſmile ſo gracious meet;
" And

* We have more reverence than to ſay, a *Brother* Grazier of the North.

" And ſmiling like the blooming May,
" Who ſhows the milk-ſcore ev'ry day.
" How then can Majeſty be poor?
" Your cheſts, Sir, muſt be running o'er.

" Your Oratorios, that expences bred,
" And DUKE of CUMBERLAND*, ſo *dear*, are dead,
" That gave (*'tis ſaid*) your Majeſty much pain;
" The Nation kindly paid your Doctors bills,
" I mean the WILLISES, for toil and pills,
" That brought you to your wiſdom, Sire, again;
" Then how can Majeſty be poor?
" Your coffers muſt be running o'er.

" Cabbage and carrot without end,
" The Windſor Gard'ners † daily ſend;
" Proud that *their* vegetables load the board
" Of Britain's High and Mighty LORD!

" Of this, their glad poſterity ſhall boaſt;
" For ſuch an honour never ſhould be loſt:

* By the death of the Duke, a large annual income reverted to his Majeſty.

† Not now.—See the Progreſs of ADMIRATION.

" Thus ſhall they cry in triumph to their neighbours,
" Crown'd were our great great great forefathers labours;
" Whoſe praiſe through FAME's long trumpet ever rings,
" For giving cabbages to Kings!

" Preſents of ev'ry ſort of thing are made,
" Without the ſlighteſt danger of offending,
" Either from gentlemen, or men in trade;
" Your Majeſties are both ſo condeſcending:
" Folks for acceptance never beg and pray;
" For preſents never yet were turn'd away.

" People meet much encouragement *indeed*,
" For ſending rarities and pretty things:
" Although ſuch rarities ye do not need—
" Such is the ſweet humility of Kings!
" Then how can Majeſty be poor?
" Your coffers muſt be running o'er.

" Card-entertainment 'tis ye chiefly give,
" By which the Chandlers ſcarce can live:
" For ſoon as e'er ye leave the little rout,
" The candles are immediately blown out!

" So quickly ſeiz'd on by ſome candle-ſhark,
" LADIES and Gentlemen are in the dark;*
" Where what has happen'd, heav'n alone can tell,
" As DARKNESS oft turns pimp t' undo a BELLE."

ODE III.

SAY to thy King (but, as I've ſaid before,
With due reſpect), " by G—, you can't be poor.
" Sometimes a little Concert is *made up*,
" Where nought is giv'n to eat or ſup—
  " Where MUSIC makes an economic pother;
" Where, with a ſolitary tweedle tweedle,
" A pretty melancholy fiddle
  " Squeaks at the abſence of his little brother,
" Whoſe preſence would be much enjoy'd,
" But coſts *too much* to be employ'd!
" Where FISCHER's inſtrument (a frugal choice)
" Serves both for hautboys and for voice—

* At the breaking-up of a Royal Card-party, this is conſtantly done:—the poor Maids of Honour, and the Gentlemen, may grope their way how they can.

" As BILLINGTON and MARA, to the King,
" And that perverse STORACE, will not sing.*

" Lo! by some WOMAN's order (fie upon her!)
" The pretty, harmless, modest Maids of Honour
" Are forc'd to furnish for their beds, the sheet;
" The pillow-cases too, says FAME,
" By order of some high-commanding Dame,
" To whose sweet soul economy is sweet.

" Dear Maids of Honour! what a sin of sins,
" That Britain can't accommodate your skins!

" Poor GENEROSITY is sadly lam'd;
" And yet the noble beast was ne'er rode hard—
" Pale, cold ECONOMY seems quite asham'd,
" Who never plays an idle card:

" Nay,

* When Monsieur NICOLAI, his MAJESTY's *first* favourite, *first* fiddle, and *first* news-monger, went with his MAJESTY's *commands* to Madam ST*****, to assist at a *sort* of a concert at Buckingham-house, the Songstress, smiling on him with the most ineffable contempt, asked him, " What, NICÓLAI, I am to sing at the *old price*, I suppose?" meaning nothing—" My compliments to your Master and Mistress, and tell them I am better engaged." In short, the insolence of singers and performers is intolerable. In other countries, the *bare honour* of singing and playing to MAJESTY is thought *ample recompence*; but *now*, indeed, the Mercenaries expect *money remuneration*!!!

" Nay, AVARICE, her mother, with ſurpriſe
" Turns up the whites, ſo ſad, of both her eyes.

" To Wit, ye nothing give—to Learning nought:
" Lo, in his garret, MATHEMATICS pines,
" Where, hungry after bread and cheeſe and thought,
" He forms with brother ſpiders uſeleſs lines.

" Th' expence of * New-Year's Ode is felt no more!
" Thus is that needleſs, tuneleſs hubbub o'er:
" All praiſe muſt centre in the Birth-day Song:
" The Virtues muſt be lump'd together—yes!
" And *then* (if *ſubjects* may *preſume* to gueſs)
" The LAUREAT need not make it *very long*.

" A *load* of praiſe is nauſeous ſtuff—
" SIRE, don't you think, at times, *one line* enough?
" What's chriſten'd Merit, often wants a crutch;
" Thus then a *ſingle line* may be too much.

* This Court Farce, in conſequence of a ſcantineſs of *public virtue*, and a univerſal ridicule, was, for a ſeaſon or two, diſmiſſed. *Great events*, however, unexpectedly happening, the *Lyric warwhoop* has been called in again to ſound their praiſes.

" In vain the Firſt of Poets tunes his pipe;
" His whiſtle ne'er ſqueez'd ſixpence from your gripe—
" Vain all Epiſtles, vain his heav'nly Odes:
" No, no! poor PETER may his ſtrain prolong;
" The dev'l a farthing will reward *his* ſong,
" The ſong that ſhould have celebrated Gods!

" In vain for Royal patronage he ſigh'd:
" In vain (ſome ſay) the modeſt Bard apply'd
" To gain his book your patroniſing name.
" And if this *Bard*, whom all the NINE inſpire,
" Inſtead of generous oil to feed his fire,
" Finds cold cold water flung upon his flame:
" If he, ah! vainly ſighs for dedication,
" Woe to the *witlings* of the Nation!

" What though uncouth his ſhape, and dark his face;
" Whoſe breeding Mother might for charcoal long;
" Still may the BARD abound in verſe and grace,
" And love for Majeſty, *divinely* ſtrong.

" Then heed not, SIRE, a clumſy form ſo fat,
" And *ſombre* phiz, Dame NATURE's work, unkind:
" Great mouſing qualities, with many a cat,
" Of perfect uglineſs, a lodging find.

" Obſerve

" Obſerve a fat, black, greaſy lump of coal;
" Lo, to that moſt ungraceful piece of earth,
" A warm and lively luſtre owes its birth;
" A flame in *this world*, pleaſant to the ſoul.

" To ſhapeleſs clouds, that, waggon-like, along
" Move cumb'rous, ſcowling on the twilight heav'n,
" At times, behold, the pureſt ſnows belong!
" To ſuch, of rain the lucid drops are giv'n:
" Nay, 'mid the maſs ſo murky and forlorn,
" Behold the lightning's vivid beam is born!"

Say—" Mighty Monarch, modeſt Merit pines,
" Hid like the uſeleſs gem amid the mines.
" *Your* gracious ſmile, which all the world reveres,
" *Your* wealth had open'd her pale cloſing eye,
" Which Hope once brighten'd with a ſpark of joy,
" And cruel Disappointment quench'd with tears."

ODE IV.

THEN unto Majeſty ſhalt thou repeat
The lines that are to Majeſty a treat,
Proverbs that economic ſouls revere;
To wit—" A pin a day's a groat a year"—
" A little ſaving is no ſin"—
" Near is my ſhirt, but nearer is my ſkin"—
" A penny ſav'd, a penny got"—
" 'Tis money makes the old mare trot"—
Then ſay, " With ſuch wiſe counſellors, I'm ſure
" No Monarch ever can be poor."

Say too, " Great Sir, your Queen is very rich;
" Witneſs the di'monds lodg'd in ev'ry ſtitch
" Of Madam's petticoat,* of broad effulgence;
" Where flame ſuch jewels on its ample field,
" As only to her charms and virtues yield,
" So very noble, God's and Man's indulgence!

Now

* This famous petticoat affordeth a pleaſant hiſtory—one part of which is, that it was watched all night by a certain Great Man, on a particular occaſion, to prevent its being ſtolen.

Now mayſt thou raiſe thy tone a little higher—
"Not *'Squire*, for that's impertinent, but "SIRE,"
Firm ſhalt thou ſay, "The Realm is not a wizard,
"Quick, with a word, to make the guineas ſtart,
"To pleaſe a Monarch's gold-admiring heart—
"In ſhort, BRITANNIA grumbles in her gizzard.

"Sire, let me ſay, the Realm will ſmell a rat,
"And cry, 'Oh! oh! I know what ye are at—
'Is this your cunning, Maſter BILLY PITT?
'What, Maſter BILLY! try to *touch* his Grace?
'To keep your moſt, moſt honourable place?
'Is this your flaming patriotic fit?

'Thick as may be the head of poor John Bull,
'The beaſt hath got *ſome* brains within his ſkull;
'A pair of *dangerous horns*, too, let me add;
'Dare but to make the generous creature mad."

Thus mayſt thou decently thy voice exalt—
And add, "Soft fires, O Monarch, make ſweet malt;
"The kiln, much forc'd, may blaze about our ears,
"And then may FATE be buſy with his ſheers—
"For then, with all his fame, your daring 'SQUIRE
"May, rat-like, ſqueak unpitied in the fire."

Proclaim

Proclaim that Reputation is a jewel,
And life, without it, merely water-gruel;
Say, that a King who ſeeks a deathleſs name,
Turns not to *news-papers* to find a fame;
Where paragraphs (a Miniſterial job)
Report the half-crown howlings of a Mob.

Inform the Monarch, when he goes to heav'n,
Verſe to his parting ſpirit may be giv'n;
Ev'n PETER's verſe, for which a thouſand ſigh-
Verſe which the POET ev'n to Brutes * can give,
To bid their lucky names immortal live,
Yet to a *King* the ſacred gift deny!

Say, "Sire, we've crippled the poor people's backs;
"Poor jaded, worn-out, miſerable hacks;
"How 'tis they bear it all, is my ſurpriſe!
"I cannot catch another tax indeed,
"With all *your* fox-hounds' noſes, and *my* ſpeed,
"Your humble greyhound, though all teeth and eyes.

"The

* This is literally true. I, the LYRIC PETER, aſſert, that I have written a moſt beautiful Elegy to an old Friend, a Dying Aſs, with more feeling than I could compliment the deaths of half the Kings in Chriſtendom.

"The State, Sir, you will candidly allow,
"Has been t'ye a moſt excellent milch cow;
"For *you*, too, many a bucket has been fill'd—
"But truſt me, Sir, the cow muſt not be *kill'd*.

"So numerous are your wants, and *they* ſo keen,
"That verily a hundred thouſand pounds
"Seem juſt as in a bullock's mouth a bean!
"A pound of butter 'midſt a pack of hounds!
"Have mercy on us, Sir—you can't be poor—
"Your coffers really muſt be running o'er."

Say, "SIRE, your wiſdom is prodigious great!
"Then do not put your ſervant in a ſweat—
"He hates ſnapdragon—'tis a game of danger—
"The ſound, *more money*, the whole realm appalls;
"Still, ſtill it vibrates on SAINT STEPHEN'S walls;
"Our beaſt, the PUBLIC, ſoon muſt gnaw the manger.

Say, "Good my Liege, indeed there's no more hay;
"Kind-hearted King, indeed there's no more corn;
"Our hack, OLD ENGLAND, ſadly falls away;
"Lean as lean ROSINANTE, and forlorn."

Say,

Say, "Sire, your Parliament I dare not meet;
"For verily I've ſome remains of *grace:*
"If forc'd with money-meſſages to greet,
"Your Majeſty muſt lend me H——RY's face.

"I know

* The cry of "More Money, more Money," brings to recollection a little dialogue, amongſt the many, that happened between the KING of the MOSQUITOES and myſelf, in the Government-houſe at JAMAICA, during the adminiſtration of the late Sir WILLIAM TRELAWNY.—His MAJESTY was a very ſtout black man, exceedingly ignorant, nevertheleſs poſſeſſed of the ſublimeſt ideas of Royalty; very riotous, and grievouſly inclined to get drunk. He came to me one day, with a voice more like that of a bullock than a king, roaring, "Mo drink for King, mo drink for King!"

P. P.

King, you are drunk already.

KING.

No! no! King no drunk—King no drunk—Mo drink for King—Broder George love drink (meaning the King of England).

P. P.

Broder George does not love drink: he is a ſober man.

KING.

But King of Moſquito love drink—me will have mo drink—me love drink like devil—me drink whole ocean.

"I know what Parliament will ſay, ſo mad—
'More money, MASTER BILLY! very fine!
'The *impudence* of highwaymen, my lad,
'By G—! is *perfect modeſty* to *thine*.'
"Sire, Sire, the moment that I mention MONEY,
"I'm ſure the anſwer will be 'NINNY NONNY."

ODE VI.

NOW, PITT, put forth a ſmall prophetic ſound;
Say, "KINGS ſhould keep their ſtate, but not be rich"—
Yes, ſay, "they never ſhould with wealth abound,
"As money might the royal mind bewitch."
Say, "Gambling Monarchs *poſſibly* may ſpring,
"And Stocks be at the mercy of a King—
"And if for Boroughs ſigh their great affections,
"Rare buſineſs for the DEVIL at elections;
"A Monarch offering his own heads and notes!
"A King and Cobbler quarrelling for votes!"

Then

Then lift thine head, and alſo lift thine eyes,
  And drawing of thy mouth the corners down,
Exclaim (as ſtricken with a deep ſurpriſe),
  "Not that I think a man who wears a crown
" Would act ſo meanly, Sir, or ever did—
" No! God forbid, dread Sovereign—God forbid!"

Such are my counſels, PITT.—Thy King, perchance,
May, ſmiling, hear thee oracles advance;
And pitying thee for hinting reformation
To *ſuch* a King of *ſuch* a Nation,
May ſtun thee with two proverbs all ſo pat—
" What, what, PITT—'Play a jig to an old Cat?'
" What, preach—what, preach to *me* on *Money*-wit!
' *Old Foxes want no tutors,' BILLY PITT."

The

* Reformation is a moſt difficult and dangerous ſubject.—Hazarding a *critique* on the work of a very eminent Artiſt, ſome years ago, what was the conſequence?—See the Ode.

The following Elegy was written on the Royal Scheme of fattening *Cattle ſolely on Horſe-cheſnuts, which (had it ſucceeded) muſt have been attended with prodigious ſavings. The Bullocks tried what they could do, but were forced to give up the point, and nearly the ghoſt!*

THE ROYAL BULLOCKS.

A CONSOLATORY AND PASTORAL ELEGY.

YE horn'd inhabitants of Windſor Park,
Where reign'd ſweet HOSPITALITY of yore,
Why are ye not as merry as the lark?
Why is it that ſo diſmally ye roar?

Ah me! I gueſs the cauſe!—our glorious King
Would fatten cattle in the cheapeſt way—
It is, it is, horſe-cheſnuts!—that's the thing
Which gives each face the cloud of dire diſmay.

Say,

Say, do the prickles ſtab each gentle beard?
Ye wiſh t'oblige the King; but ah! with pain
Ye turn them round and round, to bite *afeard*,
And, faintly mumbling, drop them out again.

Fain would I comfort you with better meat—
God knows I pity every plaintive tone—
Gladly your gums with *turnips* would I greet,
And give the fragrant *bay* to ſoothe each groan.

Say, are the nuts too ſolid to be chew'd?—
Of want of nut-crackers do ye complain?
Ye make up awkward mouths upon your food;
But plaint of ev'ry ſort is pour'd in vain.

Condemn'd on ſuch hard fare to ſup and dine,
And often by its ſtubborn nature foil'd,
Perhaps ye wiſh it roaſted, gentle Kine,
Or probably ye wiſh it ſtew'd or boil'd.

But coals coſt money—labour muſt be ſav'd—
Now, this would prove a great expence indeed:
Ah! Kine, by ſuch economy cloſe-ſhav'd,
Your bellies grumble, and your mouths muſt bleed.

Your leanneſs mortifies the King of Nations:
Diſpleas'd, he wonders that ye won't grow fat:
Your high back-bones employ his ſpeculations,
Much your lank bellies exerciſe his chat.

The MAN whoſe lofty head *adorns* a crown,
That ſtoutly ſtudies bullocks, pigs, and books,
Wants much to ſee you knock'd by butchers down,
And hung in fair array upon their hooks.

Yet, murm'ring creatures, life is vaſtly ſweet—
For life, were I a bullock, I ſhould ſigh:
Much rather make a ſacrifice to meat;
Live on *horſe-cheſnuts*, than on *turnips die*.

A MORAL REFLECTION

ON THE PRECEDING ELEGY.

HOW can the eye, in NATURE's ſoftneſs dreſt,
So harden'd, ſee the diff'rent tribes around;
Behold the grazing cattle all ſo bleſt,
And lambkins mingling ſport, with ſweeteſt ſound;

Then gliſt'ning, in a ſtrain of triumph cry,
" Your throats, young gentlefolks, will ſoon be cut—
" *You*, ſweet Miſs Lamb, moſt ſpeedily ſhall die—
" Soon on the ſpit, you, Maſter Calf, be put?"

How can the tongue, amid the mingled noiſe
Of gooſe, duck, turkey, pigeon, cock and hen,
Exclaim, " Aye, aye, good fowls, your cackling joys
" Soon ceaſe, to fill with mirth the mouths of men?"

I cannot meet the lambkin's aſking eye,
Pat her ſoft neck, and fill her mouth with food,
Then ſay, " Ere evening cometh, thou ſhalt die,
" And drench the knives of butchers with thy blood."

I cannot fling with lib'ral hand the grain,
And tell the feather'd race ſo bleſt around,
" For me, ere night, ye feel of death the pain;
" With broken necks ye flutter on the ground.

" How vile!—Go, creatures of th' Almighty's hand;
" Enjoy the fruits that bounteous NATURE yields;
" Graze at your eaſe along the ſunny land;
" Skim the free air, and ſearch the fruitful fields:

Go,

"Go, and be happy in your mutual loves;
"No violence ſhall ſhake your ſhelter'd home;
"'Tis life and liberty ſhall glad my groves;
"The cry of murder ſhall not damn my dome:"

Thus ſhould I ſay, were mine a houſe and land—
And lo, to me a parent ſhould ye fly,
And run, and lick, and peck with love my hand,
And crowd around me with a fearleſs eye.

And you, O wild inhabitants of air,
To bleſs, and to be bleſt, at PETER's call,
Invited by his kindneſs, ſhould repair;
Chirp on his roof, and hop amidſt his hall.

No ſchoolboy's hand ſhould dare your neſts invade,
And bear to cloſe captivity your young:
Pleas'd would I ſee them flutter from the ſhade,
And to my window call the ſons of ſong.

And YOU, O natives of the flood, ſhould play
Unhurt amid your cryſtal realms, and ſleep:
No hook ſhould tear you from your loves away;
No net ſurrounding form its fatal ſweep.

Pleas'd ſhould I gaze upon your gliding throng,
  To ſport invited by the ſummer beam;
Now moving in moſt ſolemn march along,
  Now darting, leaping from the dimpled ſtream.

How far more grateful to the ſoul the joy,
  Thus daily, like a ſet of friends, to treat ye,
Than, like the bloated epicure, to cry,
  " Zounds! what rare dinners!—God! how I could
      eat ye!"

E L E G Y

ON

MY DYING ASS, PETER.

FRIEND of my youthful days, for ever paſt,
  When whim and harmleſs folly rul'd the hour;
Ah! art thou ſtretch'd amid the ſtraw at laſt!—
  Theſe eyes with tears thy dying looks devour.

Bleſt, would I ſoften thy hard bed of death,
  And with new floods the fount of life ſupply:
Yes, PETER, bleſt would I prolong thy breath,
  Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamleſs eye.

But wherefore wiſh? Thy lot is that of all:
  Thy friend who mourns, muſt yield to NATURE's law—
Like thee muſt ſink, and, o'er each dark'ning ball,
  Will DEATH's cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.

Piteous thou lifteſt up thy feeble head,
  And mark'ſt me dimly, with a dumb adieu;
And thus amid thy hopeleſs looks I read,
  " Faint is thy ſervant, and his moments few.

" With thee no more the hills and vales I tread!
" Thoſe times, ſo happy, are for ever o'er!
" Ah! why ſhould FATE ſo cruel cut our thread,
" And part a friendſhip that muſt meet no more?

" O, when theſe languid lids are ſhut by FATE;
" O, let in peace theſe aged limbs be laid
" 'Mid that lov'd field which ſaw us oft of late,
" Beneath our fav'rite willow's ample ſhade!

" And if my Maſter chance to wander nigh,
" Beſide the ſpot where PETER's bones repoſe;
" Let your poor ſervant claim one little ſigh;
" Grant this—and, bleſt, theſe eyes for ever cloſe."

Yes, thou poor SPIRIT, yes—*thy* wiſh is *mine*—
Yes, be thy grave beneath the willow's gloom—
There ſhall the ſod, the greeneſt ſod, be thine;
And there the brighteſt flow'r of Spring ſhall bloom.

Oft to the field as HEALTH my footſtep draws,
Thy turf ſhall ſurely catch thy Maſter's eye;
There on thy ſleep of death ſhall FRIENDSHIP pauſe,
Dwell on paſt days, and leave thee with a ſigh.

Sweet

Sweet is remembrance of our youthful hours,
  When INNOCENCE upon our actions smil'd!
What though AMBITION scorn'd our humble pow'rs,
  Thou a wild cub, and I a cub as wild?

Pleas'd will I tell how oft we us'd to roam;
  How oft we wander'd at the peep of morn;
Till NIGHT had wrapp'd the world in spectred gloom,
  And SILENCE listen'd to the beetle's horn.

Thy *victories will I recount with joy;
  The various trophies by thy fleetness won;
And boast that I, thy playfellow, a boy,
  Beheld the feats by namesake PETER done.

Yes, yes, (for grief must yield at times to glee)
  Amidst my friends I oft will give our tale;
When lo, those friends will rush thy sod to see,
  And call thy peaceful region PETER'S VALE.

* PETER's racing powers were truly great; and for size and strength he might justly have been called the *Hercules* of Jack-asses. It would probably be too ludicrous *here* to affirm, that for a *sostenuto* he might, with equal justice, have been styled not only the *Marchesi*, but the *Apollo*.

AN ACADEMIC ODE.

[*This Ode was written some years since, and was mislaid; but is* fortunately *recovered. It hinteth at the universal rage for Reputation, and attacketh Painters who pitifully wince at the gently-reforming touch of Criticism.*]

ALAS! who has not fondness for a name?
Lo, NATURE wove it in our infant frame!
From ear-*delighters*, down to ear-*confounders*,
Each vainly fancies he possesses killing tones;
Ev'n from the MARAS and the BILLINGTONS,
Down to the wide-mouth rascals crying flounders:
Nay, watchmen deem their merits no ways small,
Proud of a loud, clear, melancholy bawl;
Nay, proud too of that instrument the *rattle*,
That draws the hobbling brotherhood to battle.

Yes, yes! much vanity's in human nature—
Like mad dogs, that abhor the water,
The Painters hate to hear their faults display'd;
And though I sing them in the sweetest rhymes,
Such are the reformation-cursing times,
The foolish fellows wish the Poet dead!

Now

Now this is huge depravity, I fear;
My Tale, too, proveth it, as noon-day clear.

THE TALE OF VAN TRUMP.

Mynheer Van Trump, who painteth very well,
Flam'd at my gentle criticiſms, like hell—
"Poor vretch (cry'd Trump), I'm much dat rogue's ſuperiors—
"Ven he, poor louſy dog, be ded an rot,
"Van Trump by pepels vill not be forgot,
"But lif in all de mouths of my *poſteriors*"—
Meaning, indeed, by this ſeverity,
His name would live to all *poſterity*.

Upon a day, ſome goodly folks and fine
Arriv'd, to barter praiſe for beef and wine;
Academicians were the wights, I trow,
The very men to dine with Van and Vrow.

To Madam Trump did fall the carving work;
So ſticking in a fowl's ſoft breaſt her fork—
"I wiſh

"I wiſh this fork" (quoth angry Madam TRUMP,
Wriggling from ſide to ſide her angry rump)
"Were now as deep in PETER PINDAR'S heart."—
"Vell zed—dat's clever—Jantelmans, dat's vit,"
Quoth VAN—"ſpake it vonce more, my dear, a bit—
"Now don't you tink, Sirs, dat my Vrow's dam ſmart?

"Now, Jantelmans, I ax you if you pleaſe,"
Roar'd VAN, upſtarting—catching fire like tinder—
"To drenk von dam goot bumper 'pon our knees—
"Come, Sirs, 'Damnation to dat PETER PINDAR.'"
Plumb down the great Academicians fell,
And hearty drank th' *immortal* Bard to hell!

Such is, I bluſh to ſay, the dev'liſh mind
Too oft contaminating poor Mankind!

Here too a little Moral may be ſeen:
Reformers are good folks the million *hate*;
And who, if hang'd, or ſhot, or burnt, I ween,
Repentant, find their folly out, *too late*.

THE

THE PROGRESS OF ADMIRATION.

OR,

THE WINDSOR GARDENERS.

firſt their MAJESTIES to Windſor went,
Lo, almoſt ev'ry curious mouth was rent—
With what?—with gaping on the ROYAL PAIR:
Indeed from Eaſt and Weſt and North and South,
Arriv'd large cargoes both of eye and mouth,
To feaſt on MAJESTY their gape and ſtare.

Not PUNCH, the mighty PUNCH, the prince of joke,
E'er brought together ſuch a herd of folk.

Amongſt the thouſands full of admiration,
Appear'd fair Windſor's GARDENING NATION,
Blazing with Loyalty's bright torches:
They humbly came their MAJESTIES to greet,
Begging their MAJESTIES to come and treat,
On ev'ry ſort of fruit, their grand Allforches.
The COUPLE ſmil'd aſſent, and aſk'd grand queſtions,
Reſolv'd to gratify their grand digeſtions.

Forth went his MAJESTY, ſo condeſcending—
Forth went our gracious QUEEN, the fruits commend-
Munching away at a majeſtic rate: [ing—
The Gardeners ſaw themſelves beſpread with glory;
Told unto all the ale-houſes the ſtory;
Which houſes did again the tale relate.
Yes, they were all ſo pleas'd that their *poor things*
Should find ſuch favour in the mouths of Kings—
So happy at the ſudden turn of fate,
As though they all had found a fine eſtate.

With awe deep ſtricken were the Gardeners mute—
So ſharp they ey'd them as they ate their fruit—
Marv'ling to find that ſuch as wear a crown
Had actions very much like *theirs* in eating;
And that they mov'd, when pines and nect'rines greeting,
Their jaws like other people, *up* and *down*;
And that, like many *folks*, they ate a *deal*—
Making (that is to ſay) a ploughman's meal.

And now the GARDENERS, all ſo glorious, wanted
To ſend to MAJESTY rare things—'twas granted.
Both horſe and foot ſo labour'd to embark it!
So much indeed unto their GRACES came,
In conſequence of this moſt loyal flame,
The palace look'd like Covent-Garden Market.

And

And lo, their MAJESTIES went forth each day,
Their compliments to dainty fruits to pay:
  The Gardeners met them with beſt looks and bows;
And then the royal reputation rais'd—
The vegetable wiſdom highly prais'd
  Of GEORGE the glorious, and his glorious SPOUSE.

They told of Windſor town the gaping throng,
What *taſte* did unto Majeſty belong;
  As how they pick'd the *beſt*—ſtrange to relate too,
As how their eyes were of ſuch lofty ſtature;
Fill'd with ſo much ſublimity their nature,
  They look'd not on an *onion* or *potatoe*—
Which ſhow'd a noble patroniſing ſpirit,
And prov'd that ev'n in *fruit* they favour'd *merit*.

Reader, prepare to drop thy jaw with wonder!
Prepare thee now to hear a ſound like thunder!
The Gardeners, lo, with Majeſty grew *tir'd!*
No more their gracious viſitors *deſir'd!*
In ſhort, when MONARCHS did themſelves diſplay,
The Gardeners, *bonâ fide*, ran away;
Finding a *ſort* of *vacuum* 'mongſt their fruit,
That did not much their *ſcheme of thriving* ſuit.

For

For MAJESTY gives *nought* to ſubjects, mind—
Honour and *money* would be much too kind:
The royal ſmile, and guinea's glorious rays,
Like SEMELE,* would kill them with the *blaze*.

They now began exalted birth to *ſmoke*,
And fancy MONARCHS much like common folk:
Therefore no more, when MAJESTIES were coming,
Whiſtling and laughing, ſmiling, ſinging, humming,
They gap'd, and, bleſſing their too happy eyes,
Leap'd at their preſence, juſt like fiſh at flies.

Thus did thoſe fellows run from QUEEN and KING;
Which ſhows the *changeful* folly of mankind—
By growing tir'd and ſick of a good thing,
To actual happineſs, alas! ſtone-blind!

For what in this our earthly world can ſpring,
That's equal to a wiſe and glorious KING?
What in this world of wonders can be ſeen,
That's equal to a ſweet and generous QUEEN?

To

* The ſtory of SEMELE, not being known to every one, is this: The young lady, ambitious of enjoying Jupiter in all his glory, periſhed amidſt the ſublime effulgence of the God.

To fancy otherwise, alas! what sin it is!
From such profane opinion how I shrink!—
There must be *something great*, for *they* too think
Themselves great Gods, or *cousins* of Divinities!

No more those dogs the Gard'ners ponder'd how
To say fine words, and make a loyal bow:
No more they felt a choaking in the throat:
No more look'd up and down, and wink'd askew,
Poor souls! and, silly, wist not what to do,
When with vast awe the ROYAL VISAGE smote.

No, no! the scene was most completely alter'd—
No longer like some stupid jack-ass halter'd
Beside a miller's door, or gate, or post,
In deep and silent meditation lost,
To Majesty were drawn their heads so thick—
No—they were off—all admiration-sick;
The smiles of MAJESTY deem'd farce—all *hum*.
The conversation!—Lord! not worth a plum!

Such is sad repetition, O ye Gods!
And this may really happen to *my* Odes!

Men

'Men of huge titles and exalted places
Should at a diſtance commonly be ſeen—
Eyes ſhould not be familiar with their faces;
Then WONDER goes a courting to each mien.

Lo, NOVELTY's a barber's ſtrap or hone,
That keenneſs to the razor-paſſions gives:
USE weareth out this barber's ſtrap or ſtone;
Thus 'tis by NOVELTY, ENJOYMENT lives.

In *Love*, a ſweet example let us ſeek:
I have it—CYNTHIA's ſoft luxuriant neck—
Fix'd on the charm, how pleas'd the eye can dwell!
How ſighs the hand within the gauze to creep,
Mouſe-like, and on the ſnowy hills to ſleep,
Rais'd by the moſt delicious, gentle ſwell;
Like gulls, thoſe birds that riſe, and now ſubſide,
Bleſt on the boſom of the wavy tide.

But let the breaſt be *common*—all's undone;
Wiſhes, and ſighs, and longings, all are gone!
Away the hurrying palpitations fly!
DESIRE lies dead upon the gazeleſs eye!
Sunk into inſipidity is rapture!
Thus finiſheth of Love the ſimple chapter!

This

This is a pretty leſſon, though not new;
A leſſon fit for Gentile or for Jew:
For LOVE, the cooing, ſweet, perſuaſive pigeon,
Gains all the globe indeed to his religion:
Throughout the world his humble vot'ries pray,
And worſhip him exactly the ſame way.
Other religions kill—are torn by ſtrife;
LOVE *kiſſes*, and, what's ſweeter ſtill, gives *life!*

ADDRESS TO THE VIRTUES.

AN ODE.

AH, VIRTUES, ye are pretty-looking creatures;
But then ſo meek and feeble in your natures!—
  Thou charming CHASTITY now, *par exemple*,
Who gard'ſt the luſcious lip, and ſnowy breaſt,
And all that maketh wiſhing ſhepherds bleſt,
  Forbidding thieves on ſacred ground to trample.

Appear but LOVE, the ſavage, all is loſt;
Faint, trembling, bluſhing, thou giv'ſt up the ghoſt:
  Lo, there's an end of all thy mincing care!
The field ſo guarded, in the TYRANT's pow'r;
Each fence torn down, deſpoil'd each moſſy bow'r,
  All, all is rudely plunder'd, and laid bare.

VIRTUES! ye *blunder'd* on our world, I fear—
Deſign'd, I ween, for ſome more *gentle* ſphere;
Where the wild PASSIONS ſtorm ye not, nor teaze ye;
Where ev'ry animal's a mild MARCHESI.

I know your parentage and education—
Born in the ſkies—a lofty habitation;
But for a *perfect* ſyſtem were intended,
Where people never needed to be *mended.*

How could *ye* think the PASSIONS to withſtand,
Thoſe roaring BLADES, ſo out of all command,
Whoſe ſlighteſt *touch* would pull you all to pieces?
They are GOLIAHS—you but *little* MISSES!
Then pray go home again, each *pretty* DEAR—
Ye but *diſgrace* yourſelves by coming *here.*

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

MIGHTY POTENTATE, of *some* difcerning,
Inquifitive indeed! and fond of learning,
From Windfor oft danc'd down to Eton College,
To make himfelf a pincufhion of knowledge;
That is, by gleaning pretty little fcraps
Of CÆSAR, ALEXANDER, and fuch chaps.

There fagely would he oft harangue the MASTER,
On HOMER, VIRGIL, PINDAR, my relation,
Faft as a jack-fly, very often fafter—
Now jack-flies have a fweet acceleration.
Oft afk'd he queftions about ancient Kings—
Nat'ral! becaufe fo like himfelf—Great things!

He afk'd if CÆSAR ever did infift,
That if his Minifter would keep his place,
That Minifter fhould always have the grace
To mind deficiencies of CIVIL LIST;

Whether great CÆSAR ever fent his fons,
To ftudy all the Claffics and great guns,
And bring of art and fcience home a ftore,
To GOTTINGEN (his money wifely hoarding),
As GOTTINGEN is vaftly cheap for boarding
Young gentlemen whofe parents are but poor.

He aſk'd if CÆSAR's ſoul was fond of knowing
What all the neighbourhood was daily doing;
  What went into the pot, or on the ſpit—
How much in houſe-keeping they yearly ſpent,
And if, like honeſt folks, they paid their rent,
  Or gave of victuals to the poor, a bit.

If CÆSAR ever to a Brewhouſe went,
  With Lords and Ladies of his Court ſo grand,
And hours on hops and hoops and hogſheads ſpent,
  So wiſe, with ſome great WHITBREAD of the land;
And tarried till he did the Brewer tire,
And made the Brewer's horſe and dog *admire*;
And curious draymen into hogſheads creeping,
Sly rogues, and through the bungholes peeping.

Whether great CÆSAR was ſo ſly an elf,
  As from the very ſervants to inquire,
And know much better than the 'SQUIRE *himſelf*,
  The buſineſs of each neighb'ring 'SQUIRE:

As why the coachman JEHU went away;
  Which of the drivers, JOAN the cook defil'd;
Which of the footmen with SUSANNA lay,
  And got the charming chamber-maid with child.

He aſk'd if CÆSAR's ſervants all
Were, cat-like, all good mouſers, earn'd their wages;
Sought news from ſtreet and tavern, bulk and ſtall,
Like NICOLAI, the Prince of Pages;
And whether CÆSAR, with ferocious looks,
Found a poor trav'ling LOUSE, and ſhav'd his Cooks.

If CÆSAR's Miniſter gave half-a-crown
To ſhoe-blacks, and the ſweepers of the town,
To howl, and ſwear, and clap him at the Play;
And, when unto the Senate-houſe he rode,
To ſpread their ell-wide lantern jaws abroad,
And roar moſt bull-like when he came away.

He aſk'd if mighty CÆSAR's wife
Had ever Maids of Honour in her life,
Like any modern economic Queen;
And if, of ſweet and ſaving wiſdom full,
The ſaving Empreſs ever made a rule,
So keen, indeed ſo very, very keen,

That all the herd of honourable maids,
Who wiſh'd to ſleep in comfortable beds,
Should purchaſe their own ſheets and pillow-caſes,
To treat their gentle backs, and blooming faces.

Whether great CÆSAR, fond of heaping riches,
Wore ſhoes with holes, and pieces to his breeches;
If CÆSAR gave his ſervants handſome wages,
Convers'd with hobby-grooms, and jok'd with pages.

If CÆSAR and his Empreſs us'd to pop
Their heads, ſo grand, into a tradeſman's ſhop,
And haggle for a pennyworth of tape;
And *eke* for flannel, inkle, thread, or check,
Or yard of red cloth for the Emp'ror's neck—
That is to ſay, to make his coat a cape.

If CÆSAR recommended *Inns* to Lords,
Such as the CASTLE-TAVERN, for beſt cheer;
In ſtrong, indeed, and moſt perſuaſive words,
Praiſing the landlord's wine, and bread, and beer.

Alſo the landlord's ſtables and ſoft beds,
To lodge their own and horſes gentle heads;
Ord'ring Lords *there*, with all their *caſh* to part—
But never, never go to the WHITE HART.

He aſk'd if mighty CÆSAR lov'd humility,
That is, in *ſubjects* only, viz. Nobility;

And eke the *Commons*, deem'd a vulgar maſs,
Form'd by the wiſdom of Almighty God,
To carry on their backs a heav'nly load,
Juſt like a camel, elephant, or aſs.

If CÆSAR cut up palaces for pens,
And unto butch'ring ſtrongly did incline;
Sold geeſe and turkeys, ducks, and cocks, and hens,
And fatten'd cows, and calves, and ſheep, and ſwine;
In rams ſurpaſs'd him (of ram-glory full),
Or, glorious, ever beat him in a bull.

He aſk'd if CÆSAR did not find
Some cunning fellow for a hind,
Prepar'd with *ſtrange* accounts to meet him,
And in his pigs and ſheep and bullocks cheat him;
And whether CÆSAR did not ſlily watch him;
And what were CÆSAR's traps to catch him.

If, like PEG NICHOLSON, on miſchief buſy,
A Mantua-maker drew a ruſty knife,
To cleave the Emperor in twain, the huſſey,
Fright'ning the Emperor out of his life,

He aſk'd if Italy was half ſo bleſt
As England, in that Prince of Painters, WEST;
And if there ever liv'd in Rome's great town
A man who *ſtole*, like REYNOLDS, a renown;
A man, indeed, whoſe vilely-daubing bruſh
Puts PAINTING, the ſweet damſel, to the bluſh:
Then aſk'd if CÆSAR ever had the heart
To give a ſhilling to the Painting Art.

He aſk'd if CÆSAR, 'midſt his dread campaigns,
Felt bold, whene'er well dous'd by ruſhing rains;
Boldly not caring ev'n a ſingle fig,
Although they ſpoil'd a bran-new Tyburn-wig;
When 'midſt the doughty regiments of death,
On ſome wild Wimbledon, or huge Blackheath.

He aſk'd if CÆSAR ever ſtar'd *abroad*,
  (Inſtead of ſtaring, as he ought, at *home*)
For Architects with traſh the land to load,
  And raiſe of gaudy gingerbread a DOME*:

Such as is rais'd by that rare Swede SIR WILL,
The grinning mouth of RIDICULE to fill.

Whether

* The Royal Academy.

Whether the curious CÆSAR sent to Greece,
For statues costing heav'n knows what a-piece;
Then putting under ground a world's rare boast*,
To entertain a toad or ghost.

Such were the questions, with a thousand more,
He ask'd, to swell of knowledges the store;
That fell like starlings on the ear, in flocks—
Sure keys for opening MOTHER WISDOM's locks:

Rare keys that ope the twilight vaults of TIME;
A thief who, with a sacrilegious pride,
Delighteth something ev'ry day to hide,
Sacks full of prose and sweetly-sounding rhyme.

Such

* A cast, and the only one, of that famous FARNESE HERCULES, having been procured at a considerable expence, as well as trouble, for the benefit of the STUDENTS of the ROYAL ACADEMY, and the admiration of the world in general, is now thrust away into a dark hole; the building being rather calculated for the support of butterflies, than *heavy antiques*. The following short dialogue was written on the occasion:—

A DIALOGUE *between* TWO STATUES, *in an upper Room of the* ROYAL ACADEMY.

First Statue.

" What keeps old Hercules *below*,
" A fellow of such rare renown?

Second Statue.

" Plague take thee! hold thy tongue—for know,
" Should *he* come *up*, *we* all go *down*."

Such queſtions, with a manner quite *unique*,
  The monkey boys to mimic ſoon began;
And lo, of mimicry the ſaucy trick,
  Like wildfire through the College ran.
Lord! hinder them!—there could be no ſuch thing—
Thus ev'ry little raſcal was a *King!*

This, FAME, who ſeldom leſſens ſounds, did bear,
With all its horrors, to the Royal ear:
The conſequence, the SCHOOL had cauſe to rue—
To ſchools, the Monarch bade a long adieu;
Of Eton journeys gave th' idea o'er,
And, angry, never mention'd CÆSAR more!

O D E S

OF

IMPORTANCE, &c.

TO THE SHOEMAKERS.
TO MR. BURKE.
TO IRONY.
TO LORD LONSDALE.
TO THE KING.
TO THE ACADEMIC CHAIR.
TO A MARGATE HOY.
OLD SIMON, A TALE.

THE JUDGES;

OR

THE WOLVES, THE BEAR, AND INFERIOR BEASTS.

A FABLE.

——— *Sic positi, suaves misietis odores.*

Sweet-briar, hawthorn, lilies, nettles, roses;
What a nice *bouquet* for all sorts of noses!

Ludimus innocuis verbis, nec lædere quenquam
Mens nostra——— MARTIAL.

MY VERSE's *sweetness*, *mildness*, none deny:
Lord! playful PETER would not wound a *fly*.

RESIGNATION;

AN ODE TO THE JOURNEYMEN SHOEMAKERS,

Who lately refused to work, except their Wages were raised.

SONS of SAINT CRISPIN, 'tis in vain!
Indeed 'tis fruitless to complain:
I know ye wish good beef or veal to carve:
But first the hungry GREAT must all be fed;
Mean time, ye all must chew hard, musty bread,
Or, what is commonly unpleasant, starve.

Your *Masters*, like *yourselves*, oppression feel—
It is not *they*, would wish to stint your meal:
Then suck your paws like bears, and be resign'd:
Perhaps your *sins* are many; and if so,
HEAV'N gives us very frequently, we know,
The GREAT as scourges for mankind.
Your *Masters* soon may follow you, so lank—
Undone by simple confidence in *Rank*.

The

The royal RICHMOND builds his ſtate on coals;
SAL'SB'RY, and HAWKSB'RY, lofty ſouls,
With their fair DAMES muſt have the ball and rout;
Kings muſt our millions have, to make a glare;
Whoſe ſycophants muſt alſo have a ſhare;
But pout not—'tis a libel, Sirs, to pout—

Clos'd be your mouths, or dread the jail or thong:
Ye muſt not for your money have a ſong.
Ceaſe, ceaſe your riots, pray, my friends:
It anſwereth (believe me) no good ends—
And yet the time will come, I hope to God,
When black-fac'd, damn'd OPPRESSION, to his den
Shall howling fly before the curſe of MEN,
And feel of anger'd JUSTICE the ſharp rod.

Go home, I beg of ye, my friends, and eat
Your ſour, your mouldy bread, and offal meat;
Till FREEDOM comes—I ſee her on her way—
Then ſhall a ſmile break forth upon each mien,
The front of baniſh'd HAPPINESS be ſeen,
And, ſons of CRISPIN, ye once more be gay.

Now go, and learn ſubmiſſion from your Bible:
Complaint is now-a-day a flagrant libel.

Yes,

Yes, go and try to chew your mouldy bread—
JUSTICE is ſick, I own, but is not dead.
Let GRANDEUR roll her chariot on our necks,
Submiſſion, ſweet humility beſpeaks:
  Let GRANDEUR's plumes be lifted by our ſighs—
Let dice, and chariots, and the ſtately thrones,
Be form'd of poor men's hard-work'd bones—
  We muſt contribute; or, lo, GRANDEUR dies.
We are the Pariſh that ſupports her ſhow;
A truth that GRANDEUR wiſhes not to know.

Full many a time reluctantly, I own,
I view our mighty RULERS with a groan,
  Who eat the labours of us *vulgar Crew*;
Baſk on our ſhoulders in their lazy ſtate;
And if we dare *look* up for eaſe, th' ingrate
  Look down, and aſk us, "D-m'me, who are you?"

Now ſuch forgetfulneſs is moſt unpleaſant!
The man who doth receive a hare or pheaſant,
Might *ſomewhat*, certainly, from manners ſpare,
And ſay, "I thank ye for the bird or hare."

But then I'm told agen, that GRANDEUR's ſore
At owning obligations to the Poor—

Such

Such favours cut no figure in discourse:
She thinks she might as well thank dogs and cats
For finding partridges, and catching rats;
And say, "I'm much oblig'd t'ye," to a horse.

Lo, to the GREAT we breathe the sigh in vain;
A zephyr murm'ring through the hollow walls;
Our tear, that tries to melt their souls, the rain
That printless on the rock of ages falls!

The lofty GREAT must have the softest bed
To lay the *soft* luxurious head;
And from our bosoms we poor *Geese*, so tame,
Must pluck submissively the tender feather;
Ourselves expos'd to NATURE's rudest weather,
Deny'd the liberty to cry out, "Shame!"
Thus, while *their* heads the pillow's down imprint,
Ours must be only bolster'd by a flint.

Ye must not heed your children's hunger'd cry,
Nor *once* upon their little sorrows sigh—
In tears their blubber'd faces let them steep,
And howl their hunger and their grief to sleep.
'Tis impudence in babes to cry for bread—
Lo, GRANDEUR's fav'rite *dogs* must first be fed!—

See

See yon proud Ducheſs—yet of late ſo *poor*,
  With not above *ten thouſand pounds* a year:
Behold, a hundred coaches at her door,
  Where PHARO triumphs in his mad career.
We muſt ſupport her, or by hook or crook—
For, lo, her huſband was—a ROYAL Duke.

We *muſt* ſupport too her fine gold-lac'd crew,
  Behind her gilt coach, dancing Molly fellows,
With canes and ruffles goodly to the view,
  And (ſuiting their complexions) pink umbrellas.
It muſt be ſo; for Lordly GRANDEUR rules—
Lo! QUALITY are GODS, and MOB are mules.

  I know ye wiſh to ſee on gold, ſo good,
King GEORGE's head, that many a want ſupplies;
So very pleaſant to his PEOPLE's eyes,
  As pleaſant as the head of fleſh and blood.
MONEY's a rattling ſinner, to be ſure:
Like the ſweet Cyprian girl (we wo'n't ſay *wh—e*)
Is happy to be frequently employ'd,
And not content by *one* to be enjoy'd;
Yet, like the GREAT-ONES, with faſtidious eye
Seems of *inferior* mortals rather ſhy.

Then go, my friends, and chew your mouldy bread:
'Tis on our ſhoulders Courts muſt lift the head.
Remember, we are only Oxen yet—
Therefore, beneath the yoke, condemn'd to ſweat:
But gradually we all ſhall change to Men;
And then!!! what *then?*—Ye heav'ns! why *then*
The lawleſs ſway of TYRANNY is o'er—
PRIDE falls, and BRITAIN'S ſons are beaſts no more!

ODE TO BURKE.

AH, BURKE! full ſorry is the Muſe indeed
That *thou* art from the Patriot Phalanx fled!
  For what? To crouch, and flatter Queens and Kings?
Meanly to mingle with a Courtier gang,
That INFAMY herſelf would ſcorn to hang—
  Such a poor ſqualid hoſt of creeping things!

Has Madneſs fir'd thy brain? Alas! return:
Thy fault in ſackcloth and in aſhes mourn:

Join

Join not a Court, and FREEDOM's fouleſt foes—
REPENTANCE, lo, ſhall try to waſh thee white:
Then howl not, EDMUND, 'mid the Imps of Night;
Swell not the number of a flock of crows.

What murky cloud, the vapour black of Courts,
(For many a cloud, the breath of Kings ſupports)
Attempts thy Reputation's ſpreading beam?
What bat-like DEMON, with the damned'ſt ſpite,
Springs on thy fame, on GLORY's ſacred height,
To ſouſe it in DISGRACE's dirty ſtream?—

Alas! if MAJESTY did gracious ſay,
" BURKE, BURKE, I'm glad, I'm glad you ran away;
" I'm glad you left your party—very glad—
" They wiſh'd to treat me like a boy at ſchool;
" Rope rope me like a horſe, an aſs, a mule—
" That's very bad, you know, that's very bad.

" I hate the PORTLAND Junto—hate it, BURKE—
" Poor rogues, poor rogues, that cannot draw a cork—
" Nothing but empty diſhes, empty diſhes—
" *We've* got the loaves and fiſhes, loaves and fiſhes."

I ſay, if thus a mighty Monarch ſpoke
As uſual—not by way of joke;
  Did not the ſpeech ſo with'ring make thee ſhrink?
Didſt thou not inward ſay, "I've damn'd myſelf—
" Why, what a miſerable elf!"
  And then upon each old acquaintance think;
And with a ſigh recall thoſe attic days,
When WIT and WISDOM pour'd the mingled blaze?

BURKE, BURKE, moſt eaſily do I diſcover
Thou loatheſt the weak ſmile that won thee over—
  From TR——RY borrow'd, ne'er to be return'd!
E'en now thou art not happy at thy heart—
It ſighs for WISDOM'S voice, and pants to part
  From fellows by the honeſt VIRTUES ſpurn'd.

Thy tongue has promis'd friendſhip with a ſigh—
For, lo, th' interpreter of thoughts, thine eye
Hangs heavy, beamleſs on the motley band,
To whom thou ſtretcheſt forth thy leaden hand!
Yes, ſlowly does that hand of *friendſhip* move:
The ſtartled Courtiers feel no graſp of love:
A cold and palſied ſhake of gratulation,
As though it trembled at contamination!

O BURKE! behold fair LIBERTY advancing—
TRUTH, WIT, and HUMOUR, ſporting in her train:
Behold them happy, ſinging, laughing, dancing,
Proud of a Golden Age again!
When all thy friends (thy friends of late, I mean)
Shall, fluſh'd with conqueſt, meet their idol Queen,
The Goddeſs at whoſe ſhrine a world ſhould *kneel*;
When *they* with ſongs of triumph hail the DAME,
Will not thy cheek be daſh'd with deepeſt ſhame,
And CONSCIENCE ſomewhat ſtartled feel?

Ah! will thine eye a gladſome beam diſplay;
Borrow from ſmooth HYPOCRISY's a ray,
To hail the long-deſir'd return?
Speak, wilt thou ſcrew into a ſmile thy mouth,
And welcome LIBERTY, with WIT and TRUTH;
And for a moment leave thy gang, to mourn?
Yes, thou wilt greet her with a half-forc'd ſmile,
Quitting thy *virtuous* Company, a while,
To ſay, "Dear Madam, welcome—how dy'e do?"
And then the DAME will anſwer with a dip,
Scorn in her eye, contempt upon her lip,
"Not much the better, Miſter BURKE, for *you*."
Poor BURKE, I read thy ſoul, and feel thy pain—
Go, join the ſycophants that I diſdain.

ODE TO IRONY.

O THOU, with mouth demure and ſolemn eye,
Who laugheſt not, thou Quaker-looking wight,
But makeſt others roaring laugh outright,
Thus chaſing widow SORROW, and her ſigh—
O Thou who formeſt pills to purge the ſpleen,
No more in Britain muſt thou dare be ſeen?

There was a time, but not like ours ſo nice,
When thou couldſt baniſh FOLLY, nay, and VICE—
Leagu'd with thy daughter HUMOUR, damſel quaint,
And WIT, that could have tickled e'en a Saint.

But times are alter'd! *Certain Greybeards* ſay,
" Ye vagabonds, you've had indeed your day;
" But never dare to ſhow your face agen,
" To take vile liberties with lofty men.
" Grin, if you pleaſe—with joke the world regale—
" Yet mind, a Critic hears you, call'd a Jail."

But, lo! fair LIBERTY divinely ſtrong!
A *patriot Phalanx* leads the DAME along.

THOU, WIT, and HUMOUR, ſhall adorn her train—
And let me proudly join the noble Few;
Whilſt, to the cauſe of Glory true,
The MUSE ſhall ſhout her boldeſt ſtrain.

E'en I, 'midſt ſuch a patriot band,
Will gain importance through the land;
Riſe, form a poor Extinguiſher, a Steeple—
And, O AMBITION, hear thy ſuppliant's pray'r,
A ſprig of thy unfading laurel ſpare,
And crown me, crown me POET of the PEOPLE.

ODE TO LORD LONSDALE.

FIE, fie, my Lord! attack a ſaint-like POET!
O, let not ASKALON, nor let GATH know it!
What! by law-bulldogs bid the lambkin groan!
O LONSDALE! *genuine* Poetry is rare,
Half of our verſe, *adulterated* ware;
I ſpeak of *others* verſes, not my *own*.

Ah! ſtop not, ſtop not PETER's tuneful throat!
  Hereafter; he may warble in thy praiſe,
Who ſo ſurpaſſeth thouſands in his note,
  A Philomel amidſt a flock of Jays.



The baniſhment of OVID into Thrace
Did CÆSAR's glory grievouſly diſgrace;
Dropp'd on his coat of arms a ſtain of ink,
And made the honeſt pen of HIST'RY ſhrink.

Thou who ſhott'ſt SERJEANT BOLTON through the foot,
  At leaſt didſt make the Serjeant ſhoot himſelf:
O think how thou mayſt ſuffer in repute,
  By falling on a harmleſs rhyming elf!
REVENGE herſelf would bluſh at ſuch a deed;
For Poets always were a dove-like breed.

Fire at a great LAW SERJEANT—then let fly,
Bounce, on a ſimple Rhymer ſuch as I,
  Great condeſcenſion verily requires:
What ſportſman at the pheaſant aims, and then
Hunts in his humble buſh the twitt'ring wren?
  On grouſe and graſshoppers what mortal fires?

At

At London frequently we meet
A lofty CAMEL in the ſtreet,
  Moving with ſtate-unwieldineſs along;
We alſo ſee a Monkey on his hump,
Now, with an arch grimace, from head to rump
  Skipping, and drawing wonder from the throng—
Againſt Lord Cheſterfield's grave maxim ſinning,
The merry grig, that is to ſay, by *grinning*.

Now this ſame CAMEL, a well-judging beaſt,
Feels not of goading ridicule the leaſt;
  Calmly the ruminating creature goes,
Poking his head, and ſhaking it in guiſe,
Much like great DOCTOR JOHNSON, call'd the wiſe
  For pulling ev'ry Scotchman by the noſe,
When pond'rous moving through the Northern track,
With dapper JEMMY BOSWELL on his back.

Now would not ev'ry mortal ſmile,
To ſee this Camel all ſo full of bile
    Bouncing unhappily about,
Dancing, and ſtaring, grunting, kicking, moaning,
And like a creature in the cholic groaning,
  Making for playful JACKO all this rout?

When

When HAWKSB'RY, SALISB'RY, LEEDS, and more
beside,
Fearing the tinsel on the back of PRIDE
Might tarnish by an acid drop of rhyme,
And consequently lose the magic rays
That call forth ADMIRATION's gape and gaze,
And make her think she views the *true* SUBLIME—

I say, to MAJESTY when those *great* LORDS
Pour'd forth a foaming torrent of hard words;
As, "Hang that PETER PINDAR, if you please;
"Sire, make the graceless varlet understand
"What 'tis to smile at *Rulers* of the land—
"A beggar that disgraces his own fleas.

"SIRE, SIRE, th' ATTORNEY-GENERAL's tiger gripe
"Would quickly stop the Raggamuffin's pipe;
"Then for his laugh at GRANDEUR let him swing."
"No," quoth the KING—

"If *I'm* not hurt, my Lords, *you* may be quiet:
"'Tis for *yourselves*, *yourselves*, you wish the riot—
"Yes, yes, you fear, you fear, that PETER's Muse
"Will hang *your* Grandeurs in her noose.

"No,

" No, no, my Lords, *M'DONALD muſt not ſqueeze
him:
" You ſee I give up *New-year* Odes, to pleaſe him;
" And faith, between me and the poſt and you,
" I fear the knave will get the *Birth-day* too.
" No, no—let PETER ſing, and laugh, and live:
" I like to read his works—Kings are fair game:
" What though he bites—'tis glorious to forgive.
" Go, go, my Lords, go, go, and do the ſame.

" Should PETER's verſe be in the *right*,
" *Our* conduct muſt be in the wrong:
" Poor, poor's the triumph of a little ſpite—
" We muſt not hang a ſubject for a ſong.

" My Lords, my Lords, a whiſper I deſire:
" Dame LIBERTY grows ſtronger—ſome feet higher;
" She will not be bamboozled, as of late:
" *Ariſtocrate & la lanterne*
" Are very often cheek by jowl, we learn,
" Within a *certain* neighb'ring buſtling State:
" I think your Lordſhips and your Graces
" Would not much like to dangle with wry faces.

" But

* The Attorney-General.

"But mum, my Lords—mum, mum, my Lords—
mum, mum:
"You muft be cautious for the time to come:
"The People's brains are lofing their old fogs;
"Juries before the Judges won't look flink;
"No, no—they fancy they've a right to think:
"They fay, indeed they won't be driven like hogs.

"No Starchambers, no Starchambers for *them*—
"SLAVERY's the dev'l, and LIBERTY a gem.
"You fee, my Lords, their heads are not fo thick:
"Take care, or foon you'll have a bone to pick;
"And p'rhaps you would not like this fame hard bone:
"So let the laughing, rhyming rogue alone."

Sweet ROBIN of the Mufe's facred grove,
Whofe foul is butter-milk, and fong is love;
So bleft when Beauty forms the fmiling theme;
Who wouldft not Heav'n accept, (the fex fo dear)
Had charming WOMAN no apartments there,
Thy morning vifion, and thy nightly dream—

Mild MINSTREL, could their Lordfhips call thee rogue,
Varlet, and knave, and vagabond, and dog?

What!

What! try to bring thee, for thy harmleſs wit,
Where GREYBEARDS in their robes terrific ſit,
With ſanctified long fortune-telling faces,
Whilſt ERSKINE, eldeſt-born of RIDICULE,
From ſolemn IRONY's bewitching ſchool,
Tears to un-Judgelike grins, the hanging GRACES!

Meek POET, who, no proſtitute for price,
Wilt never ſanction fools, nor varniſh VICE;
Nor rob the MUSE's altar of its flame,
To brighten with immortal beams a *King*
(If FREEDOM finds no ſhelter from his wing,)
And meanly ſing a Tyrant into fame!

Thus, LONSDALE, thou behold'ſt a fair example
Of greatneſs in a King—a noble ſample!
Thou cry'ſt, "What muſt I do? on *thee* I call."—
Catch up your pen, my Lord, at once, and ſay,
"Dear PETER, all my rage is blown away;
"So, come and eat thy beef at LOWTHER-HALL."

ODE

ODE TO THE ACADEMIC CHAIR,

ON THE

ELECTION OF MR. WEST TO THE PRESIDENCY.

.OW art thou fallen, thou *once* high-honour'd
CHAIR!
Moſt hedgehog-like, thou briſtleſt up my hair.
But poſſibly I'm only in a dream:
If ſo, immediately O let me wake;
Good MORPHEUS, drag me from this ſad miſtake:
Open my eyes, or lo, I ſhall blaſpheme.
By heav'ns! it is no viſion—'tis *too* plain
That thou, poor imp, art fated to ſuſtain
Of BENJAMIN th' abominable b-m.
What! after REYNOLDS, to take up with WEST!
Th' *antipodes* thou ſeekeſt, I proteſt,
From Jove's grand thunder, to an infant's drum;
The lightning courſer, to the creeping mole;
The world's wide orbit, to a ſpider's hole;
From ſome fair column, or Corinthian dome,
Sunk to a dreary dungeon, or the tomb!

And

And yet, on recollection, that old throne,
In Weftminfter's fair Choir for two-pence fhown,
Which bore the EDWARDS, HARRYS of our Ifle,
Has been oblig'd (a truth moft melanch*olly !*)
To fhrink beneath a leaden load of folly,
And every meannefs that can man defile.

Thy virtue is gone out of thee, I ween!
Thy brother Chairs of late with humbled mien,
That jealous envy'd thee thy tow'ring fame,
All with one voice exclaim,
And all the poignant pow'r of ridicule,
" He is not equal to an old joint ftool.

" *He* who of late fo lofty held his creft,
" Array'd fo gorgeous in a crimfon veft,
" *He* now is worfe than us poor humble hacks,
" With not a fingle rag about our backs.

" Get thyfelf burnt, thou fad degraded creature;
" Go, boil fome poor old wafherwoman's water;
" Or get thyfelf to fkewers and crockfticks turn'd;
" To fome dead beggar's coffin give each nail,
" And yield thy velvet to fome ftrumpet's tail;
" For, know, thou fhouldft no longer be adorn'd."

Thus

Thus ſpeak thy brother Chairs! And yet 'tis cruel,
As thou wouldſt rather be cut up for fuel,
  Or reſt the backs of beggars in the ſtreet:
But lo, West fills thee, by his King's commands;
Lov'd by his ſubjects—*fear'd* by foreign lands—
  And full of wiſdom as an egg of meat!

" I like West's works—he beats the Raphael ſchool:
" I never lik'd that Reynolds—'twas a fool—
" Painted too thick—a dauber—'twon't, 'twon't paſs—
" West, West, West's pictures are as ſmooth as glaſs:
" Beſides, I hated Reynolds, from my heart:
" He thought that I knew nought about the art.

" West tells me that my taſte is very pure—
" That I'm a connoiſſeur, a connoiſſeur:
  " I like, I like, I like the works of West."—
Thus doth *our* King, in ſounds ſo gracious cry:
  Which proves that Kings with *little* can be bleſt,
And give the wings of eagles to a fly!

OLD SIMON.

A TALE.

FOLKS cannot be for ever sniv'ling—no!
With fountain noses that for ever flow—
  The world would quickly be undone;
Widows, and lovelorn girls, poor souls, would die;
And for his rich old father, sob and sigh,
  And hang himself, *perchaunce*, a *hopeful* son;

And, for their cats that happ'd to slip their breath,
Old maids, so sweet, might mourn themselves to death:
SORROW may therefore have her decent day,
And smiling PLEASURE come again in play.

No! folks can't brood for ever upon GRIEF:
PLEASURE must steal into her place at last;
Thus then the heart from horror finds relief,
Snatch'd from the cloud by which it is o'ercast.

Thus was an anger'd Lord my constant theme,
My constant thought by day, my constant dream:

Tears at his image oft burſt out, with ſighs:
At length CHARLES FOX* appear'd — behold the change!
No longer after SORROW did I range,
But on the ſmile of PLEASURE caſt mine eyes.
PLEASURE's a laſs that will at length prevail:
Witneſs the little pleaſant following tale.

NARCISSA, full of grace, and youth, and charms,
Had ſlept ſome years in good Old SIMON's arms;
Her kind and lawful ſpouſe, that is to ſay,
Who, following of numbers the example,
Wiſhing of ſweet young fleſh to have a ſample,
Married this charming girl upon a day.

For from grey-headed men, and thin, and old,
Young fleſh is finely form'd to keep the cold.
Thus of the pretty Shunamite we read,
Who warm'd the good King DAVID and his bed,

Brought

* With the LIBEL-BILL; on which the Lord Chancellor wiſhed to conſult the Judges. Few are the men candid enough to part *voluntarily* with power, however tyrannical—it muſt be *torn* from them. The Judges have been rendered independent of the Crown, by the PEOPLE: now let them ſhow their gratitude.

Brought back his flagging ſpirits all ſo cool,
And kept the King of Iſrael warm as wool—
Indeed ſhe warmer could the Monarch keep,
Than any thing belonging to a ſheep.

Moſt virtuous was NARCISSA! lo,
All purity from top to toe;
As HEBE ſweet, and as DIANA chaſte.
None but old SIMON was allow'd a kiſs,
Though hungry as a hound to ſnap the bliſs;
Nor ſqueeze her hand, nor take her round the waiſt:
Had any dar'd to give her a green gown,
The FAIR had petrified him with a frown;
For CHASTITY, Lord bleſs us! is ſo nice—
Pure as the ſnow, and colder than the ice.

Thus then, as I have ſaid before,
Sweetly ſhe ſlept, and probably might ſnore,
In good old SIMON'S unmoleſting arms:
Some years, with this *Antique* of Chriſtian clay,
Did paſs in this ſame taſteleſs, tranquil way—
Ah, Gods! how lucky for ſuch tender charms!

Yes, very fortunate it ſeem'd to be;
For, had NARCISSA wedded ſome *young* chaps,
Their impudences, all forſooth ſo free,
Had robb'd her eyes by night of half their naps.

And yet, on ſecond thoughts (ſometimes the beſt),
Ladies *might chooſe* to loſe a little reſt;
Keep their eyes open for a Lover's ſake,
And thus a ſacrifice to CUPID make.

It pleas'd at length the Lord who dwells on high,
To bid the good old ſimple SIMON die;
Sleep with his fathers, as the Scripture has it:
NARCISSA wept, that they were doom'd to part,
Blubber'd, and almoſt broke her little heart—
So great her grief that nothing could ſurpaſs it:
Not NIOBE mourn'd more for fourteen brats;
Nor Miſtreſs TOFTS,* to leave her twenty cats.

Not to his grave was poor old SIMON *burried*;
No! 'twas a fortnight full, ere he was buried.

'Tis

* The famous ſinger. She died a few years ſince at Venice, and left to every cat a legacy.

'Tis ſaid old SIMON verily did ſtink:
A pretty Sermon on th' occaſion giv'n
Prov'd his good works, and that he was in heav'n:
Scraps too of Latin did the Parſon link

Unto the funeral ſermon, all ſo ſweet,
The congregation and the dead to greet:
For every Wife that is *genteelly* bred,
Orders a ſprig of Latin for the dead.
And of a ſprig of Latin what's the coſt?—
A poor half-guinea at the moſt.

Latin ſounds well—it is a kind of balm,
That honoureth a corpſe juſt like a pſalm;
And 'tis believ'd by folks of pious qualm,
Heav'n wo'n't receive a ſoul without a pſalm.

But now for poor NARCISSA, wailing dove!
Nothing—no, nothing equall'd her dear love:
Such tears and groans burſt forth, from eyes and mouth;
Where'er ſhe went, ſhe was ſo full of woes,
Juſt like a diſmal day that rains and blows
From every quarter—eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth;
And like ſome fountains were her radiant eyes,
Lifting a conſtant water to the ſkies.

Refolv'd to keep his image near her breaft,
She got him beautifully carv'd in wood;
Made it her bed-fellow, to foothe her reft,
And thought him much like him of flefh and blood,
Becaufe it lay fo wonderfully quiet,
And like old SIMON never bred a riot.
'Twas for fome weeks, fweet foul, her pious plan
Nightly to *hug* her dear old wooden man:

Yet, verily, it doth my fancy ftrike,
That buxom widows, full of rich defires,
Full of fine prancing blood, and LOVE's bright fires,
Might fuch a wooden fupplement diflike:
But who can anfwer for the fex, indeed?
Of things moft wonderful we fometimes read!

It came to pafs, a Youth admir'd the Dame—
Burning to fatisfy a lawlefs flame
With much more paffion fill'd, the rogue, than grace.
What did he? Brib'd, one night, NARCISSA's maid,
And got his limbs, fo dev'lifh faucy, laid,
Th' impoftors, in poor wooden SIMON's place:
SUSAN, though born amongft a vulgar tribe,
Knew nature, and the nature of a bribe.

The Dame came up, delicious, and undreſt,
When SUSAN's candle ſuddenly went out—
Misfortunes ſometimes will attend the beſt—
No matter—Sweet NARCISSA made no rout.
She could not miſs the way, although 'twas dark,
Unto her bed, and dear old bit of bark.

In ſlipp'd the FAIR, ſo freſh, beneath the ſheets,
Thinking to hug her dear old oaken LOVE—
But lo, her BED-FELLOW with kiſſes greets!
She trembles, like an aſpen, pretty dove:

In ſhort, her terror kept her ſo much under,
She could not get away—and where's the wonder?
Since 'tis an old and philoſophic notion,
That terror robbeth all the limbs of motion.

The upſhot of the matter ſoon was this—
Her horrors ſunk, and died, at ev'ry kiſs;
And, 'ſtead of wiſhing for the man of wood,
She ſeem'd to reliſh that of fleſh and blood.

Next day, but not indeed extremely ſoon—
Some five or ſix o'clock—the afternoon,

SUSAN came tapping at the chamber-door:
(Now this was very prudent, to be ſure;
  It had been fooliſh to have tapp'd till then)
"Well, Madam, what d'ye chooſe for dinner, pray?"
"Fiſh, fleſh, and fowl," the Lady quick did ſay—
  "The beſt of ev'ry thing—I don't care *when*."

"But Madam, I want wood to make a fire—
"'Tis rather late—our hands we have no time on."
"Oh," cried NARCISSA, full of her new 'SQUIRE,
"Then, SUSAN, you may go and burn old SIMON."

ODE TO THE KING.

WRITTEN SOME TIME SINCE.

AN'T pleaſe your MAJESTY, 'twas rumour'd lately
That you had got it in your head ſo ſtately,
  That we muſt have a law-ſuit—God forbid it!
Whether 'tis HAWKSB'RY, or his GRACE of LEEDS,
Invented ſuch intended hoſtile deeds,
  Or whether the more lofty SAL'SB'RY did it,

I ſay

I ſay not—but great Lords are giv'n to chatter;
So, Sir, I deem it all a lying matter.

There's my LORD BLUFF too—CARDIGAN the *Great*,
Whoſe ſace DAME NATURE never meant ſhould cheat;
Who, if aught hurts the King, doth ſhrink and wince,
As *faithful* to his *Sov'reign* as his *Prince!*
Brimfull of loyalty his noble breaſt;
Large and fermenting like a tub of yeaſt!
Glad at the aloes thrown into my cup,
He ſays too that you mean to eat me up.

That heartily they wiſh it, I don't doubt—
Moſt loyal *ſeem* they in your cauſe, and ſtout!
You can't think how they *ſeem* to take your part;
And at the Poet, as the Devil, ſtart—

I ſay the Devil, Sir, becauſe ſome PEERS
Are with the Devil oft in large arrears:
They open'd an account, Sir, long ago—
And SATAN's a great creditor, I know.

Yes, *hugely* do they *ſeem* to take your part,
And at the POET, as a Demon, ſtart;
Juſt like a horſe or aſs at ſome wild beaſt
Prepar'd to jump upon their backs, and ſtail.

This

'This LOYALTY's a bird of paſſage, Sire;
Likes the ſun's eye—a comfortable fire!
Warm'd by this fire, ſo cheerful doth ſhe ſing
The hack'd old ballad, call'd "God ſave the King."
But be in trouble, Sir, ſoon, very ſoon
The JADE will drop the good old tune.

Yes—much your Lords are like the birds of May,
Crying, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, ſo gay:
But if a gloomy month appear, ſo rough,
And froſt, and ſnow, and ſtorms lay waſte the land,
Where are the pretty birds with note ſo bland?
Off!

Spit on the Courtiers, when with praiſe they greet:
What from their mouth's unhallow'd cenſer flows?
Inſtead of FAME's perfume, ſo paſſing ſweet,
Lo, putrid dunghills ſmoke beneath thy noſe!

Good God! that man ſhould ſo far loſe his nature,
To beg HYPOCRISY to mould each feature—
Crawl like the meaneſt reptile of the plain;
Kick'd, cur-like, whipp'd, and whiſtled back again!

You

You tell me that ſuch reptiles you abhor,
And that you never *ſee* my *fancy'd Cur.*
Indeed, Sir!!! then I ſtrongly do ſurmiſe
On levee-days you always *ſhut your eyes.*

ODE TO A MARGATE HOY.

WHEN VIRGIL ſhipp'd himſelf for Greece;
Whether to 'ſcape the Bailiffs, I can't tell—
Or libels wrote, got drunk, and broke the peace;
But HORACE wrote an Ode, to wiſh him well.

Whether, like Margate Hoys, the ſhip was cramm'd
With Roman Quality, no hiſt'ries know it;
But HORACE ſwore ſhe might as well be damn'd,
As ſhow her noſe again without the Poet:
In the ſame verſe he breath'd a pious wiſh
To bluſt'ring BOREAS, and the * King of Fiſh.

Now

* Neptune.

"Now if a Bard, and that a Heathen too,
Could offer verſe to make old OCEAN quiet,
Inſtruct the great King NEPTUNE *who* was *who*,
And bid the God of Mackrel breed no riot;

A *Chriſtian* Bard may give a Hoy an Ode,
So oft with valuable people ſtow'd,
That, thick as rats or maggots, from Wool Quay
Crawl down the ladder to their wat'ry way!

Go, beauteous HOY, in ſafety ev'ry inch!
That ſtorms ſhould wreck thee, gracious Heav'n forbid!
Whether commanded by brave CAPTAIN FINCH,
Or equally tremendous CAPTAIN KIDD.
Go, with thy cargo—Margate-town amuſe;
And God preſerve thy Chriſtians and thy Jews!

Soon as thou gett'ſt within the Pier,
All Margate will be out, I trow,
And people ruſh from far and near,
As if thou hadſt wild beaſts to ſhow.

O VENUS, Queen of ev'ry kiſſing joy,
Beneath thy ſoft protection take the Hoy;

Protect

Protect each Damsel from the dangerous brine;
For many a Nymph it holds, thou callest *thine.*

Alas! the little LOVES, and blooming GRACES,
Would all put on most melancholy faces,
Should OCEAN, hostile to the soft DESIRES,
O'erwhelming, quench for aye their am'rous fires.

My good friend JOHNSON—MESDAMES WINDSOR,
Who for the Public, let me tell ye, [KELLY,
And through St. James's street, the Park, Pall-Mall,
Oft lead their lovely giggling Tits along,
A pretty pleasing fascinating throng—
Much would they grieve to find the voyage fail:

Like three stout men of war for safety made,
From port to port, who convoy the *fair* trade;
Or three protecting DUCKS, that guard their brood,
And lead their cackling young to pick up food.

Yet not alone would *those* be taken napping—
Great were the loss of Gentlefolks from WAPPING,
Who, fond of travel, unto MARGATE roam,
To gain that consequence they want at home.

At MARGATE how like Quality they ſtrut!
Nothing is good enough to greet their jaws;
Yet, when at home, are often forc'd, God wot,
To ſuck like bears a dinner from their paws—

Forc'd on an old joint-ſtool their tea to take,
With treacle 'ſtead of ſugar for their gums;
Butt'ring their hungry loaf, or oaten cake,
Like mighty CHARLES of SWEDEN, with their thumbs.

But HOY, inform me—who is SHE on board,
That ſeems the Lady of a firſt-rate Lord,
With ſtomach high puſh'd forth as if in ſcorn,
Like craws of ducks and geeſe o'ercharg'd with corn;

Dreſs'd in a glaring, gorgeous damaſk gown,
Which, roſes, like the leaves of cabbage, crown;
With alſo a bright petticoat of pink,
To make the eye from ſuch a luſtre ſhrink?

Yes, who is ſhe the Patagonian dame,
As bulky as of Heidelberg the tun;
Her face, as if by brandy taught to flame,
In blaze ſuperior to the noonday ſun—

With

With fingers juſt like ſauſages, fat things;
And loaded, much like curtain-rods, with rings?
Yes, who is SHE that with a ſquinting eye
Surveys poor paſſengers who ſick'ning ſigh;
Sad, pale-nos'd, gaping, puling, mournful faces,
Deſerted by the blooming, ſmiling GRACES;
That, reaching o'er thy ſide, ſo doleful throw
The ſtomach's treaſure to the fiſh below?

'Tis MADAM BACON, proud of worldly goods,
Whoſe firſt ſpouſe ſhav'd and bled—drew teeth, made wigs;
Who having by her tongue deſtroy'd poor SUDS,
Married a wight that educated pigs!

But hark! ſhe ſpeaks! extremely like a man!
Raiſing a furious tempeſt with her fan—
"Why, Captain, what a beaſtly ſhip! good God!
"Why, Captain, this indeed is very odd!
"Why, what a grunting dirty pack of doings!
"For heav'n's ſake, Captain, ſtop the creatures' ſp-w-gs."

Now hark! the Captain anſwers—"Miſtreſs BACON,
"I own I can't be with *ſuch matters* taken;

"I likes

"I likes not vomitings no more than *you*;
"But if fo be that gentlefolks be fick,
"A woman hath the bowels of *Old Nick*,
"Poor fouls, to bung their mouths—'twere like a Jew."

Majeftic Miftrefs BACON fpeaks agen!—
"*Folks* have no bus'nefs to make others fick:
"I don't know, Mifter Captain, what you mean
"About your Jews, and bowels of Old Nick:
"If all your cattle will fuch hubbub keep,
"I know that I fhall leave your ftinking fhip.

"Some folks have dev'lifh dainty guts, good Lord!
"What bus'nefs have fuch cattle here aboard?
"*Such gang indeed* to foreign places roam!
"'Tis more becoming them to fp-w at home."

But hark! the Captain *properly* replies—
"Why, what a breeze is here, G-d d-mn my eyes!
"God blefs us, Miftrefs BACON! who are *you?*
"Zounds, *Ma'am*, I fay, *my* paffengers *fhall fp-w*."

THE WOLF AND THE LION.

A TALE.

Dedicated to Lord Hawkesbury.

KINGS really are in general not *so bad*;
And therefore I muſt take their part;
But 'tis their ſervants that are drunk or mad,
With ev'ry demon trick and little art.

Champions for Maſter's fame, they fire away;
And, 'midſt the buſtle of the idle fray,
Like lubbers, knock him on the head;
Then, ſtaring, wonder how he ſhould be *dead!*
Sometimes a King diſcovers he has eyes—
Then for himſelf he ſees—now, that is wiſe.

Once on a time a Lion, not a fool,
Though in the under-claſs of Wisdom's ſchool,
Amidſt his ſubjects had a Monkey got,
Who, rather impudent enough,
Would take his Sov'reign's foibles off,
Tell ſtories of him—mimic him—what not?

This for the ſcheming WOLF was quite a feaſt,
Who told the Monarch of the Monkey's ſinning,
Relating all his mimicry and grinning,
Trying to irritate the noble beaſt.

" What, what, what doth he ſay?" the LION cry'd.—
" Dread Sir, you are moſt wickedly belied,"
Rejoin'd the WOLF with brazen face—
" He ſays that you to Merit are no friend,
" And only to a Patronage *pretend*;
" And ſlight th' *inferiors* of the Brutal Race.

" He ſwears you don't encourage uſeful beaſts;
" That for *yourſelf* alone you're making feaſts;
" And that it is beyond a queſtion,
" No beaſt has ſuch a wonderful digeſtion;
" That, all ſo ſaving, you would ſkin a ſtone,
" And only think of number *one*;
" And that it is a ſin indeed and ſhame
" My LADY LIONESS ſhould do the ſame;
" That ſycophants, who flatter, fawn, and creep,
" Are really all the company you keep;
" That beaſts of talents, whom you ſhould ſupport,
" Are all forbid to ſhow their noſe at Court.

"What?" quoth the MONARCH—"what, what? doth he ſo?"—
"Yes, SIRE, now hang him, and the rogue requite."
"WOLF," quoth the LION, "no, no, no, no, no—
"I fear, I fear, the rogue is *in the right*."

Now this was noble—like a King, in *ſooth*—
Who ſcorn'd to choak a ſubject for the truth.

THE WOLVES, THE BEAR, AND OTHER BEASTS.

A FABLE.

ALL JUDGES ſhould be mild and juſt:
This is the caſe with *Engliſh ones*, I *truſt*:
Such K***, B***, ſhine—thoſe rare law-ſages:
Neither of *theſe* a raſh or hot-brain'd fool—
Moſt charming dove-like Imps of MERCY's ſchool,
Whoſe names ſhall live to diſtant ages—
All meekneſs, ſweetneſs, tender nature—
And all their virtues of a giant ſtature!

 What

What happineſs it needs muſt yield a land,
  To ſee ſuch *goodly* men upon the Bench,
Whom none can with a ſingle murder brand;
  Whoſe hearts, ſo pure, did ne'er emit a ſtench
Like carrion, ſo offenſive to our noſes,
But ſcents of lilies, violets, and roſes!!!

They never, with the faces of the Furies,
Dar'd dictate, brow-beat, and controul the Juries;
  Nor wilful miſinterpreted the Law:
Full well they know that Juries are *above 'em!*
And 'tis aſtoniſhing how much they *love 'em!*
  When *Judge* and *Jury* thus together draw

With ſo much pleaſure, like a pair of nags,
Behold! no tongue opprobrious wags!
No tongue cries, "JEFFRIES, bloody JEFFRIES, SCROGS!
" Hang, hang thoſe traitors, like a brace of dogs!

" Not in their beds be they allow'd to die—
  " Nor let their putrid carcaſes have graves:
" Slap PITY's face, if e'er ſhe bids her eye
  " Hold but a drop for ſuch a pair of knaves."

Full

Full of rich character ſhall *ſuch* deſcend,
And honour'd with their high-ſam'd fathers ſleep:
Fair JUSTICE ſhall with ſighs their herſe attend,
And PITY's ſong of melancholy weep.

Like leaves, whilſt *others* fall unmourn'd away,
And load of DEATH the ſolitary glooms,
Lo! GLORY from her ſun ſhall pluck a ray,
And bid it ſpread eternal round their tombs.

Yet Nations have been curs'd with wicked Judges,
Who, fond of pow'r, poſſeſs hard jury-grudges;
Who calmly ſent poor culprits to their graves,
Juſt as an Eaſtern Deſpot ſends his ſlaves.
For *ſuch* I pen a neat Æſopian tale;
Hoping the pretty moral will prevail.

Th' *inferior* Beaſts moſt bitterly complain'd,
(And who will not complain, whoſe cheek is ſmitten?)
That from the Wolves much hardſhip they ſuſtain'd,
And often moſt inhumanly were bitten.
This wantonneſs DAME JUSTICE did cry, "fie" on—
And mention'd it, but vainly, to the LION.

" Thoſe damn'd furr'd raſcals!" growl'd the angry
Beaſts,
" Each Wolf upon our meat continual feaſts;
" Yet *Snap*'s the word, and quick off goes a head;
" We muſt take out their teeth—it can't be borne—
" Yes, from their jaws their grinders muſt be torn.—
" Behold, the very fields with blood are red."

But firſt the Bear muſt be conſulted.—Bruin,
Who did not much approve jaw-ruin,
With his black hide, to all the beaſts appear'd,
And with much gravity their ſtory heard.

" Sirs," (quoth the Bear) you talk of taking teeth
With ſuch an eaſy and familiar breath,
As though it might be pleaſant to their jaws;
But I muſt aſk the Wolves if they'll conſent
That from their mouths their grinders ſhall be rent;
For this is neceſſary, Sirs, becauſe
The Wolves are *owners* of the teeth, and therefore,
Before *Ruspini's call'd, will aſk a *wherefore*.

Bruin, in conſequence, the Wolves addreſt:
" Lord Wolves, it is the wiſh of many a beaſt,
" That

* The Chevalier, a famous dentiſt.

"That you conſent your teeth may all be pull'd;
"D-m me if I would loſe my ſnags, my Lords;
"I'd tell the knaves ſo, in ſo many words—
"God d-mn me, of one's grinders to be GULL'D!"

"What! loſe our teeth?" exclaim'd the Wolves—
"no, no—
"We'll keep them, if it only be for *ſhow.*
"Say, my LORD BRUIN, that, and let them *chew* it:
"Nay, tell the fools, we wiſh them ſomewhat longer,
"Sharper, and more of them, and ſtronger;
"And, if we loſe them, *force* ſhall only do it."

This anſwer of the WOLVES, LORD BEAR reported:
Which anſwer did not pleaſe the Beaſts at all;
Who ſlighted, now no longer *pray'd* and *courted*,
But on the villains faſt began to fall,
Choak'd two or three *prime Rogues*, and, on condition,
Receiv'd from all th' affrighted reſt, *ſubmiſſion*.

THE TEARS OF SAINT MARGARET.

ALSO,

ODES OF CONDOLENCE

TO THE

HIGH AND MIGHTY MUSICAL DIRECTORS, ON THEIR DOWNFALL.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE ADDRESS TO THE OWL.

LIKEWISE,

MISTRESS ROBINSON'S HANDKERCHIEF,

AND

JUDGE BULLER'S WIG;

A FABLE.

ALSO,

THE CHURCHWARDEN OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE;

OR,

THE FEAST ON A CHILD.

Delirant REGES, *plectuntur* ACHIVI.

The KING was wroth; and smelling matters out,
He put the GRAND DIRECTORS to the rout.

TO THE READER.

THE frequent complaints of ignorance, partiality, profusion, &c. exhibited against the MOST NOBLE MUSICAL DIRECTORS, together with their quarrels with the principal SINGERS and PERFORMERS, having brought them into unpopularity; and what seemed worst of all, the MOST NOBLE DIRECTORS having imprudently made a public declaration, without his MAJESTY's consent, that there was an end of ABBEY COMMEMORATION, such a favourite hobby-horse of MAJESTY; the King resolved on their dismission from all and every interference at the ORATORIO to be performed at ST. MARGARET's CHURCH. The immediate consequence of the Royal annunciation was the *displeasure* of the DIRECTORS, and was also, of consequence, the *displeasure* of the LYRIC BARD, who sighed on the mournful occasion, and took up the cudgels in their defence. Great has been the cry against them, that they feasted at the *Saint Alban's Tavern*, at the expence of the MUSICAL FUND. Although I do not credit such rumour, I have taken the fact for granted, that (like their DEPUTIES, who actually *did* feast at different times at the *Saint Alban's Tavern*, at the expence of the FUND) the NOBLE DIRECTORS *did* condescendingly shew the example; and I have hinted that those MOST NOBLE DIRECTORS had as fair a right to be rewarded with dinners as *Parish Officers* and their friends, who so frequently have a jovial meeting, to *eat and tipple eleemosinary* on the birth of a BASTARD.

PROLOGUE TO THE ODES;

OR,

THE TEARS OF ST. MARGARET.

NOW NIGHT, the negro, reign'd—" Paſt one
o'clock,"
The drowſy watchman bawl'd—from murky vaults,
The dough-fac'd ſpectres crowded forth—the eye,
The ſunk, the wearied eye of TOIL, was clos'd:
Mute, NATURE's buſied voice, her brawl and hum;
While HORROR, creeping on the world of gloom,
Breath'd her dark ſpirit through the death-like hour—
Now from her ſilver-fringed eaſt the MOON
Peep'd on the VAST of ſhade—up-mounting ſlow,
In ſolemn ſtillneſs, till her lab'ring orb,
Freed from the caves of DARKNESS, gain'd its ſphere,
And mov'd in ſplendid ſolitude along.
At this blank hour of awe, amid her fane,
That caught a partial radiance on its walls,
A radiance ſtealing on the ſhadowy tombs,
Illuminating death,—the pious MAID,

Whoſe

Whoſe fleſh did wonders in its days of bloom,
And bones work'd marvels when ſhe ſmil'd no more—
The penſive MARGARETTA ſtalk'd, and paus'd,
And paus'd and ſtalk'd, and ſtalk'd and paus'd agen;
Now nailing to the twilight floor her eye;
Now gazing on the holy windows dim;
Now motionleſs, and now with hurrying ſtep
Along the hollow-ſounding aiſle ſhe paſs'd;
And leaning lorn at murder'd RALEIGH's tomb,
Of SILENCE wak'd the pale and ſacred ſleep,
With plaintive accent, thus——

MARGARET'S LAMENTATION.

WHY ſhould yon old Abbey, ſhould'ring
My poor Fane with Gothic pride,
Cracking, ſinking, falling, mould'ring,
On the back of Marg'ret ride?

What is that huge Ruin's merit?
Only fit for houſing rats.
Be her gueſts, with all my ſpirit,
Hooting owls, and horrid bats!

Why am *I* to be despis'd,
  Why am *I* to be kept under;
I who once by Kings was priz'd?
  What's the meaning on't, I wonder?

I whose pow'r could agues charm,
  Fits and tooth-achs, cramps and evils;
Satan's wicked self disarm;
  Him, the great proud Prince of Devils.

Lo, that Abbey for past years,
  At each grand Commemoration,
For DIRECTORS boasted *Peers*—
  Peers the glory of the Nation!

Who were *my* Directors? Lo,
  DOCTOR PARSONS, JUSTICE COLLIC;
ARNOLD and DUPUIS and Co.
  What a very pretty frolic!

But 'tis said the *KING* commanded,
  And the Grand DIRECTORS fell:
By the *KING* were they disbanded?
  FAME will blush the tale to tell.

Soon

Soon I'll go (for what ſhould hinder?)
To the firſt of rhyming men,
To that Giant PETER PINDAR:
He ſhall hear—and then, and then!!

PETER in his wrath ſhall riſe,
And the ſcythe of verſe prepare;
Lo, I ſee his lightning eyes!
Lo, his arm of vengeance bare!

Backs of Monarchs ſhall he ſlice,
As he ſcorns them ſo *ſincerely*—
Woman need not aſk him twice;
PETER loves the ladies dearly.

Thus ſpoke the SAINT!—When MORN her bluſhes ſpread,
To Covent-Garden's ſquare ſhe wing'd her flight,
And drew the curtains of the POET's bed,
Who fortunately ſlept *alone* that night.

To *him* ſhe told her ſtory o'er and o'er:
  When PETER, rous'd by MARG'RET's ſad narration,
Pull'd off his night-cap, and devoutly ſwore
  He'd *roaſt* a *certain* RULER of a nation.

SAINT MARG'RET thank'd the Bard with ſweeteſt
    ſmiles,
And PETER thunder'd on the KING OF ISLES.

ODES OF CONDOLENCE, &c.

ODE I.

The Poet breaketh mournfully out on the fall of the Noble Directors—Threateneth to expostulate with the King—Lamenteth the loss of Direction-importance, boxes, white wands, and dinners at the Saint Alban's Tavern, &c. &c.

POOR Leeds! poor Uxbridge! and poor Joah
Bates!
And all ye other poor ones, of hard fates!
'Tis a strange man this King of ours indeed—
There's reason, to be sure, in roasting eggs!
What! raise an Oratorio at Saint Peg's,
And set a thing on *foot* without a *head!*

What! could the King have music in a church,
And leave the *great* Directors in the lurch?
Ev'n so!—but lo, I'll parley with the King,
And such a peal into his ears I'll ring!

Thus

Thus will I ſay, howe'er it may diſguſt—
" An't pleaſe your Majeſty, you are *unjuſt.*"
" How, how?" the King will cry, with wild rapidity—
" Yes, SIRE, the grand Directors take it ill;
" Deeming themſelves all men of tuneful ſkill,
" And having all, for crotchets, hawk-avidity;

" That they ſhould loſe the lead in this affair,
" Which really makes them marvel, and ſo ſtare,
" Not knowing what offence they have committed;
" Being a ſet of very clever men,
" So ſtuff'd with crotchet-knowledges, and then
" For Oratorios ſo nicely fitted!

" Behold! no boxes for DIRECTORS! no!
" Who at the ABBEY form'd a raree-ſhow,
" With nice kid gloves, medallions, wands ſo white!
" Tagrag and bobtail now condemn'd to join;
" What's ten times worſe, condemn'd to *pull out* COIN;
" Men ſo unus'd to pay a ſingle doit!

" When proud to view of Royalty the rays,
" Your SUBJECTS had their bellies full of gaze,
" Amid the ABBEY's glory for paſt years;

" Then would they ponder on the white-ſtick row,
" Of UXBRIDGE, GREY DE WILTON, LEEDS, and Co.
" And, *next* to MAJESTY, admire the PEERS.

' Who's that ſlim, whey-fac'd gentleman, and thin,
' With ſome old gentlewoman's noſe and chin?
' And *he* ſo ſurly, with a ſable face?'
" Would gaping ſtrangers all ſo curious cry;
" When, all ſo ſolemn, I have made reply,
' *That* Lord is LEEDS's very noble Grace,

' With lath-like form, whey-face, and cheeks ſo thin,
' And good old gentlewoman's noſe and chin—
' And he who lours as though he meant to bite,
' Is EARL OF UXBRIDGE, with his face of night.'
" And then I've told the names of all the reſt;
" At which the ſtrangers have been all ſo *bleſt*,
" Bow'd, curtſy'd low, ſo grateful—I don't doubt it,
" They told their dear relations *all about it!*

" No more DIRECTORS challenge admiration!
" No more the tuneful rulers of a nation!
" Unknown, in *vulgar* ſeats they bite their thumbs;

" Now

" Now half awake they nod, and now they ſleep,
" And now they ſigh, and now in dreams they weep,
" And mumble much diſpleaſure 'midſt their gums.

" Heav'ns! with what huge delight their eyes would
" hail
" The * *breeches* blazing at SAINT MARG'RET's tail,
" Inſtead of STEPHEN, who, to all belief,
" Poor fellow, muſt have travell'd with a brief! †

" But, SIR, this is not all—for, in your ear,
" Something more horrible brings up the rear!
" No longer on the *tweedle-dum* account,
" At yon fair tavern in SAINT ALBAN's Street,
" Thoſe men of taſte and muſic joyful greet,
" And load their ſtomachs to a large amount;

" All for the good of the *poor* FUND, ſo kind!
" Now this is dreadful to my ſimple mind;

* Poor SAINT STEPHEN had a very warm pair of breeches clapped to his .... lately; but the SAINT luckily ſhook them off. Without a metaphor, the Houſe of Commons was nearly ſet on fire by ſome patriotic Incendiaries.

† To ſolicit charity, like many others who ſuffer by fire.

" To think thoſe TITLED MEN, whoſe valiant jaws,
" And ſtomachs all ſo keen, and deep as ſacks,
" And teeth ſo valorous in feaſt attacks,
" So bravely battled in the tuneful cauſe,
" Should, by the royal word ſo hard commanded,
" Diſgracefully be turn'd adrift—diſbanded!

" I hear, I hear the angry Lords exclaim,
' Thus to be all diſcarded! 'tis a ſhame—
' The royal mandate will be *cruel* ſtyl'd—
' Behold CHURCHWARDENS, OVERSEERS ſo ſleek!
' Read their card-invitations ev'ry week—
' Sir, you're deſir'd to come and eat a child.'
' One child a week they conſtantly devour;
' Sometimes they eat two children—ſometimes four.

' If thus thoſe fellows live, the lazy drones,
' LORDS, of a *charity* may pick the bones;
' Yes, as proviſions are ſo very dear,
' Eat a *few fiddlers* once or twice a year.'

" Such is the language Lords employ, O King,
" Enough the hearts of ſavages to wring,
" And make, I hope, your royal conſcience ache:

5 " *Such*

" *Such* reas'nings are indeed extremely deep!
" Why ſhould of *Lords* the teeth and ſtomachs ſleep,
  " Whilſt thoſe of keen *Churchwardens* are awake?"

Thus to the King of Nations will I cry—
But what will be his MAJESTY's reply?—
" Thank, thank ye, PETER, for ſupporting ſtraws—
" Good advocate—good, good, in a bad cauſe:
" I'll have no more ſuch doings, let me tell ye—
" No, no, no eating calves in the cow's belly."

ODE TO SAINT CECILIA.

The Poet very loyally calleth upon St. Cecilia, the great Patroneſs of Muſic, by way of Justice of Peace, Constable, and Comforter, to come down from Heaven to the Noble Directors, iſſue a Proclamation for diſſolving Societies of Muſical Inſtruments; taking them up, and knocking them to pieces, as alſo the heads of the Muſicians againſt each other.—The Poet concludeth with a prophecy of returning power to the Directors.

Divine Cecilia, pray, from Heav'n ſtep down;
Moſt wond'rous are the doings in this town!
Behold, behold a tuneful revolution!
Directors baniſh'd, but no execution!
Thank God, no grinning heads of Lords, poor ſouls,
Amid the mob, ſurvey the ſtreets on poles.

The fiddles ſcreech with rapture one and all;
The flutes and hautboys whiſtle at the fall:
  The pompous organ, for rebellion ripe!
Glad of the long-wiſh'd overthrow, he opes,
To ſhew the world his pleaſure, all his ſtops,
  And pours his thunders through each giant pipe;

Whilſt all his pigmies, trilling, ſqueaking, ſqualling,
Like mad things, every one his tune, are bawling:
The hoarſe baſſoons their naſal twang employ—
And hog-like baſes grunt the ſong of joy.

Wild ſcreams the trumpet's brazen note ſo clear;
And on th' occaſion, ſcorning to be mum,
Like cannon ſoundeth on the loaded ear,
At ſolemn intervals, the double drum.

The various inſtruments of wind and ſtring,
Thus to the world in ſaucy triumph ſing—
" What are thoſe Lord-Directors?—arrant fools,
" Mean mongrels—never bred in MUSIC's ſchools—
" With juſt as much of ſcience as a pig;
" Who ſcarcely know a pſalm-tune from a jig.
" Are theſe the men to lead us?—MUSIC ſwears,
" And to the pill'ry recommends their ears."

And lo, of Muſic the choice bands,
Delighted, clap their madding hands;
And, raiſing to the ſtars their eyes devout,
" Thank heav'n," they roar, " thoſe *fellows* are turn'd out.

" No

"No longer ſhall their tyranny impoſe,
"And lead the King of Nations by the noſe."

Then, ſweet CECILIA, leave thy lofty ſtation;
O haſte and iſſue out thy Proclamation—
Of wond'rous danger let it talk aloud—
Root up ſocieties of flutes, baſſoons;
Knock down the organ, for his rebel tunes,
The brazen trumpet break, and crack the crowd.

Lay on the necks of the rebellious BAND
Thy powerful and chaſtiſing hand—
And for their impudent and ſenſeleſs pother,
Sweet GODDESS, knock one head againſt another.

O haſte and keep the mournful Lords in heart,
As ſcarce a ſingle mortal takes their part.
Except the lofty family of PRIDE,
Few are the comforters they boaſt beſide—

Theſe are their conſtant friends indeed, and ſtout;
Friends that few Nobles ever are *without*:
Hereditary friends of ancient date,
Accompanying great title and eſtate.

And

And yet 'tis ſaid no virtues can reſide
Where dwells that lofty ſcowling SPIRIT, PRIDE;
That Aconite, the noiſome weed of gloom,
That near it ſuffers not a flow'r to bloom.

Joy to my ſoul! of LEEDS his glorious Grace
Puts forth a ſimpering ſweet prophetic face,
Amid this rough miſchance, that ſeems to ſay,
"Though diſappointment mocks the preſent hour,
"Next year ſhall mark the triumph of my pow'r,
"When FACTION'S ſcowling fiends ſhall ſhun the day."

Thus when the MONARCH of the winds, in ſpite,
Rolls a dark phalanx on the golden light,
And blots the beauteous ORB the world adorning,
SOL lifts the ſable mantle of a cloud,
And, peeping underneath the envious ſhroud,
Smiles hope, and ſays, "I'll ſhine to-morrow morning.'

O D E.

The BARD adviſeth the DIRECTORS to ſubmit to their degraded ſituation; and by way of conſolation, informeth them of the fallen ſtate of the Poets—and, moreover, comforteth the DIRECTORS with the changes that take place amongſt crowned as well as *un*-crowned heads.

YET not alone are *you* by Kings deſpis'd;
Lo, lofty poets are no longer priz'd,
That to an eagle turn'd a popinjay;
That ſcorn'd of TIME the ever-dreaded wars,
Turn'd winking ruſh-lights into blazing ſtars,
And ſtole from frail mortality, decay!

POETS, with that rare inſtrument call'd RHYME,
Drew with the greateſt eaſe the teeth of TIME;
Snapp'd his broad ſcythe ſo keen, and broke his glaſs;
Clipp'd his two wings, and fix'd him on an aſs:
Such was the envy'd pow'r of *ancient* BARDS,
When King's vouchſaf'd to crown them with rewards.

In days of old, the BARDS were ſacred creatures,
Deem'd ſo exalted in their natures!

By

By numbers thought fit company for *Gods!*
Lo, at the feafts of Kings the MINSTRELS fat;
Eat, fung, and mingled in the royal chat;
And fcarcely did there feem a grain of odds.

Thus cry'd thofe Kings of old, (delightful praife!)
" Touch not the men of other days;
" Hurt not a hair of thofe fweet fons of fong,
" Whofe voices fhall be heard amidft our halls,
" When we, amidft of peath the narrow walls,
" In gloomy filence fhall be ftretch'd along."

Scot-free the Poets drank and ate;
They paid no taxes to the State!
Now comes a *Butcher*, roaring " Pay your bill;"
Now the blue-apron'd wight of beer,
And man of bread, approach and cry, " Look here;
" Not one more morfel, not a fingle gill,
" Shall, Mafter Poet, pafs your piping throat,
" Until you quickly pay up ev'ry groat."
Unnatural! alas, what Gothic founds!
Thus 'tis the *rude* PROFANE a Poet wounds!

At Windfor, when the Monarch has been by,
How have I languifh'd on the royal ftye,

Where

Where wanton'd fifty little grunting grigs!
But never had the King the grace to ſay,
"You're hungry, hungry, PETER—take away,
"Take, take a couple of the pretrieſt pigs."

Oft of his geeſe too have I heard the notes,
And, hungry, wiſh'd to ſtop their gobbling throats;
But vainly did mine eyes around them wander.
How eaſily the Monarch might have ſaid,
"You don't eat roaſt meat often, I'm afraid;
"Take, take away the fatteſt gooſe or gander."

Kings care not if we neither drink nor carve—
This is their ſpeech in ſecret, "Sing and ſtarve."
And yet our Monarch has a world of books,
And daily on their backs ſo gorgeous looks;
So neatly bound, ſo richly gilt, ſo fine,
He fears to open them to read a line!

Since of our *books* a King can highly deem,
The *Authors* ſurely might command eſteem:
But here's the dev'l—I fear too many know it—
Some Kings prefer the *Binder* to the *Poet*.

Yet

Yet, though it never was poor PETER's fate
To get a ſixpence from the MAN OF STATE,
Who rather tries to keep the Poets under—
Oft have I dipp'd in golden praiſe the pen,
Writing *ſuch handſome things* about great men,
That CANDOUR's eye-balls have been ſeen to wonder.

Yet *had* it *happen'd* that the BARD
Had borne on high-bred folk *a little hard,*
Good for an *evil* mortals ſhould return—
'Tis very wicked with revenge to burn.
The *ſun*'s a bright example, let me ſay—
Obliges the black clouds that veil his ray;
Oft makes them *decent* figures to behold,
And covers all their dirty rags with gold.

But let us not an idle pother keep,
And, aſs-like, at a *revolution* bray;
Lo, *Kings themſelves,* like cabbages, grow cheap:
Thus ev'ry dog at laſt will have his day—
He who this morning *ſmil'd,* at night may *ſorrow;*
The *grub to day*'s a *butterfly to-morrow.*

O D E.

The POET adminiftereth comfort to the difgraced DIRECTORS.

POOR Imps! we all are born, to heave the groan!
MISFORTUNE can't let HAPPINESS alone;
Sharp as a cat, for ever pleas'd to watch her,
And trying with a thoufand traps to catch her.

Submiffion is our lot—it is our fate
To drop the tear, amid this mortal ftate!
Yet by our folly often worfe we make it.—
At difappointment frequent have I figh'd:
" P-x take the world!" indignant I have cry'd—
" *Life* is not worth the terms on which we take it:"

Then on the lot of mortals giv'n a fcowl;
And angry thus, one night, addrefs'd an OWL.

ADDRESS TO AN OWL.

" THOU folemn BIRD on yonder ivy'd tow'r,
" Wilt thou exchange thy nature, OWL, with me?
" Happy to take poffeffion of thy bow'r,
" I here proteft I would exchange with *thee*.

" When

" When to his weſtern bed the SUN retires,
" Obeys the curfew, and puts out his fires;
" And EVENING, bluſhful harbinger of NIGHT,
" Gems with the dews of health the drooping flow'r;
" With cooling zephyr fans the ſober hour,
" And wakes the * ſongſtreſs to the fading light;

" Forth, 'mid the deep'ning gloom I paſs
" And tread the moiſt reviving graſs,
" To meet the tribes by NATURE made
" To crawl and wing the world of ſhade!

" Daughters and ſons of Night that creep the ground,
" Bleſt muſt ye live, with ſuch a calm around,
" So unmoleſted, to enjoy your loves!
" And *lighter* PEOPLE, ye who wave the wing,
" Now 'mid the moon's pale luſtre ſport and ſing,
" Now playful pierce the ſhadows of the groves:

" Ye harmleſs nations, with averted eyes,
" The ſons of men your ſilent world deſpiſe,
" Becauſe their eyes no punch-houſes behold;

* The nightingale.

" Becauſe no mobs, nor fires, nor thieves appear;
" Becauſe no riots with their yells they hear;
" No brothels, ſcenes of ſallow fate unfold.

" Sweet Owl, this ſhort apoſtrophé excuſe;
" And willing now to *thee* returns the MUSE.

" Grave Bird of Wiſdom, 'mid the twilight ſcene
" Dimly I mark thy philoſophic mien—
" And now I ſee expand thy ſnowy wings:
" To yonder elm, O happy happy fowl,
" Thou ruſheſt forth to call upon MISS OWL,
" Expectant of her BEAU, who darkling ſings.

" Together now ye ſail the duſky vale,
" Now dart on prey, now mount agen the gale;
" Now on the moon-clad barn or ſilent grove,
" Your four-feet fill'd with various game, ye go
" (For hunger muſt be ſatisfied, I trow);
" And, after feaſting, kiſs and ſing of love.

" To-morrow ſullen muſt I move to town,
" Shook in a wooden engine up and down,
" For want, O Owl, of thy ſoft gliding wing—

" Stow'd with a gang of thieves perchance, and trulls;
" Too noisy for the thickest human skulls—
" Who smoak, and laugh, and roar, and swill, and sing.

" Jaded at length I quit my wooden hive;
" Unhing'd, at busy London I arrive,
" Parent of sin, and nastiness, and noise:
" By coach and cart, and wheelbarrow and dray,
" Through motley mob I force my sighing way;
" Pimps, porters, chairmen, chimney-sweepers boys:

" Saluted, as I pass along,
" By all the various imps of song,
" *One* crying rabbits rabbits, wild fowl that,
" *Another* mackrel, salmon, oyster, sprat!

" With such a howling ear-distracting note,
" And mouth extended as a barn-door wide,
" That fish and flesh forsooth may be *well* cry'd,
" A man might leap into each cavern throat.

" In Covent-Garden, at the HUMMUMS, now
" I sit, but after many a curse and vow
" Never to see the madding city more;

" Where barrows truckling o'er the pavement roll,
" And, what is horror to a tuneful ſoul,
" Where aſſes, deep in love, to aſſes roar;

" Which aſſes, that the Garden's ſquare adorn,
" Muſt lark-like be the heralds of my morn.
" Let others talk with wild affright
" Of ſpectres and the ſhades of night;
" Ye want not SOL's refulgent painful ray;
" Night to your eyes is but a milder day.

" Let others mock your airs that ſimply flow—
" *Teebo teewhit, teewhit teebo*—
" But then, dear OWL, 'tis *ſweetly* ſimple, mind:
" Avaunt the *ſcientific* ſquall—
" I hate it—*nature* hates it all—
" But lo! 'tis *ſcience* and the *ton*, I find.

" The ear with *harſh chromatics* muſt be *teas'd*,
" Grown much too *faſhionable* to be *pleas'd*.

" Here could I wander 'mid the dewy glade,
" On ſacred ſilence feaſt, and ſhade:
" But ah! farewell—SLEEP calls me—'tis night's noon;

" On

"On wings of freedom as thou ſweep'ſt the ſky,
"Sweet child of ſhadows, o'er my hamlet fly,
"And kindly ſoothe my ſlumber with a tune."

Thus out of humour I addreſs'd the bird,
Wiſhing to change conditions with the fowl;
But at the cheerful morn, upon my word,
I lik'd the *man*-ſtate better than the *owl*.

Thus anger'd at the wayward tricks of FATE,
Pettiſh, ye wiſh your grandeur at the devil;
Yet, after curſing *high* and *mighty* ſtate,
Ye wiſely deem it not ſo *huge* an *evil*:
Contented to be *men of worſhip* ſtill,
Pleas'd with the gifts that *Kings*, not *Heav'n*, beſtow;
Proud, from the height of TITLE's ſtar-clad hill,
To mock us poor *unhonour'd* grubs below.

O D E.

The Poet comforteth again and again and again the Noble Directors with moral reflections, &c.

'TIS giv'n as gospel both in prose and rhymes,
That people should not be *for ever blest*;
Misfortune therefore must be good at times,
A salutary, though satiric guest;

That goads to virtuous works the rump of Sloth;
Like gout, that bites us into health so fair;
Or like the needle, while it wounds the cloth,
It puts the rag into repair.

Sigh now no more, nor let those suns, your eyes,
Be dimly gleaming through perpetual show'rs—
Let Pleasure bring the beam of summer skies,
And gild the pinions of your sable hours.

Let not Grief's surge along your bosom roll,
Nor Fancy gather sorrows for the soul.

Ah!

Ah! ſigh no more, ſweet Lords, pray ſigh no more!
Not all, not all your conſequence is dead;
In Tot'nam-ſtreet ye ſtill preſerve a pow'r,
And proudly bear an elevated head;
Where, all obedience, and with one accord,
Muſicians learn to tremble at the * Lord.

O D E.

The Viciſſitudes of Life! wonderful!

LIFE changes—now 'tis calm—now hurricane—
Up, down; down, up—a very windmill's vane
Is man, poor fellow—much too like a ball;
'Tis high, 'tis low—'tis this way now, now that,
Juſt as its *wooden maſter* wills, the bat:
Thus MAJESTY can bid us riſe or fall.

The Monarch may repent him of the deed—
His heart, ſo ſoft, at your diſmiſſion bleed.

The

* Of the Night, who ſelects the muſic, and ſometimes gives a *ſoprano* ſong to a *baſs voice*, and who once ordered, in the *Jubilate*, the trumpet part to be executed by the German flute.

To Houſe of *Buckingham* you may be call'd,
  And at the Queen's ſweet little concerts ſing;
Then how the tribe of NOBLES will be gall'd!
  This will be ſoaring on the eagle's wing.

Thus to the world then be it underſtood,
What ſeems *misfortune*, happens for our *good:*
This from my rhyming ſtore-houſe, or my *ſtable*,
May be elucidated by a *Fable*.

MRS. ROBINSON'S HANDKERCHIEF,

AND

JUDGE BULLER'S WIG.

A FABLE.

A HANDKERCHIEF, that long had preſs'd
The ſnows of LAURA's ſwelling breaſt,
  O'er which fair ſcene full many a longing lover,
With panting heart, and frequent ſighs,
And pretty modeſt leering eyes,
  Had very often been obſerv'd to hover—

This Handkerchief, to Kitty giv'n,
Was forc'd at length to leave its heav'n,

For

For a Jew clothes-man's moſt unchriſtian bag:
O what a ſad reverſe, poor ſoul!
To ſweat in ſuch a horrid hole,
Cramm'd in with ev'ry ſort of dirty rag!

" Pray, who are *you?*" the plaintive 'Kerchief cry'd,
Perceiving a rough neighbour at her ſide:
" You ſmell as though your maſter was a *pig*—
" What are ye? tell me, ſtinking creature."—
" Ma'am,"
The hairy neighbour grave reply'd, " I am
" That *worthy* man's, the mild Judge Buller's
Wig."
So ſweetly tender! that, whene'er he dies,
Mercy will weep to blindneſs both her eyes.

" Indeed, Sir!" quoth the 'Kerchief—" ſtrange our
fate!
" Alas! how diff'rent were we both of late!
" Now ſtuff'd in this abominable place!
" What will become of us at laſt? O dear!
" Something more terrible than this, I fear;
" Something that carries horrible diſgrace."

" Madam,"

"Madam," rejoin'd the Wig, "don't cry;
"No cauſe have you indeed to ſigh;
"So truſt for once a Wig's prophetic words—
"*My* fate is to be juſt the ſame, I find;
"Still for a Scarecrow's head deſign'd,
"To frighten thieves—I mean the birds.

"But, luckier, *you* ſo chang'd will riſe,
"A fav'rite of ten thouſand eyes;
"Not burnt (as you ſuppos'd perhaps) to tinder;
"Chang'd to the whiteſt paper—happy leaves,
"For *him*, the BARD who like a God conceives,
"The great, th' immortal PETER PINDAR."

"La, Sir, then what a piece of news!
"God bleſs, I ſay, God bleſs the Jews—
"I wiſh my dear dear Miſtreſs did but know it:
"Her hands then I ſhall happy touch again;
"For MADAM always did maintain
"That MISTER PINDAR was a *charming* Poet."

O D E.

Still more Comfort for DIRECTORS!

ONCE more I pray you, be not ſad;
Remember what the Proverb doth declare:
'Tis better riding on a pad,
Than on a horſe's back that's bare.
At Tot'nam's concert, to delight ye,
Behold, my Lords, you ſtill are mighty.

Think of your titles too—the name of *Lord*,
What merit it proclaims of head and heart!
It is a tradeſman's handſome board,
In letters fair of gold that doth impart
To people who their mouths of wonder ope,
What goodly articles are in the ſhop.

Yes, as of yore, the pompous name of *Lord*
Doth ſtill our awe-clad admiration rule—
And comfort to the hungry doth afford—
As nods of LORDS are dinners for a *fool*.

" I thank

"I thank my God, I am not like thofe fellows,"
Cry'd the proud PHARISEE, the bellows
Or trumpet of his reputation, blowing:
And you in triumph alfo may exclaim,
Proud of a Peer's exalted name,
With pride of title and fair birth o'erflowing,

"I thank my ftars, I am not like the *mob*,
"Whom NATURE fabricated by the *job*."

Ye fhall, ye fhall return to pow'r,
And o'er the grumbling million tow'r;
Your facred laws fhall be obey'd—
Muficians to allegiance *muft* return—
In fackcloth and in afhes mourn;
Submitting, if ye will it, to be *flead*.

Their eyes fo fierce, that flafh'd like tin reflectors,
As though they meant to roaft the Grand Directors,
Shall from their meteor fury fade away—
Becoming mild and placid as the light
Shed by the WORM, the lamp of dewy night,
Or LUNA's modeft melancholy ray.

Yes!

Yes! to your noble hearts delight,
With waving wands and gloves ſo white,
And gilt medallions bleſt, ſhall ye appear;
Smile at us *Mob*, the many-headed beaſt;
And, as ye ſeem to like a *gratis*-feaſt,
Eat a few fiddlers ev'ry year.

THE CHURCHWARDEN

OR,

THE FEAST ON A CHILD.

A TALE.

The following ſtory, founded on a fact that happened ſome years ſince, at the SWAN *at Knightsbridge, is introduced to illuſtrate the meaning of* eating a child, *mentioned in the firſt Ode.*

AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, at a tavern call'd the SWAN,
Churchwardens, Overſeers, a jolly clan,
Order'd a dinner, for themſelves and friends—
A very handſome dinner, of the beſt:
Lo! to a turn, the diff'rent joints were dreſt—
Their lips, wild licking, ev'ry man commends.

Loud

Loud was the clang of plates, and knives, and forks;
Delightful was the ſound of claret corks,
That ſtopp'd ſo cloſe and lovingly the bottle:
Thou *Savoir-vivre* Club, and *Je n' ſais quoi*,
Full well the voice of honeſt corks ye know,
Deep and deep-bluſhing from the generous pottle.

All ear, all eye, to liſten and to ſee,
The Landlord was as buſy as a bee—
Yes, LARDER ſkipp'd like harlequin ſo light;
In bread, beer, wine, removal ſwift of diſhes,
Nimbly anticipating all their wiſhes:
Now this, to man voracious as a kite,

Is pleaſant—as the TRENCHER-HEROES hate
All obſtacles that keep them from the plate,
As much as jockies on a running horſe
Curſe cows or jack-aſſes that croſs the courſe.

Nay, here's a ſolid reaſon too; for mind,
Bawling for things, demandeth *mouth* and *wind*:
Whatever, therefore, weakeneth *wind* and *jaws*,
Is hoſtile to the gormandizing cauſe.

Having

Having well cramm'd, and fwill'd, and laugh'd, and
fung,
And toafted girls, and clapp'd, and roar'd, and rung,
And broken bones of tables, chairs, and glaffes,
Like happy bears, in honour of their laffes,
Not *wives!*—not *one* was toafted all the time—
Thus were they decent—it had been a crime,
As wives are delicate and facred names,
Not to be mix'd indeed with wh—s and flames:

I fay, when all were cramm'd unto the chin,
And ev'ry one with wine had fwell'd his fkin,
In came the Landlord with a cherub fmile:
Around to ev'ry one he lowly bow'd,
Was vaftly *happy—honour'd*—vaftly *proud*—
And then he bow'd again in *fuch* a ftyle!

"Hop'd *Gemmen* lik'd the dinner and the wine:"
To whom the *Gemmen* anfwer'd, "Very fine!
"A glorious dinner, LARDER, to be fure."—
To which the Landlord, laden deep with blifs,
Did with his bows fo humble almoft kifs
The floor.

Now

Now in an *alter'd* tone—a tone of gravity,
Unto the Landlord full of ſmiles of ſuavity,
Did MISTER GUTTLE the Churchwarden call—
" Come hither, LARDER," ſaid ſoft MISTER GUTTLE,
With ſolemn voice and fox-like face ſo ſubtle—
" LARDER, a little word or two, that's all."

Forth ran the bowing Landlord with good will,
Thinking moſt nat'rally upon the bill.

" Landlord," (quoth GUTTLE, in a ſmall ſly ſound,
Not to be heard by any in the room,
Yet which, like claps of thunder, did confound)
" Do you know any thing of BETTY BROOM?

" Sir?" anſwer'd LARDER, ſtamm'ring—" Sir? what Sir?
" Yes, Sir, yes—yes—ſhe liv'd with MISTRESS LARDER;
" But may I never move, nor never ſtir,
" If but for *impudence* we did diſcard her!
" No, *Miſter* GUTTLE—BETTY was too braſſy—
" We never keep a *ſervant* that is ſaucy."

" But

" But, Landlord—BETTY ſays ſhe is with child."—*
" What's that to *me?*" quoth LARDER, ſtaring wild—
" I never kiſs'd the huſſey in my life,
" Nor hugg'd her round the waiſt, nor pinch'd her cheek;
" Never once put my hand upon her neck—
" Lord, Sir, you know that I have got a *wife.*

" Lord! nothing *comely* to the girl belongs—
" I would not touch her with a pair of tongs:
" A little puling chit, as white as paſte;
" Beſides! ſhe never ſuited with *my* taſte.

" But then, *ſuppoſe*—I only ſay, *ſuppoſe*
" I *had* been wicked with the girl—alack,
" My wife hath got the curſed'ſt keeneſt noſe,
" Why, zounds, ſhe would have catch'd me in a crack;

" Then quickly in the fire had been the fat—
" Curſe her! ſhe always watch'd me like a cat.

" Then, as I ſay BET did not hit my *taſte,*
" It was *impoſſible* to be unchaſte:—
" Therefore it never can be true, you ſee—
" And Miſtreſs LARDER's *full enough* for *me.*

"*I* kiſs the maid! why, Lord! the thing I ſcorn—
"Sir, I'm as innocent's the child unborn."

"Well," anſwer'd GUTTLE, "Man, I'll tell ye what;
"Your wind and eloquence you now are waſting:
"Whether Miſs BETTY hit your *taſte* or not,
"There's good *round* proof enough that you've been *taſting*.

"And, LARDER, you've a wiſe, 'tis very true,
"Perhaps a little ſomewhat of a ſhrew;
"But BETTY *was not* a bad piece of ſtuff."—
"Well, MISTER GUTTLE, may I drop down dead,
"If ever once I crept to BETTY's bed!
"And that, I'm ſure, is ſwearing ſtrong enough."

"But, LARDER, all *your* ſwearing will not *do*,
"If BETTY *ſwears* ſhe is with child by *you*:
"Now BETTY came and ſaid ſhe'd *ſwear* at once—
"But *you* know beſt—yet mind, if BETTY 'll *ſwear*,
"And then again! ſhould MISTRESS LARDER *bear*,
"The Lord have mercy, LARDER, on thy ſconce!

"Why, man, were this affair of BETTY told her,
"I really think, not *hell itſelf* could hold her.

"Then

"Then for your modeſt ſtiff-rump'd neighbours all—
"There'd be a pretty kick-up—what a ſquall!
"Thou couldſt not put thy noſe into a *ſhop*.
"There's greaſy Miſtreſs Wick, the chandler's wife,
"And Miſtreſs Bull, the butcher's imp of ſtrife,
"With Miſtreſs Bobbin, Salmon, Muff, and [Slop,
"With fifty others of ſuch old *compeers*—
"Zounds, what a hornet's neſt about thy ears!"

From cheerful ſmiles, and looks, like Sol ſo bright,
Poor Larder fell to ſcowls as black as night;
And now his head he ſcratch'd, importing guilt—
For people who are innocent *indeed*,
Never look down, ſo black, and ſcratch the head;
But tipp'd with confidence, their noſes tilt,
Replying with an unembarraſs'd front;
Bold to the charge, and fix'd to ſtand the brunt.

Truth is a tow'ring Dame—divine her air;
In native bloom ſhe walks the world with *ſtate*:
But Falsehood is a meretricious Fair,
Painted and mean, and ſhuffling in her gait;

Dares not look up with Resolution's mien,
But ſneaking hides, and hopes not to be ſeen;

For ever haunted by the Ghoſt of Doubt!
Trembling for fear the world will find her out.

Again—there's honeſty in *eyes*,
That ſhrinking ſhew when tongues tell lies:
With Larder this was verily the caſe;
Informers were the eyes of Larder's face.

" Well, Sir," ſaid Larder, whiſp'ring, hemming, ha-ing,
Each word ſo heavy, like a cart-horſe drawing—
" This is a d-mn'd affair, I can't but ſay—
" Sir, pleaſe t'accept a note of twenty pound;
" Contrive *another* father may be found;
" And, Sir, here's not a halfpenny to pay."

Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty:
Peace, ev'ry man deſires—than war, much rather:
Guttle next morning went and talk'd to Betty,
When Betty quickly found *another father!**

* By this ingenious mode of Pariſh Cookery, the ſame child may be devoured a dozen times over.

A PAIR OF LYRIC EPISTLES TO *LORD MACARTNEY* AND HIS SHIP.

Yes, of our Bagſhot wonders tell KIEN LONG!
Delicious ſubjects for an Epic Song!
EPISTLE TO LORD MACARTNEY.

O, if ſucceſsful, thou wilt be ador'd!
  Wide as a CHESHIRE CAT our Court will grin,
To find as many Pearls and Gems on board
  As will not leave thee room to ſtick a pin.
EPISTLE TO THE SHIP.

TO THE READER.

IT has been my wiſh, that the following pair of Lyric Epiſtles might be preſented, with my Odes, to the Emperor KIEN LONG, on account of the quantity of original merit—but, to uſe a ſublime praiſe, as it would be "*letting the cat out of the bag*," I have forborne.

The buſtle and prowels of the invincible DUKE on Bagſhot Heath—the Heath on fire—the Royal viſit—the Man of Straw blown from the Mine—the exploſion of the Powder-mills at *Hounſlow*—the attention of GODS, as well as of the CROWS, to the Camp—the humility of the Bagſhot buſhes, &c. are circumſtances which, however they may be diſdained by the faſtidious pen of HISTORY, ought to be recorded. Indeed, I from my ſoul believe, that our *Hiſtorians*, as they are called, are *too conceitedly lofty* to think of ſullying a page with an account of the Camp-tranſaction; but *Poets* were the only hiſtorians of ancient times, which I am ready to prove by a profuſion of learned quotation; and conſequently *your* dull uninſpired proſe men are invaders. For my part, I am reſolved to ſupport the *poetical charter*; and conſequently, as often as the DUKE, and the KING and the QUEEN, and MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, and LORD CARDIGAN, and old NICOLAI the fiddler, and SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, and the *Pages*, the *Cooks*, and the *Stable-boys*, &c. &c. ſhall utter good things, achieve great actions, and be ſeen in cloſe and important converſation together, ſuch *events* ſhall be honoured with niches in my LYRIC TEMPLE of IMMORTALITY.

The Epiſtle to the SHIP ſeems to be full of poetry and good wiſhes; but the horrid picture of the future diſappointment of our Ambaſſador and his *Suite* at *Pekin*, with the diſgracefully attendant circumſtances, we hope to be merely a playful ſketch of fancy of the Muſe, and that ſhe has really been viſited by no ſuch flogging illuminations.

A LYRIC EPISTLE TO *LORD MACARTNEY,*

AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF CHINA.

Crown'd with glory by our *glorious* King,
Deck'd in his liv'ry too, a *glorious* thing,
Amid the wonders at Saint James's done;
At Houſe of Buckingham, in Richmond bow'rs,
At Kew, and laſtly Windsor's lofty tow'rs,
Rich ſcenes at once of *Majeſty* and *Fun!*

Forget not *thou* the *Camp* on Bagshot Heath,
Where met the grimly regiments of death;
Where not the Dev'l their rage ſublime could damp;
Though Heav'n, as if it meant to *mock* the matter,
Pour'd on their powder'd heads huge tubs of water,
And made the mighty heath a dirty ſwamp.

Yes,

Yes, of our Bagſhot wonders tell KIEN LONG—
Delicious ſubjects for the Epic ſong.

Talk of the valiant troops, all heav'n-deſcended,
On which the Kings of Britain oft depended,
When bold REBELLION through the nation ran,
Her venom ſpread, and told a *vulgar* hoſt,
To humble, ſweet *Subordination* loſt,
That, lo! the *mightieſt Monarch* was *but Man!*

Such ſoldiers! ſuch rare gen'rals! no *poltroons*,
Swell'd by the *gas* of courage to balloons;
Where, though thoſe men like bacon all were ſmoak'd,
Not *one*, by GOD's good providence, was *choak'd*.

Of RICHMOND's mighty chieftain, RICHMOND ſpeak—
"*Now* wet, a riding diſhclout," ſhalt thou ſay—
"Now broiling, whizzing, dropping like a ſteak,
"So val'rous, 'mid the ſun's meridian ray!"

Talk to KIEN LONG about his GRACE's *ſoul*;
What wiſdom, ſweetneſs, love, pervades the whole!

But *ſouls* in *common* are a dreary waſte,
By brambles, thiſtles, barb'rous docks diſgrac'd;

That need the ploughſhare, harrow, and the fire—'
Some ſouls are caves of filth and ſpectred gloom,
That want a window and a broom,
To yield them light, and clear the mire.

When honours lift th' unworthy fool on high,
On FORTUNE how with fierce contempt I ſcowl!
She hangs a dirty cloud upon the ſky,
And with an eagle's pinion imps an owl.

Yet knaves and fools enjoy their *lucky hours*,
And ribbons, 'ſtead of ropes, their backs adorn—
Thus crawls the TOAD amid the faireſt flow'rs,
And with the LILY drinks the dews of morn.

But royal RICHMOND honours exaltation—
The pole-ſtar of our military nation.
How pleaſant then to ſee a RICHMOND riſe!
Friend of a KING, and *fav'rite* of the SKIES!

CHARLES,* to ſupport a baſtard and a wh—,
Impos'd a tax on coals, that ſtarv'd the poor:
Thoſe

* King of England, whoſe Miſtreſs was a French woman, the *great, great,* and *illuſtrious* Anceſtor of his preſent GRACE.

Thoſe *ſans-culottes*-men made the ſaddeſt din!
But mark, how often *good* proceeds from *evil!*
This deed of CHARLES is now a *white-waſh'd* Devil—
Lo, RICHMOND caſts a luſtre round the ſin!

By means of this *once ſhameful* tax on coal,
He ſniggles *modeſt* MERIT from her hole!

Where is the Soldier that is not his friend?
See ADMIRATION to his virtues bend;
And lo, the ſcar-clad VETERAN adores!
While GLORY humbly kneeling to the ſkies,
With ſupplicating hands and fervent eyes,
A length of days upon his head implores.

Say, that his Grace, ambitious of a name,
Is ever angling to catch martial fame:
And ſay too, how moſt fortunate the Duke,
What noble fiſhes hang upon his hook;
Whilſt *humbler* mortals, lab'ring day and night,
Poor patient creatures, ſeldom feel a *bite*.

Pow'r in the hands of VIRTUE is heav'n's *dew*,
That foſt'ring feeds the flow'r of happieſt hue:

In

In Vice's grafp, it withers, wounds, and kills;
'Tis *then* the fang fo fatal, form'd to make
A paffage for the venom of the *fnake*,
That Nature's *life* with *diffolution* fills.

Bow down, ye armies, then, and thank your God,
That Richmond holds the military rod:
No *Janus he*, with *felfifh views* to *fob*,
And touch the Nation's pocket with a job.*

Yes, let the Emp'ror all about him hear,
Talk of the bold tranfactions of the Peer;
And fay, what probably he can't believe,
That lo, the dauntlefs body of His Grace,
In duels bor'd, has fcarcely one found place—
A honeycomb, a cullender, a fieve!

Say *how* that nothing could his courage check;
Proud of his poft, and fearlefs of his neck,
Though only *one* upon his fhoulders *dear*—
Thus Valour fmiles at danger, death, and pain,
And feels an eighteen-pounder through his brain,
Coolly as *fome* a pat upon the ear!

Say,

* Witnefs the *convenient* houfe and gardens near Plymouth Dock, fo *economically* built with the Public Money. The annals of honour furnifh us not with a fublimer inftance of *felf-denial*.

Say, how he gallop'd wild, up hill, down dale;
Frighten'd each village, turn'd each hovel pale;
  Struck all the birds with terror, save the crows,
Who, spying such commotion in the land,
Concluded some great matter was in hand,
  Much blood and carnage 'midst contending foes.

Say, how the world his deeds with wonder saw;
Say, that the Bagshot-bushes bow'd with awe;
And say, his phiz such valour did inspire,
That lo, the very ground he trod, caught fire.*

Say, how went forth to see him, half the nation,
Their mouths well cramm'd with dust and admiration;
So ardent ev'ry eye's devouring look,
To seize the galloping, the flying Duke.

Such eating and such guzzling ev'ry day!
          Nothing to pay!
All the Duke's friends, great quality and small,
  Our great King GEORGE, and *lovely* Queen,
  Were entertain'd scot-free, I ween—
A generous nation doom'd to pay it all.

And

* This is a literal fact.

And yet when PARLIAMENT beholds the bill,
I think that Parliament, with much ill will,
May growl, and ſwear it was an idle thing,
This game of ſoldiers, ſuch a *childiſh* play:
But let *me* anſwer PARLIAMENT, and ſay,
It was not *childiſh*, FOR IT PLEAS'D THE KING.

It made TOM PAINE, the bull-dog, hold his tongue;
Arm'd with ſuch lion-paws, and teeth ſo long!

Say, that the ſun-like Duke ſhone forth ſo bright,
That PUNCH ne'er triumph'd in a fiercer fight.
Say, how he fir'd the *Hounſlow* mills of powder;
Say, how the ſympathiſing grain, with ſound,
Frighten'd the tiles from all the roofs around,
Defying the *bold* THUNDER to roar louder!

Say, that immortal CÆSAR* trod the place
Now fiercely gallop'd over by His GRACE.

Say, that the GODS beheld him from on high;
That, to the Lord of battles,† with a ſigh,
Thus ſpoke the MONARCH of the clouds—"Son MARS,

"Had

* JULIUS CÆSAR was moſt certainly at BAGSHOT.
† MARS.

" Had TROY possess'd a hero like the Duke,
" With *such* a soul, and *such* a fighting look,
" Our City had been safe amidst her wars.

" Go quickly, pull thy hat off to the DUKE,
" And beg a lesson from the HERO's book."
Lord! as the Duke, where *powder* only flam'd,
Was so inspir'd, so val'rous, and so hot;
How had this Duke the sons of battle sham'd,
'Mid scenes of thunder, where they charg'd with *shot!*

Say too (and verily it was no joke)
Although so lofty on their *cloud-capp'd* tow'rs,
Such were the volumes of ascending smoke,
Smutty as blacksmiths look'd the heav'nly Pow'RS;
And that the MAN of *straw** (a thought how bright!)
Flew up, and put their GODSHIPS in a fright!

Tell him, which probably may cause a smile,
That, at the distance of a mile,

His

* It is *reported*, that a colossal figure, stuffed with straw, was blown out of the hill, to give *their Majesties* an adequate idea of the ascent of ten thousand men or so, a frequent event at grand sieges. It is moreover reported, that this stuffed figure obtained a large portion of royal approbation. Indeed I am strongly inclined to believe the story.—It was quite a *new* idea.

His GRACE, a ſkull that powder wants, can note;
(Which, when it happens, let that ſkull beware)
See too a club with *one* diſorder'd hair,
And mark *one* ſpot of greaſe upon a *coat*.

Thus war was Gothic, ſlovenly unchaſte,
Till RICHMOND uſher'd in the morn of taſte!

Say too, that, for the honour of the nation,
We hope to ſee a book on *reputation*,
Proving that *public* vice ſhould bring no ſhame;*
That *private* only damns a noble name.

Thus the poor NYMPH, too eaſy to contend,
Who bluſhing ſins in ſecret with a friend,
Shall be a viler huſſey than the woman
Who hangs her lips like cherries out for ſale,
And ſhews her boſom's lilies, to regale
Each grazing beaſt that offers—quite a COMMON.

"Why ſhould I ſay all this unto the King?"
Thou cryeſt, O MACARTNEY—Good may ſpring:

* The Reader is deſired to aſk Lord LAUDERDALE concerning this matter.

It may unto thine embaſſy give weight,
By putting great KIEN LONG into a fright.

" Who knows," KIEN LONG may wine with rueful face,
" But all the rank and file are like His GRACE—
" Then ſhall I ſhake upon my ſapphire throne:
" For troops like RICHMOND, that on valour feaſt,
" May, like wild meteors, pour into mine Eaſt,
" And leave my palace neither ſtick nor ſtone;

" Like roaring lions ruſh to eat me up—
" In Britain breakfaſt, and in China ſup."

TO THE SHIP.

O THOU, ſo nicely painted, and ſo trim,
Succeſs attend our COURT'S delightful whim;
And all thy gaudy gentlemen on board;
With coaches juſt like gingerbread, ſo fine,
Amid the Aſiatic world to ſhine,
And greet of CHINA the Imperial Lord.

Methinks

Methinks I view thee tow'ring at CANTON:
I hear each wide-mouth'd ſalutation-gun;
I ſee thy ſtreamers wanton in the gale;
I ſee the ſallow natives crowd the ſhore,
I ſee them tremble at thy royal roar;
I ſee the very MANDARINES turn pale.

Pagodas of Nang-yang, and Chou-chin-chou,
So lofty, to our trav'ling Britons bow;
Bow, mountains ſky-enwrapp'd of Chin-chung-chan;
Floods of Ming-ho, your thund'ring voices raiſe;
Cuckoos of Ming-fou-you, exalt their praiſe,
With geeſe of Sou-chen-che, and Tang-ting-tan.

O monkeys of Tou-fou, pray line the road,
Hang by your tails, and all the branches load;
Then grin applauſe upon the gaudy throng,
And drop them honours as they paſs along.

Frogs of Fou-ſi, O croak from pools of green;
Winnow, ye butterflies, around the ſcene;
Sing O be joyful, ev'ry village pig;
Goats, ſheep, and oxen, through your paſtures prance;
Ye buffaloes and dromedaries, dance;
And elephants, pray join th' unwieldy jig.

I mark, I mark, along the dusty road,
The glitt'ring coaches with their happy load,
All proudly rolling to PE-KIN's fair town;
And lo, arriv'd, I see the Emp'ror stare,
Deep marv'ling at a sight so very rare;
And now, ye Gods! I see the EMP'ROR *frown*.

And now I hear the lofty Emp'ror say,
" Good folks, what is it that ye want, I pray?"
And now I hear aloud MACARTNEY cry,
" EMP'ROR, my COURT, inform'd that you were rich,
" Sublimely feeling a strong money-itch,
" Across the eastern ocean bade me fly;

" With tin, and blankets, O great King, to barter,
" And gimcracks rare for China-man and Tartar.
" But presents, presents are the things we mean:
" Some pretty diamonds to *our gracious* QUEEN,
" Big as one's fist or so, or somewhat bigger,
" Would cut upon her petticoat a figure—
" A petticoat of whom each poet sings,
" That beams on birth-days for the Best of Kings.

" Yes, presents are the things we chiefly wish—
" These give not half the toil we find in trade."—
On which th' astonish'd Emp'ror cries, " Odsfish!
" Presents!—present the rogues the bastinade."

Stern

Stern RESOLUTION's eye, that flaſh'd with fate,
At danger cow'ring, wears a wither'd look;
Palſy'd his ſinewy arm, where vengeance ſate,
Whoſe graſp the rugged oak of ages ſhook—
His blood, ſo hot, grown ſuddenly ſo chill;
Sunk from a torrent to the creeping rill.

In ſhort, behold with dread MACARTNEY ſtare;
Behold him ſeiz'd, his ſeat of honour bare;
The bamboo ſounds—alas! no voice of FAME:
Stripp'd, ſchoolboy-like, and now I ſee his Train,
I ſee their lily bottoms writhe with pain,
And, like his LORDSHIP's, bluſh with blood and ſhame.

Ah! what avails the coat of ſcarlet dye,
And collar blue, around their pretty necks?
Ah! what the *epaulettes*, that roaſt the eye,
And loyal buttons blazing with *George Rex?*
Heav'ns! if KIEN LONG reſolves upon their ſtripping,
Theſe are no taliſmans to ward a whipping.

Now with a mock ſolemnity of face,
I ſee the mighty EMP'ROR gravely place
Fools-caps on all the poor degraded men—

And now I hear the ſolemn EMP'ROR ſay,
"'Tis thus we Kings of China *folly* pay;
"Now, children, ye may all go home agen."

O beauteous veſſel, ſhould this prove the caſe,
How in old England wilt thou ſhow thy face?
I fear thy viſage will be wond'rous long.
Know, it may happen—Miniſters and Kings,
Like common folk, are fallible—poor things!
Too often ſanguine, and as often wrong.

Yet, if ſucceſsful, thou wilt be ador'd—
Lo, like a Cheſhire cat our COURT will grin!
How glad to find as many gems on board,
As will not leave thee room to ſtick a pin!

ODES TO KIEN LONG,

THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA.

WITH

THE QUAKERS,

A TALE.

TO A FLY,

DROWNED IN A BOWL OF PUNCH.

ODE TO MACMANUS, TOWNSEND, AND JEALOUS,

THE THIEF-TAKERS.

TO CÆLIA.—TO A PRETTY MILLINER.

TO THE FLEAS OF TENERIFFE.

TO SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.—TO MY CANDLE,

&c. &c. &c.

Ανα βαρβιτον δονησω, &c. ANACREON.

"Yes, let us ſtrike the lyre, and ſing and rhyme;
"By far the wiſeſt way of ſpending time."
So ſays ANACREON, my dear KIEN LONG;
Let BRITAIN then, and CHINA, hear *our* Song.

TO THE

EMPEROR OF CHINA.

DEAR KIEN LONG,

AT length an opportunity presents itself for conversing with the *second* POTENTATE upon earth, GEORGE THE THIRD being most undoubtedly the *first*, although he never made verses. Thy praises of MOUKDEN, thy beautiful little Ode to TEA, &c. have afforded me infinite delight; and to gain *my plaudit*, who am rather difficult to please, will, I assure thee, be a feather in thy imperial cap.

> Principibus *placuisse* viris, *non ultima laus est.*
>
> Praise from a BARD of my poetic spirit,
> Proclaims indeed no small degree of merit.

Excuse this piece of egotism—it is natural, and justified by the sublimest authorities. What says VIRGIL?

> " *Tentanda via est quâ me quoque possim*
> " *Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.*"

What, likewise, LUCRETIUS?

> " *Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam*
> " *Unde prius nulli velârunt tempora Musæ.*"

 What,

What, also, Ovid?

"*Jamque opus exegi,*" &c.

What, moreover, Horace?

"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*" &c.

What, Ennius?

"*Nemo me lacrumeis decoret nec funera fletu,*" &c.

What, again, the great Father of Poetry, Homer, in his delightful Hymn, that some impudent Scholiasts declare he never wrote?

——τίς δ'ὔμμιν ἀνὴρ ἥδιςος ΑΟΙΔΩΝ
Ἐνθάδε πωλεῖται; καὶ τέω τέρπεσθε μάλιςα;
Τυφλὸς ἀνήρ· οἰκεῖ δὲ χίῳ ἐνὶ παιπαλοέσσῃ·
Τῦ πᾶσαι μετόπισθεν ἀριςεύϩσιν Ἀοιδαί.

which, with a few preceding lines omitted in the quotation, I thus a little paraphrastically and beautifully translate:

Should Curiosity at times enquire
Who strikes with sweetest art the Muse's lyre;
  This be thine answer—"A poor man, stark blind;
An aged minstrel that at Chios dwells,
Who sells and sings his works, and sings and sells,
  And leaves all other poets far behind."

So much for my *profound* learning in defence of egotism; for where is the man that does not rank himself amongst his own admirers?

Now

Now to the point.—As LORD MACARTNEY, with his most splendid retinue, is about to open a trade with thee, in the various articles of tin, blankets, woollen in general, &c. &c. in favour of the two Kingdoms; why might not a *literary commerce* take place between the GREAT KIEN LONG, and the no less celebrated PETER PINDAR? Thou art a man of rhymes—and so am I. Thou art a genius of uncommon versatility—so am I. Thou art an enthusiast to the Muses—so am I. Thou art a lover of novelty—so am I. Thou art an idolater of Royalty—so am I. With such a congeniality of mind, in *my* God's-name and *thine*, let us surprise the world with an interchange of our lucubrations, both for its improvement and delight. And to shew thee that I am not a literary swindler, unable to repay thee for goods I may receive from thy Imperial Majesty, I now transmit specimens of my talents, in Ode, Ballad, Elegy, Fable, and Epigram.

I am, dear KIEN LONG,

Thy humble Servant and brother Poet,

P. PINDAR.

ODES TO KIEN LONG.

ODE I.

PETER complimenteth KIEN LONG on his poetical talent, and condemneth the want of taſte in Weſtern Kings.

EMP'ROR, PRINCE OF POETS, noble BARD,
Thy brother PETER ſendeth thee a card,
To ſay thou art an honour to the times—
Yes, PETER telleth thee, that for a King,
Indeed a moſt extraordinary thing,
Thou really makeſt very charming rhymes.

Witneſs thy MOUKDEN,* which we all admire;
Witneſs thy pretty little Ode to TEA,
Compos'd when ſipping by thy Tartar fire;
Witneſs thy many a madrigal and glee.

Believe me, venerable, good KIEN LONG,
Vaſt is my pleaſure that the Muſe's ſong

Divinely

* A favourite City of the Emperor.

Divinely foundeth through thy Tarter groves;
Still greater, that the *firſt* of Eaſtern Kings
Should praiſe in rhyme the Tartar vales and ſprings,
And pay a tuneful tribute to the Loves.

Yet how it hurts my claſſic ſoul, to find
Some Weſtern Kings to poetry unkind!
What though they want the ſkill to make a riddle,
Charade, or rebus, or conundrum; ſtill
Thoſe Kings might ſhew towards them ſome good will,
And nobly patroniſe Apollo's fiddle.

But no—the note is, "How go ſheep a ſcore?
"What, what's the price of bullock? how ſells lamb?
"I want a boar, a boar, I want a boar;
"I want a bull, a bull, I want a ram."
Whereas it ſhould be this—"I want a Bard,
"To cover him with honour and reward."

Kings deem, ah me! a grunting herd of ſwine
Companions ſweeter than the tuneful Nine;
Preferring to Fame's dome, a hog-ſtye's mire;
The roar of oxen to Apollo's lyre.

"Lord!

"Lord! is it poſſible?" I hear thee groan—
KIEN LONG, 'tis true as thou art on thy throne:
For ſouls like thine, 'tis natural to doubt it—
MACARTNEY can inform thee all about it.

ODE II.

More Compliments to the EMPEROR—A Diſſertation on THRONES, and Kings and Queens—A very proper attack on the French Revolutioniſts—The fate of poor RELIGION, propheſied—Alſo, of his Holineſs the POPE—More Lamentations on *degraded* ROYALTY.

THOU art a ſecond Atlas, great KIEN LONG;
Supporting half th' unwieldy globe, ſo ſtrong;
But, Lord! what pigmy ſouls to empire riſe;
Unconſcious of its glorious frame, they ſleep—
Now juſt like mice from pyramids that peep,
Thinking a hole's a hole, where'er it lies.

FORTUNE has too much pow'r in this ſame world—
Things are too often topſy-turvy hurl'd!
A bug condemn'd to *fly* that ſcarce can *crawl*;
A maggot

A maggot taken from his little nut,
(There by the great ALL-WISE moſt *wiſely* put)
   To grovel 'midſt the grandeur of St. PAUL!

Unluckily moſt thrones are plac'd ſo high,
That Kings can ſcarce their loving ſubjects ſpy,
   Hopping beneath them, like ſo many crows;
Which ſubjects have in France been taking
Great liberties in ladder-making,
   To get up nearer to the royal noſe.

Thus *wrens* ere long their pigmy pow'rs will try;
And, turning to the clouds their little eye,
Aim to arreſt, by frequent daring flights,
Their elder brothers of the ſkies, the KITES!

And yet I hate a FOOL upon a throne—
   We have been happy hitherto, thank God;
How boys would burſt with laughter, ev'ry one,
   Were *monkey*-ſchoolmaſters to hold the *rod!*

Yet much more miſchief follows *royal* fools,
As *realms* are on a larger ſcale than *ſchools.*—
Th' AMERICANS provide againſt all this:
Which *certain Gentlefolk* take much amiſs!

And

And then again, the *wives* of glorious Kings,
In generosity, and such-like things,
  And temper *mild*, who well themselves demean,
Are for the *subject* a *rare* happy matter;
And let me say indeed, who scorn to flatter,
  We BRITONS are most lucky in a *Queen*.

Of humbling their superiors, folks seem fond,
  And treating Monarchs as so many logs;
Whereas it is in Courts, as in a pond,
        Some fish, some frogs.

Thus do the rebel foes of Sovereigns cry,
Rending with vile disloyalty the sky:

" *When* will the lucky day be born that brings
" A bridle for the insolence of Kings?
  " Too slowly moves, alas! the loitering hour!
" *When* will those TYRANTS cease to fancy MAN
" A fawning *dog* in Providence's plan,
  " Ordain'd to lick the blood-stain'd rod of POW'R?"

Kings have their faults undoubtedly, and *many*—
The man who contradicts me, is a zany.
Some rob, some kill, some cheat, some cringe and beg;
Curst with an av'rice, some would shave an egg.

And yet, with all their ſins, I drop a tear
On what I'm daily forc'd to ſee and hear.

Great is the change of late! ſuch horrid ſcenes,
Such little rev'rence both for Kings and Queens!
  Thus cry the Frenchmen, ſeldom over-nice—
" We want no SCEPTER'D PLUNDERERS of States;
" Out with them—folly to maintain more cats
  " Than capable of catching mice.

" Death to their paraſites—we'll have no more
" Leeches that ſuck the heart's blood of the poor.
" Down with Dukes, Earls, and Lords, thoſe Pagan *Joſſes*,
" Falſe gods!—away with ſtars, and ſtrings, and croſſes!"

The French are very wicked, I declare;
They raiſe upon one's head, one's very hair;
  So much thoſe fellows Majeſty abuſe—
Of Royalty the purple robe ſo grand,
Which ſeizes the deep rev'rence of a land,
  They to a malkin turn, to wipe their ſhoes.

" Out with State-pickpockets!" they cry aloud:
" Death to the rav'nous eagles," cries the crowd,

" That

" That happy hover o'er a PEOPLE's groan;
" Thieves, in the plunder of an empire drest;
" FLATT'RY's vile carrion flies, on Kings that feast;
" Rank bugs that shelter in the wood of thrones!

" The DUSTMAN in his cart that hourly slaves,
" Drawn by an ass, the partner of his toils,
" How far superior to those titled knaves,
" In coaches glitt'ring with a kingdom's spoils!"

The old *sic volo*, that, with thund'ring sound,
Rous'd all the Provinces of France around,
(And if great things we may compare to small,
Just like the boatswain's whistle, that makes skip
The jovial fellows of a ship)
This great SIC VOLO is not heard at all—

To *humbler* phrases chang'd by some degrees;
" With your good leave, Messieurs"—" Sirs, if you
please."

Yes, savage are the FRENCH to Kings and Quality;
Void of good manners, common hospitality—
Barb'rous, they dog-like wish to pick their bones;

U 2 Make

Make juſt as much of Dukes as of a duck,
(Nobility has therefore ſhocking luck)
  And daſh an infant Prince again the ſtones.
Thus butchers calmly ſtick a ſucking pig,
And o'er a bleeding lambkin hum a jig.

RELIGION too is in a deep decline;
Her vot'ries treated like a herd of ſwine;
  Rich relicks look'd upon as rotten lumber!
Who will be canoniz'd for fright'ning devils,
For bringing back loſt limbs, and curing evils,
  Scald heads, wry necks, and rickets beyond number,

Without a draught, a bolus, or a pill,
That of redoubted Doctors foil the ſkill?

RELIGION, who in France, ſome years ago,
Made in rich ſilks ſo wonderful a ſhow,
  So us'd with all the pride of curls to charm,
Is now, poor ſoul, oblig'd to beg her bread,
With ſcarce a cap or ribbon to her head,
  Or woollen petticoat to keep her warm.

Yes, poor dear maid, I fear ſhe'll ſoon expire;
Her whips demoliſh'd, and extinct her fire,

Her

Her pincers broken—ſnapp'd in twain her cleaver,
That flogg'd, that burnt a ſinner to ſalvation,
Roaſting away the ſoul's adulteration,
And chopp'd and pinch'd him to a true Believer.

No longer are her prieſts to be maintain'd—
Thus is that horrid beaſt the Dev'l unchain'd,
That roaring Bull at once his triumph ſhows:
For, if not paid, what prieſts can prove their might,
Fight the good fight,
And, like ſtaunch bull-dogs, nail him by the noſe?

DEATH and the DEV'L, the ſmutty rogue, and SIN,
A pretty junto, are upon the grin;
Hoping to *fill* the dark infernal hole,
If all the prieſts refuſe to help a ſoul:
That moſt important conteſt then is o'er;
Pull DEV'L, pull PARSON, will be ſeen no more.

Yes, at her wounded pow'r RELIGION faints;
Alas! no more *old* bones ſhall make *new* Saints;
No more ſhall LENT, lean lady, cry her fiſh;
No more ſhall ſlices of the croſs be courted;
Deſpis'd the manger that our Lord ſupported,
His ſacred pap-ſpoon, and the Virgin's diſh,

No abſolutions, like potatoes, ſold;
No purgatory-ſouls redeem'd by gold:
No more in cloth of gold, and red-heel'd ſhoes,
Bag-wig and ſword, a mob the Saviour* views—
Sold no certificates † of good behaviour,
To ſhow the Lord, the Virgin, and that Saviour.

No more ſhall MIRACLES obtain applauſe,
Laugh at old TIME, and break Dame NATURE's laws;
No more dead herrings, fill'd with life and motion,
Leap from the frying-pan, and ſwim the ocean.

Soon may this wicked Spirit ſteal to Rome,
And poiſon ev'ry ſacred dome;
  Relicks be kick'd and mock'd by many a giber—
The Pontiff to the *very workhouſe* brought,
Or, what could never have been thought,
  Plump'd with his triple crown into the Tyber:
There

* Once a year this *fine* mummery is exhibited in France, and in other Romiſh countries.

† In ſome part of Ruſſia, narrow ſlips of paper, in form of a ribbon, conſecrated by the Biſhop, are ſold for about three-pence a piece, and bound about the heads of dying people. They are certificates of their good behaviour. The inſcription on each is as follows:—"To old God Almighty, to young God "Almighty, and young God Almighty's Mamma—this is to "certify that the bearer hereof died a good Chriſtian."

There may we view him flound'ring wild about,
With not a SAINT he dubb'd to pull him out:

The fair chaste quills, from angel wings procur'd,
Be turn'd to uses not to be endur'd;
To villain pens, instead of crow-quills cut,
To draw lewd figures, and deliver *smut:*

Melted the Church's sacred plate to mugs,
To candlesticks, to punch-ladles, and jugs;
To porringers the pipes * of sacred tunes,
And silver Christs to canisters and spoons.

Phials that held of saints the suffering sighs,
Seen by the dimmest of believing eyes,
Lo, to the meanest offices shall sink—
Hold *aquafortis*, or reviling ink!

The VIRGIN's gowns and garters, stockings, shoes,
Sold to her enemies, perhaps, the Jews—
Her paint, curls, caps, hoop, gauzes, muslin, lace,
Sold to trick harlots for a rogue's embrace!

* Of the organs.

Now to difloyal mongrels we return,
That bark at Kings, and for confufion burn.

How have our mighty Monarchs been brought down!
Trod in the duft, like fome old wig, the CROWN!
  The WEARERS—fome confin'd in jails fo dread;
Some fhot—fome poifon'd with as much *fang-froid*,
As though the MOB had merely been employ'd
  To knock a thieving polecat on the head.

In *birth* the PUBLIC fees no kind of *merit!*
Think of the prefent equalizing fpirit!
  Amidft the populace how rank it fprings!
Nay, from the palaces the VIRTUES fly,
While, boldly entering from their beaftly ftye,
  The vulgar PASSIONS rufh to pig with *Kings!*

ODE III.

The POET ſweetly reproveth the EMPEROR for neglecting to turn a penny in an honeſt way, and demonſtrateth the inconveniency of Generoſity—proving that a mind on a *broad* ſcale may be productive of NARROW *circumſtances*.

GREAT KING, thou never educateſt ſwine,
  Nor takeſt goſlins under thy tuition;
Nor boardeſt by the week thy neighbour's kine,
  Like PHARAOH's—that is, in a lean condition.

Nor doſt thou cut down palaces to pens,
Nor ſendeſt unto market cocks and hens;
  Nor to a butcher ſelleſt pork and beef:
Nor wool nor egg merchant, O King, art thou;
Nor doſt thou watch the girl who milks the cow,
  For fear the girl might ſip, and prove a thief;
Nor ſetteſt traps to ſave thy fowls and eggs,
And catch thy loyal ſubjects by the legs.—

Nor doſt thou go a *ſhopping*, mighty King;
I know that thou *deſpiſeſt* ſuch a thing;

Yes,

Yes, to expoſe ſuch meanneſs thou art loath;
Thou ſcorn'ſt to pride thyſelf on *buying* cheap,
And for ſome trifle a huge pother keep,
An ounce of *blackguard*,* or a yard of cloth.

Nor doſt thou (which *ſome people* may deem ſtrange)
Send Pages with a halfpenny for change;
Nor doſt thou (which would be a crying ſin)
Cheat of his dues the Parſon of PE-KIN.

Thy mind was form'd upon an ampler ſcale;
Each thought is generoſity—a whale:
Not a poor ſprat to dunghills to be hurl'd—
Thy ſoul a dome illum'd by GRANDEUR's rays,
That o'er thy mighty empire caſts a blaze;
A beacon to inform a world.

But, ah! KIEN LONG, thou never wilt be rich,
If generoſity thy heart bewitch.
What ſays ECONOMY? "Let ſubjects groan—
"Let MISERY's howl be muſic to thine ear—
"Yes, let the widow's and the orphan's tear
"Fall printleſs on thy heart as on a ſtone."

The

* A coarſe ſnuff, emphatically ſo called.

The ſouls of many Kings are vulgar entries,
  With not a ruſhlight 'midſt the diſmal winding;
  A long, dark, dangerous, dreary way, paſt finding—
Hypocrisy and Meanness the two ſentries.

Ambition, that on riches caſts its eyes,
Mounts on the tempeſt of a People's *ſighs!*
O Emp'ror, Generosity's a fool—
She wants advice from *ſaving* Wisdom's ſchool.

Look at a ſmiling field of graſs:
Nothing can eat it out, nor horſe nor aſs,
Provided that you put, to ſpare the feaſt,
A padlock on the mouth of ev'ry beaſt.
Thus, muzzle but thy palace now and then,
Thou wilt be wealthy among ſcepter'd men.

Invite not a whole Million* to thine hunt:
Thy purſe with ſuch a heavy weight would grunt.
  In England, when a King a deer unharbours,
The ſport a half a dozen butchers ſhare;
Of ſmutty chimney-ſweeps *perchaunce* a pair;
  With probably a brace or two of barbers.

What

* This is the number of the Emperor's attendants, in general, at a hunt.

What though 'tis not *quite royal*—ſtill we boaſt
Of gaining glorious fun with little coſt.
The pocket is a very ſerious matter:
Small beer allayeth thirſt—nay, *ſimple water.*

The ſplendor of a chace, or feaſt, or ball,
Though ſtrong, are paſſing, momentary rays-
The luſtre of a little hour—that's all;
While *guineas* with *eternal* ſplendor blaze.

ODE IV.

PETER breaketh out into a *ſtrange* rhapſody, ſo unlike PETER, who chriſteneth himſelf the POET of the PEOPLE—He adviſeth the EMPEROR to actions *never practiſed* by Kings!—Is it, or is it *not*, one continued vein of happy irony?

GIVE nothing from thy privy purſe away,
I ſay—
Nay, ſhould thy coffers and thy bags *run o'er*,
Neglect or *penſion* MERIT on the *Poor.*

Give

Give not to Hoſpitals—thy *Name's enough*;
To death-face FAMINE, not a pinch of ſnuff:
On WEALTH thy quarry, keep a falcon-view,
And from thy *very children* ſteal their *due*.

Shouldſt thou, in hunts, be tumbled from thy horſe,
Unlucky, 'midſt ſome river's rapid courſe;
Though ſharp between *thyſelf* and *Death* the ſtriſe,
Give not the Page a *ſous* that ſaves thy life.

Should LOVE allure thee to ſome FAIR-ONE'S arms,
Who yields thee all the luxury of charms,
  And deluges thy panting heart with bliſſes;
Take not a *ſixpence* from thy groaning cheſt,
To buy a ribbon for the fragrant breaſt
  That ſwell'd with all its ardour to thy kiſſes.

Buy not a garland for her flowing hair;
Buy not of mittens, or of gloves, a pair,
  To ſhield her hands from froſt, or SUMMER'S ray;
But not a bonnet to defend her face,
Nor 'kerchief to protect each ſnowy grace,
  And deck her on ſome rural holiday:
But ſuffer her in homely geer to *pine*,
In ſimple elegance where *others ſhine*.

Thou

Thou probably mayſt anſwer, with a groan,
" What! give a vile contagion to the throne!
" Perdition catch the wealth, in heaps that lies,
" Whilſt trodden MERIT lifts her aſking eyes.!

" That calf, ſhall gariſh OSTENTATION grin,
" Deck'd by the ſweat of LABOUR's ſun-burnt ſkin,
" Poor cart-horſe, envy'd e'en his *very oats?*
" Heav'ns! ſhall this Mummer OSTENTATION cry,
" Roaſt in the ſun, thou MOB, in aſhes lie;
" *Mine* be the *guineas*, SLAVE, and *thine* the *groats*.

" Mine be the luxury of wine and oil;
" Thine, that I *condeſcend* to drink thy toil."
Ah! ſay'ſt thou thus?—dares honour this high pitch?
Then, noble EMP'ROR, thou wilt ne'er be *rich*.

Gold ſhould not gather in a *ſubject*'s cheſt—
The crew grows mutinous—it cannot reſt;
It talketh of *equality*, indeed!
No, let the *Monarch*'s bags and coffers hold
The flatt'ring, mighty, nay, *all*-mighty gold;
On this ſhall brawny POW'R his ſinews feed;

JOVE'S

JOVE's eagle near the throne, with eye of fire,
The vengeance-bearer of the royal ire!
Enrich the realm, SUBORDINATION dies—
Wealth gives a wing that *dashes* at the *skies*.

Blush not, though up to neck, to nose, in gold,
To let thy fav'rite Mandarine be told,
"The Emp'ror pants for money—hunt about:"
And should thy Minister, with impious breath,
Say, "SIRE, we've squeez'd the people nigh to death"—
Off with the villain's head, or kick him out.

'Tis pleasant to look down upon the *hovel*,
And count the royal treasure with a *shovel!*
Pleasant to mark the whites of wishing eyes,
And hear of POVERTY the fruitless sighs!
Grand, on their knees to see the million cow'r!
Pale, starv'd submission is the *feast* of POW'R.

Pr'ythee, to Europe come, KIEN LONG, with speed:
We'll give thee much instruction on this head;
Nay, *some examples* also shall be brought,
Which beats a cold dry precept all to nought.

PRECEPT'S a pigmy, hectick, weak, and ſlight;
EXAMPLE is a giant in his might.
Then, pr'ythee, to our EUROPE haſte to ſtare;
Lo, EUROPE ſhall produce thee *ſuch a Pair!*
A PAIR! to whom lean AV'RICE is a fool,
And means to take a leſſon from *their ſchool.*

ODE V.

PETER giveth an account of the expedition of Lord MACARTNEY, and, contrary to the tenor of the preceding Ode, abſolutely recommendeth GENEROSITY to the EMPEROR.

KIEN LONG, our GREAT GREAT PEOPLE, and
'SQUIRE PITT,
Fam'd through the univerſe for *ſaving wit,*
Have heard uncommon tales about thy wealth;
And now a veſſel have they fitted out,
Making for good KIEN LONG a monſtrous rout,
To trade, and beg, and aſk about his health.

This, to my ſimple and *unconnying* mind,
Seems economical, and very kind!

And

And now, great EMPEROR of China, ſay,
What handſome things haſt thou to give away?

Accept a proverb out of WISDOM's ſchools—
'Barbers firſt learn to ſhave, by ſhaving *fools.*'
  PITT ſhav'd *our* faces firſt, and made us grin—
Next the *poor French*—and now the hopeful LAD,
Ambitious of the honour, ſeemeth mad
  To try this razor's edge upon *thy* chin.

THEE as a *generous* Prince we all regard;
  For ev'ry preſent, lo, returning *double:*
'Tis therefore thought that thou wilt well reward
  The *ſhip* and LORD MACARTNEY for their trouble.

And now to GEORGE and CHARLOTTE what the pre-
ſents?
No humming-birds, we beg—no owls, no pheaſants;
Such gifts will put the palace in a ſweat—
For God's ſake ſend us nothing that can *eat.*

"What gifts, I wonder, will thy KING and QUEEN
"Send to KIEN LONG? thou cry'ſt.—Not much,
I ween;

They can't afford it; they are very poor—
And though they ſhine in ſo ſublime a ſtation,
They are the *pooreſt* people in the nation,
So wide of Charity their neat *trap-door!!!

Our King may ſend a dozen cocks and hens;
Perhaps a pig or two, of his own breeding;
Perhaps a pair of turkeys from his pens;
Perhaps a duck, of his own feeding—

Or *poſſibly* a half a dozen geeſe,
Worth probably a half a crown a-piece;
And that he *probably* may deem *enough.*—
Her gracious MAJESTY man condeſcend
Her precious compliments to ſend,
Tack'd to a pound or two of ſnuff:

The hiſtory of *Strelitz* too, perhaps;
A place that *cuts a figure* in the maps.

Moſt mighty EMP'ROR, be not thou afraid
That *we* ſhall generoſity upbraid:

Send

* Reader, this expreſſion is uncommonly beautiful. The *moſt ſecret* charities are generally the largeſt, and moſt acceptable to GOD.

Send heaps of things—poh! never heed the mea-
If Palaces won't hold the precious things, [ſure—
Behold, the beſt of Queens and *eke* of Kings
Will build them barns to hold the treaſure.

I know thy delicacy's ſuch,
Thou fancyeſt thou canſt ſend *too much*:
But as I know the Great-ones of our iſle,
The very *thought* indeed would make them ſmile.

Lord! couldſt thou ſend the Chineſe Empire o'er,
So hungry, we ſhould gape for *more*:
Yes, couldſt thou pack the Chineſe Empire up,
We'd make no more on't than a China cup;
Ev'n then My LADY SCHWELLENBERG would bawl,
" *Gote dem de ſhabby fella—vat, dis all?*"

Whales very rarely make a hearty meal—
Thus Princes an eternal hunger feel;
Moreover, fond of good things *gratis*;
Whoſe ſtomach's motto ſhould be, *nunquam ſatis.*

Then load away with rarities the ſhip,
And let us cry, " She made a *handſome trip*"—
But mind, no humming-birds, apes, owls, mackaws;
The dev'l take preſents that can *wag their jaws.*

ODE.

SIMPLICITY, I dote upon thy tongue;
And *thee*, O white-rob'd TRUTH, I've rev'renc'd long;
I'm fond too of that flashy varlet WIT,
Who skims earth, sea, heav'n, hell, existence o'er,
To put the merry table in a roar,
And shake the sides with laugh-convulsing fit.

O yes! in sweet SIMPLICITY I glory—
To *her* we owe a charming little story.

WILLIAM PENN, NATHAN,

AND

THE BAILIFF;

A TALE.

AS well as I can recollect,
It is a story of fam'd WILLIAM PENN,
By bailiffs oft beset, without effect,
Like numbers of our Lords and Gentlemen—

WILLIAM

WILLIAM had got a private hole to ſpy
  The folks who came with writs, or "How d'ye do?"
Poſſeſſing, too, a penetrating eye,
  Friends from his foes the Quaker quickly knew.

A bailiff in diſguiſe one day,
  Though not diſguis'd to our friend WILL,
Came, to WILL's ſhoulder compliments to pay,
  Conceal'd, the catchpole thought, with wond'rous ſkill.

Boldly he knock'd at WILLIAM's door,
  Dreſt like a gentleman from top to toe,
Expecting quick admittance, to be ſure—
    But no!

WILL's ſervant NATHAN, with a ſtrait-hair'd head,
  Unto the window gravely ſtalk'd, not *ran*—
"Maſter at home?" the Bailiff ſweetly ſaid—
  "Thou canſt not ſpeak to him," reply'd the Man.

"What," quoth the Bailiff, "won't he ſee me then?"
  "Nay, ſnuffled NATHAN, "let it not thus ſtrike thee;
"Know, verily, that WILLIAM PENN
  "*Hath ſeen* thee, but he doth not *like* thee."

TO A FLY,

TAKEN OUT OF A BOWL OF PUNCH.

AH! poor intoxicated little knave,
Now fenfelefs, floating on the fragrant wave;
Why not content the cakes alone to munch?
Dearly thou pay'ft for buzzing round the bowl;
Loft to the world, thou bufy fweet-lipp'd foul—
Thus Death, as well as Pleafure, dwells with Punch.

Now let me take thee out, and moralife.—
Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,
For ever hankering after PLEASURE's cup:
Though FATE with all his legions, be at hand,
The beafts, the draught of CIRCE can't withftand,
But in goes every nofe—they *muft*, *will* fup.

Mad are the PASSIONS, as a colt untam'd!
When PRUDENCE mounts their backs, to ride them mild,
They fling, they fnort, they foam, they rife inflam'd,
Infifting on their own fole will fo wild.

Gadſbud! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead;
The Fates, ſo kind, have not yet ſnipp'd thy thread;
By heav'ns, thou mov'ſt a leg, and now its brother,
And kicking, lo, again thou mov'ſt another!

And now thy little drunken eyes uncloſe;
And now thou feeleſt for thy little noſe,
  And, finding it, thou rubbeſt thy two hands;
Much as to ſay, "I'm glad I'm here again."
And well mayſt thou rejoice—'tis very plain,
  That near wert thou to Death's unſocial lands.

And now thou rolleſt on thy back about,
Happy to find thyſelf alive, no doubt—
  Now turneſt—on the table making rings;
Now crawling, forming a wet track,
Now ſhaking the rich liquor from thy back,
  Now flutt'ring nectar from thy ſilken wings;

Now ſtanding on thy head, thy ſtrength to find,
And poking out thy ſmall, long legs behind;
And now thy pinions doſt thou briſkly ply;
Preparing now to leave me—farewell, Fly!

Go, join thy brothers on yon ſunny board,
And rapture to thy family afford—
There wilt thou meet a miſtreſs, or a wife,
That ſaw thee, drunk, drop ſenſeleſs in the ſtream;
Who gave, perhaps, the wide-reſounding ſcream,
And now ſits groaning for thy precious life.
Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
And wiſely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let buns and ſugar for the future charm;
Theſe will delight, and feed, and work no harm—
Whilſt PUNCH, the grinning merry imp of ſin,
Invites th' unwary wand'rer to a kiſs,
Smiles in his face, as though he meant him bliſs,
Then, like an alligator, drags him in.

E L E G Y

TO THE

FLEAS OF TENERIFFE.

Written in the Year 1768, at SANTA CRUZ, in company with a Son of the late ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN, at the Houſe of Mr. MACKERRICK, a Merchant of that place.

YE hopping natives of a hard, hard bed,
  Whoſe bones, *perchaunce*, may ache as well as ours,
O let us reſt in peace the weary head,
  This night—the firſt we ventur'd to your bow'rs.

Thick as a flock of ſtarlings on our ſkins,
  Ye turn at once to brown, the lily's white;
Ye ſtab us alſo, like ſo many pins—
  SLEEP ſwears he can't come near us whilſt ye bite.

In vain we preach—in vain the candle's ray
  Broad flaſhes on the imps, for blood that itch—
In vain we bruſh the buſy hoſts away;
  Fearleſs, on *other parts* their thouſands pitch.

And

And now I hear a hungry varlet cry,
"Eat hearty, fleas—they're ſome outlandiſh men—
"Fat ſtuff—no Spaniards, all ſo lean and dry—
"Such charming ven'ſon ne'er may come agen."

How ſhall we meet the morn? With ſhameful eyes!
With nibbled hands, and eke with nibbled faces,
Juſt like two turkey-eggs, we ſpeckled riſe,
Scorn'd by the LOVES, and mock'd by all the GRACES.

What will the ſtately Nymph, JOANNA,* ſay?
How will the beauteous CATHERINA* ſtare!
"Away, ye naſty Britons—foh! away,"
In ſounds of horror will exclaim the Fair.

What though we tell them 'twas MACKERRICK's† bed?
What though we ſwear 'twere all MACKERRICK's fleas?
Diſguſted will the Virgins turn the head;
No more we kiſs their fingers on our knees.

No more our groaning verſes greet their hand;
No more they liſten to our panting proſe;
No more beneath their window ſhall we ſtand,
And ſerenade their beauties to repoſe.

The

* Young Spaniſh Ladies of the firſt faſhion.

† He is a principal man in the iſland, and much reſpected.

The *Conversationi** meet their end;
  The love-inspir'd *Fandango* warms no more;
The laugh, the nod, the whisper, will offend;
  The leer, the squint, the squeezes, all be o'er.

But, O ye ruthless hosts, an Arab train,
  Ye daring light-troops of that roving race,
Know ye the strangers whom with blood ye stain?
  Know ye the voyagers ye thus disgrace?

One is a DOCTOR, of redoubted skill,
  A Briton born, that dauntless deals in death;
Who to the Western IND proceeds to kill,
  And, probably, of *thousands* stop the breath:

A BARD, whose wing of thought, and verse of fire,
  Shall bid with wonder all PARNASSUS start;
A BARD, whose converse MONARCHS shall admire,
  And, happy, learn his lofty Odes by heart.†

The other, lo, a Pupil rare of MARS,
  A youth who kindles with a FATHER's flame;
BOSCAWEN call'd, who fought a kingdom's wars,
  And gave to *Immortality* a *name*.

Lo,

* At his Excellency's the Governor.

† Part of this prophecy has been amply verified.

Lo, ſuch are *we*, freebooters, whom ye bite!
Such is our Britiſh Quality, O Fleas!—
Then ſpare our tender ſkins this one, one night—
To-morrow *eat* MACKERRICK, if ye pleaſe.

The preſent unnatural and fatal enmity towards thoſe beſt creatures in the world, KINGS *and* QUEENS, *putting our moſt* AUGUST COUPLE *more on their guard againſt evil machinations, by ſelecting Mr.* TOWNSEND, *Mr.* MACMANUS, *and Mr.* JEALOUS, *the moſt accompliſhed Thief-takers upon earth, to watch over them as a* Garde de corps ; *ſuch an important circumſtance, ſo illuminative of the hiſtorical page, could not eſcape the eagle eye of the* LYRIC BARD, *who, in conſequence, has addreſſed an Ode of praiſe and admonition to the three aforeſaid* Gentlemen.

ODE

TO

MESSRS. TOWNSEND, MACMANUS, AND JEALOUS,

THE THIEF-TAKERS, AND ATTENDANTS ON MAJESTY.

YE friends to JUSTICE GIBBET, JUSTICE JAIL,
And JUSTICE CART's ſlow-moving tail,
Accept the BARD's ſincere congratulation—
Ye glorious imps, of thief-ſuppreſſing ſpirit,
Elected, for your moſt heroic merit,
The Guardians of the Rulers of the Nation.

When

When Blood, that enterprifing chap,
Attempted *only* on the *crown* a rape,
Pale Horror rais'd her hands, and roll'd her eyes!
But fhould *fome knave*, with fingers moft unclean,
Attempt to fteal away our King and Queen,
How would the Empire in diforder rife!

Juft like the nations of the honey'd hive,
Who, if they lofe their Sov'reign, never *thrive*.

At midnight, lo, fome knave might fteal fo fly,
In filence, on the royal fleepy eye,
And, giving to his facrilege a loofe,
Bear off the mighty Monarch on his back,
Juft as fly *Reynard*, in his night attack,
Bears from the farmer's yard a gentle goofe.

Ye glorious thief-takers, O watch the Pair;
We cannot fuch a precious couple fpare—
O, cat-like, guard the door againft Tom Paine:
Tom Paine's an artful and rebellious dog,
Swears that a facred throne is but a log,
And Monarchs too expenfive to maintain.

I know

I know their Majesties are in a fright;
I know they very badly sleep at night:
  Tom Paine's indeed a most terrific word;
A name of fear, that sounds in ev'ry wind;
A goblin damn'd, that haunts the royal mind;
  Of Damocles, the hair-suspended sword.

Why should our glorious Sov'reigns be unblest?
Why by a paltry subject be distrest?
  Is there no poison for Tom Paine?—alas!
Is there no halter for this knave of knaves?
Audacious fellow! lo, the Crown he braves,
  And calls the Kingdom a poor burden'd *ass*.

For this poor burden'd *ass*, he swears he feels,
And bids him lift, a regicide, his heels.

What a bright thought in George and Charlotte,
Who, to escape each wicked varlet,
  And disappoint Tom Paine's disloyal crew,
Fix'd on the brave Macmanus, Townsend, Jealous,
Delightful company, delicious fellows,
  To point out, ev'ry minute, *who* is *who*!

To hustle from before their noble Graces,
Rascals with ill-looking designing faces,
Where treason, murder, and sedition, dwell;
To give the life of ev'ry Newgate wretch;
To say who next the fatal cord shall stretch—
The sweet historians of the pensive cell.

O with what joy felonious acts ye view!
How pleas'd, a thief or highwayman to hunt!
Blest as CORNWALLIS, TIPPOO to pursue;
Blest as old PURS'RAM BHOW, and HURRY PUNT!

How itch your fingers to entrap a thief!
How nimbly you pursue him!—with what soul
Track him from haunt to haunt, to mercy deaf,
And drag at last the felon from his hole!

Thus when a CHAMBERMAID a FLEA espies,
How beats her heart! what lightnings fill her eyes!
To seize him, lo, her twinkling fingers spread,
And stop his travels through the realm of bed.

He hops—the eager damsel marks the jump;
Now sudden falls in thunder on his rump—

She miſſes—off hops Bloodsucker again:
The nymph with wild alacrity purſues;
Now loſes ſight of him, and now gets views,
Whilſt all her trembling nerves with ardour ſtrain.

Now fairly tir'd, with melancholy face,
Poor ſighing Susan quits th' important chace:—
Once more reſolv'd, ſhe brightens up her wits,
And, furious, to her lovely fingers ſpits—
Thrice happy thought! yet, not to flatter,
'Tis not the cleanlieſt trick in nature.

Now in the blanket deep ſhe ſees him hide,
Who, winking, fancieth Susan cannot ſee;
Now Susan drags him forth, with victor pride,
The culprit cruſheth; and thus falls the Flea!

What pity 'tis for this important nation,
The Princes all have had their education!
What pounds on Gottingen were thrown away!
How had he moralis'd their youngling hearts,
How had ye giv'n an inſight of the Arts,
So neceſſary, Sirs, for ſov'reign ſway!

CUNNING's a pretty monitor for Kings;
She teacheth moſt extraordinary things;
She keepeth ſubjects in their proper ſphere;
She brings that fool, the Million, tame to hand,
To dance, to kneel, to proſtrate at command—
A Kingdom is a Monarch's dancing bear.
By means of this ſame humble capering beaſt,
What royal ſhowmen fill their fobs, and feaſt!

O tell the world's great Maſters, not to *ſpare*—
A ſubject's murmur is beneath their care:
When well accuſtom'd to the buſy thong,
Flogging's a matter of mere ſport—a ſong.

All know the tale of BETTY and the Eel—
" You cruel b—h (a man was heard to ſay)
" To ſerve poor creatures in that horrid way!"
" Lord, Sir!" quoth BETTY, turning on her heel,
" The eels are *us'd* to it!"—ſo ſaying,
And humming *ça ira*, continued *ſlaying*.

O how I envy you each happy name!
TIME ſhall not eat the mountain of your fame;
For *thus* myſelf your Epitaph ſhall write,
And dare the vile old ſtone-eater to bite.

THE EPITAPH.

" Here lie three crimps of death, knock'd down by
FATE;
" Of JUSTICE the ſtaunch blood-hounds too, ſo keen;
" Who choak'd the little plund'rers of the State,
" And, glorious, ſav'd a mighty King and Queen."

Behold, the Guards, ſo diſappointed, mourn!
With jealouſy their glorious boſoms burn,
To find by *you*, dread Sirs, uſurp'd their places:
" What! not the regiments of Death be truſted!
" By Thief-takers, O Jeſu! to be ouſted!
" Thief-catchers *Gardes de corps* unto their Graces!"
Thus, thus exclaim the angry men in red,
Who, with their ſwords and guns, may go to bed.

Gods! how I envy our great folk their joys!
Your tales of houſe-breakers, thoſe nightly curſes;
Of heroes of the heath, St. Giles's boys;
Hiſt'ries of pocket-handkerchiefs and purſes;

Oh, for minds-royal, what delightful food!
Stories ſurpaſſing thoſe of ROBIN HOOD.

Sweet are of ſlight-hand BARRINGTON the tales;
  Of *changeful* MAJOR SEMPLE, charming too!
Delicious ſtory through each HULK prevails,
  Full of inſtruction, pleaſant, ſage, and new.

Hence the pure ſtreams of thieving ſcience flow,
Which through your mouths to gaping Monarchs go;
And frequently the royal gaze, ye greet
With curious inſtruments, for robbing mete.

Who would not wiſh to ſee the gliding crook,
  With whom the purſes oft in ſilence ſtray?
Who would not on the tools with rapture look,
  That from poſt-chaiſes ſnap the trunks away?

Who would not ope falſe dice, ingenious bones?
A curious ſpeculation, worthy thrones.

Laugh the loud world, and let it laugh again;
The GREAT of WINDSOR ſhall ſuch mirth diſdain.
  In days of *yore*, dull days, inſipid things,
Kings truſted *only* to a PEOPLE's *love*;
But modern times in politics improve,
  And *Bow-ſtreet Runners* are the ſhields of Kings.

ODE TO CÆLIA.

ENVY muſt own that thou art paſſing fair;
Love in thy ſmiles, and Juno in thy air:
  Yet, CÆLIA, if with Gods I may be free,
I think that Jove commits a ſort of ſin,
By ſtripping all the Graces to the ſkin,
  Merely to make a *nonpareille* of *thee*.

CÆLIA, thou knoweſt too that thou art pleaſing;
Moſt ſpider-like, the hearts of mortals ſeizing;
  And what too maketh me confounded ſour,
Thou knoweſt what I wiſh to hide,
Which rather mortifies my pride,
  That I'm a ſimple fly, and in thy pow'r.

When NATURE ſent thee blooming from above,
She meant thee to ſupport the cauſe of LOVE—
  To keep alive a beautiful creation:
Thy graces hoarded, girl, thou muſt be told,
Are really like the ſordid MISER's gold,
  Worthleſs, for want of circulation.

Behold!

Behold! a guinea, by a proper uſe,
Another pretty guinea will produce;
  And thus, O peerleſs girl, thy beauty
May bring thee *cent. per cent.* within the year;
That is, another beauty may appear,
  If properly it minds its duty.

Of wonder, lo, thou putteſt on the ſtare—
It ſeems a dark and intricate affair;
  Thou wanteſt a good, able, ſound adviſer:
Well, then, my dear, at once agree,
As *chamber*-counſel to take *me*;
  I know none better qualified, nor wiſer.

AN ODE

TO

A PRETTY MILLINER.

O NYMPH, with bandbox tripping on so sweet,
For Love's sake, stay those pretty tripping feet,
Join'd to an ancle, form'd all hearts to steal—
That ancle to the neatest leg united,
Perhaps—with which I should be much delighted,
For men by *little* matters guess a deal.

Love lent thee lips, and lent that bloom divine—
But, dearest Damsel, what can make them mine?
Heav'n rests upon those heaving hills of snow;
The fascinating dimple in thy chin;
In short, thy charms without, and charms within,
Speak, are they purchasable? aye, or no?

Thou seest my soul wild staring from my eyes;
Let me not burst in ignorance, fair Maid—
Why shewest thou, O peerless Nymph, surprise?
I am no wolf to eat thee—why afraid?

O could

O could I gain by gold thoſe heav'nly charms!
Could gold once give thee to my eager arms,
  Lo, into guineas would I coin my heart;
Thoſe would I pour pell-mell into thy lap,
With thee to wake to love, and then to nap,
  Then wake again—again to ſleep depart,

All happy circled in thy arms of bliſs;
To ſnatch, with riot wild, *thy* burning kiſs;
  A *kiſs!*—a *thouſand* kiſſes let me add—
Ten thouſand from thy unexhauſted mint,
And then ten thouſand of *my own* imprint—
  Speak, tempting Syren, to a ſwain ſtark mad.

Heav'ns! o'er thy cheek how deep the crimſon glows,
And ſpreads upon thy breaſt of pureſt ſnows!
Why mute, my Angel? thou diſdain'ſt reply!
'Sdeath! what a cuckoo, what a rogue am I!

O Nymph, ſo ſweet, forgive my wild deſires;
That knave, thy bandbox, wak'd my lawleſs fires,
  Bade me ſuſpect what CHASTITY reveres:—
What will wipe out th' affront, O Virgin, ſpeak,
That fluſh'd the roſe of virtue on thy cheek,
  Chill'd thy young heart, and daſh'd thine eye with
    tears?

Go, guard that honour which I deem'd departed—
O yield thy beauties to ſome ſwain kind-hearted,
Whoſe ſoul congenial ſhall with thine unite,
And Love allow no reſpite from delight.

A MORAL AFTER-THOUGHT

ON THE ABOVE.

DEAR Innocence, where'er thou deign'ſt to dwell,
The Pleasures ſport around thy ſimple cell;
  The ſong of Nature melts from grove to grove;
Perpetual ſunſhine ſits upon thy vale;
Content and ruddy Health thy hamlet hail,
  And Echo waits upon the voice of Love.

But where—but where is ſcowling Guilt's abode?
The ſpectred heath, and Danger's cavern'd road;
  The ſhuffling monſter treads with panting breath—
The cloud-wrapp'd ſtorm inſulting roars around,
Fear pales him at the thunder's awful ſound,
  He ſtares with horror on the flaſh of death.

He

He calls on DARKNESS with affright,
And bids her pour her deepeſt night;
Her clouds impenetrable bring,
And hide him with her raven wing!

Are theſe the pictures? Then I need not muſe,
Nor gape, nor ponder *which* to chooſe:
O INNOCENCE, this inſtant I'm thy ſlave—
What but the greateſt *fool* would be a *knave?*

A

LYRIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

SIR WILLIAM! what, a new eſtate!
I give thee joy of * GABIA's fate—
More broken pans, more gods, more mugs;
More ſnivel bottles, jordans, and old jugs;
More ſaucepans, lamps, and candleſticks, and kettles;
In ſhort, all ſorts of culinary metals!

Leave

* A newly-diſcovered town, ſiſter in misfortune to Herculaneum, Pompeia, and Pæſtum.

Leave not a duſt-hole unexplor'd;
Something ſhall riſe to be ador'd:
Search the old bedſteads and the rugs;
Such things are ſacred—if, by chance,
Amidſt the wood, thine eye, ſhould glance
On a nice pair of antique bugs;

Oh, in ſome box the curious vermin place,
And let us Britons breed the Roman race!

Old nails, old knockers, and old ſhoes,
Would much DAINES BARRINGTON amuſe;
Old mats, old diſh-clouts, dripping-pans, and ſpits,
Would prove delectable to other wits;
Gods legs, and legs of old joint ſtools,
Would raviſh all our antiquarian ſchools.

Some rev'rend moth, with ne'er a wing,
Would charm the * Knight of Soho-Square:
A headleſs flea would be a pretty thing,
To make the Knight of Wonders ſtare.

A curl

* Sir Joſeph Banks.

A curl of ſome old Emp'ror's wig,
  Or Nero's fiddle, 'mid the flames of Rome,
That gave ſo exquiſite a jig,
  Believe me, would be well worth ſending home.

Oh, if ſome *lumping* rarity of gold,
Thy lucky lucky eyes by chance behold,
  Sent it to our good K*** and gracious Q****:
No matter what th' inſcription—if there's none,
'Tis all one!
  Plain gold will pleaſe, as well as *work'd*, I ween—
Much will the preſent their *great* eyes regale,
Let it but cut a figure in the *ſcale*.

Oh! could an earthquake ſhake down WAPPING,
And catch th' inhabitants and goods all napping,
And then a thouſand years the ruin ſhade,
  What fortunes would be quickly made!
What rare Muſæums from the rubbiſh riſe,
Wapping antiquities to glad the eyes!

How portraits of MOLL FLANDERS, HANNAH SNELL,
And Miſs D'EON, thoſe heroines, would ſell!
CANNING and SQUIRES!

How

How would the *dilettanti* of the nation
Devour the prints with eyes of admiration!
And to their merits, Poets ſtrike their lyres!

Sign-poſts, with Old Blue Boars, and Heads of Nags,
Would from the proud poſſeſſor draw *ſuch* brags!
Red Lions, Crowns and Magpies, George the Third—
The Cat and Gridiron, our moſt gracious Queen,
With rapt'rous adoration would be ſeen;
They would, upon my word.
Such would tranſport the people of hereafter,
Though ſubjects now of merriment and laughter.

POSTSCRIPT (*Sub Roſâ.*)

HIST!—what freſh ovens of Etrurian ware;
What pretty jordans has my friend to ſpare?
What gods are ripe for digging up, O Knight?
What Britons, *knowing* in the *Virtû* trade,
Soon as a grand diſcov'ry ſhall be made,
Are near thee, gudgeon-like, prepar'd to bite?

What

What brazen god, baptis'd with chamber lye,*
For which the future *connoiſſeurs* may ſigh,
Is going into ground, with front ſublime?
Hereafter to be worſhipp'd ſoon as ſeen;
A reſurrection rare, array'd in green,
A downright ſatire upon TIME;
Who ſeems, a poor old fumbling fool, to dote;
Taking two thouſand years to make a coat.

A whiſper—lock'd is the Muſæum door,†
From whence antiques were wont to ſtray;
Whoſe parents ne'er ſat eyes upon them more,
So much the little creatures loſt their way?
Pity thou couldſt not news of them obtain,
And ſend the gods and godlings back again!

Sir WILLIAM, what's become of that ſame Monk,‡
From whoſe old corner-cupboard, or old trunk,
Thine

* Sir WILLIAM keeps an old antiquarian to hunt for him, who, when he ſtumbles on a tolerable ſtatue, bathes him in urine, buries him, and, when ripe for digging up, they proclaim a great diſcovery to be made, and out comes an *antique* for univerſal admiration.

† Some valuable *antiques*, not long ſince, made their eſcape from the Royal Muſæum, and travelled *the Lord knows where*.

‡ He lived in the neighbourhood of Veſuvius, and furniſhed the Knight with all his volcanic obſervations, which paſs on the world as *his own—Nam quod emis, poſſis dicere jure tuum.*

Thine hiſt'ry iſſued about burning mountains?
For who would toil, and ſweat, and hoe the hill,
To find, perhaps, of knowledge a poor rill,
Who eaſily can buy the fountains?

O Knight of Naples, is it come to paſs,
That thou haſt left the gods of ſtore and braſs,
To wed a deity of *fleſh* and *blood?**
O lock the temple with thy ſtrongeſt key,
For fear thy deity, a *comely* She,
Should one day ramble, in a frolic mood.

For ſince the idols of a *youthful* King,
So very volatile indeed, take wing;
If *his*, to wicked wand'rings can incline,
Lord! who would anſwer, poor old Knight, for *thine?*
Yet *ſhould* thy Grecian Goddeſs fly the fane,
I think that we may catch her in Hedge-Lane. †

* It is really true—the Knight *is married* to a beautiful *virgin*, whom he ſtyles his *Grecian*. Her attitudes are the moſt *deſirable* models for *young* artiſts.

† The reſort of the Cyprian corps, an avenue that opens into Cockſpur-ſtreet.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM

ON A STONE THROWN AT A *VERY GREAT MAN*,

BUT WHICH MISSED HIM.

TALK no more of the lucky eſcape of the *head*,
From a flint ſo unluckily thrown—
I think very diff'rent, with thouſands indeed,
'Twas a lucky eſcape for the *Stone*.

TO CHLOE.

DEAR CHLOE, well I know the ſwain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain;
And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, CHLOE, a ſurpriſe;
Look but a moment on *theſe* eyes,
Thou'lt aſk me not, to *name* him.

ON A NEW-MADE LORD.

THE carpenters of ancient Greece,
Although they bought of wood a ſtubborn piece,
Not fit to make a block—yet, very odd!
No loſers were the men of chipping trade,
Becauſe of this ſame ſtubborn ſtuff they made
A damn'd good God!

Thus, of the Lower Houſe, a ſtupid wretch,
Whoſe mind to A, B, C, can ſcarcely ſtretch,
Shall, by a *Monarch*'s all-creative word,
Become a very decent Lord.

TO MY CANDLE.

THOU lone companion of the ſpectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
To ſteal a precious hour from lifeleſs ſleep—
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
HELL's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And ſwells the thund'ring horrors of the DEEP.

From

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flashing through her skies.

But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull OBLIVION's stream?
Who would not live in songs of distant days?

Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er SHAKSPEARE's page,
I mark, in visions of delight, the SAGE,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;
A COLUMN in the melancholy Waste,
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past)
Majestic, 'mid the solitude of TIME.
Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship show'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die,
A form, that wakes my deepest sigh;
A form, that feels of Death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-ey'd panting Maid;
I see the VIRTUES o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the Muse's ſimple pray'r
Command the envied trump of Fame,
Oblivion ſhould Eliza ſpare:
A world ſhould echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little luſtre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame, Fate too ſhall fix her ſeal—
O let me, penſive, watch thy pale decay;
How faſt that flame, ſo tender, wears away!
How faſt thy life the reſtleſs minutes ſteal!

How ſlender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah, falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy ſtruggles—all will ſoon be o'er—
At life thou ſnatcheſt with an eager leap:
Now round I ſee thy flame ſo feeble creep,
Faint, leſs'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now no more!

Thus ſhall the ſuns of Science ſink away,
And thus of Beauty fade the faireſt flow'r—
For where's the Giant who to Time ſhall ſay,
"Deſtructive tyrant, I arreſt thy pow'r?"

A POETICAL, SERIOUS, AND POSSIBLY IMPERTINENT, EPISTLE TO THE POPE.

ALSO,

A PAIR OF ODES TO HIS HOLINESS,

ON HIS KEEPING A DISORDERLY HOUSE;

WITH

A PRETTY LITTLE ODE TO INNOCENCE.

——*Paulo majora canamus.* VIRG.

To Kings and Courtiers we have chirrup'd long—
Muse, give we now his HOLINESS a Song.

PROLOGUE TO THE EPISTLE.

"A CAT may look upon a King;"
  So ſays the proverb! and the proverb's right;
For Monarch now is prov'd a *human* thing,
  Although it lifts its noſe to ſuch a height.
The *Lord's anointed* is an antique phraſe,
Left out by Dictionaries of our days.
King-making unto *man* is juſtly giv'n—
Once the great perquiſite indeed of *Heav'n*.
I ſay, a Cat may look upon a King—
But foreign Potentates ſay, "No ſuch thing."
SICILIA's King, replete with *right divine*,
Thinks he may hunt his ſubjects like his ſwine;
  And other Continental Kings, beſide,
For glory and blood-royal all agog,
Think they may hunt a ſubject like a hog:
  This mortifies of us *ſmall rogues* the pride.
What hurts me more, and both my eyes expands,
  And lifts with horror from my head, my wig,

Thoſe birth-puff'd Kings of foreign lands,
To *common* Chriſtians, have *preferr'd* the Pig!

A dead pig, to be ſure, is better eating
Than a dead chriſtian—handſomer for treating:
But both alive—how diff'rent in their nature!
Man ſurely is the much ſublimer creature.

Since Cats may look upon a King, I hope,
A Bard may write a letter to a Pope,
Though hand and glove with Heav'n—a great connexion!
Who deals for ſouls, ſalvations from his wallet,
As from their ſhops, green-grocers, for the palate,
Deal garden-ſtuff of all complexion;
And ſells a good ſnug ſeat amidſt the ſkies,
To any wicked Gentleman that dies;
As unto John, Sir Will, my Lord, his Grace,
Great Madam SCWHELLENBERGEN *gives* a place;
A cook-like Dame, who underſtands place-carving,
And ſaves *ſuch worthy* families from ſtarving.

So much for Prologue to my POPE's Epiſtle;
To which his Holineſs may cry, "Go—whiſtle."

Perchance

Perchance his Holinefs may alfo add,
" P-x take me, PETER, if you ar'n't too bad:
" Dare fix thine impious foot on my dominions,
" I'll *pay* thee for epiftles and opinions."
  Well then, fince things are *bonâ fide* fo,
And DANGER with his poniard lurks at Rome,
  I'll not fet off to kifs your Worfhip's toe;
But wave the glory, and remain at home.

A POETICAL, SERIOUS,

AND POSSIBLY IMPERTINENT,

EPISTLE TO THE POPE.

WHILE FRANCE, for freedom mad, invades thy
rights,
And pours her millions o'er the world, like mites;
Knocks the poor growling German o'er the snout,
And threatens hard the man of cheese and grout;
Gives poor SARDINIA'S MONARCH a black eye,
And makes the Nimrod KING of NAPLES cry;
What's worse too, threatens poor LORETTO's shrine,
Where the good Virgin goes each day so * fine,
Threatens to tear the muslin from her head,
And put the † cap of flannel in its stead;
Where is th' Almighty's Man, the Church's hope,
Prince of salvation, Peter's heir, the POPE?

 O thou,

* She has a dress for every day in the year.

† The cap of Liberty.

O thou, the true defcendant of Saint Peter,
In very anger, lo, I pen this metre!
There was a time when Popes behav'd with fpirit—
But nought, fave indolence, doft thou inherit.
Go, ope thy churches, convents, all thy chapels,
Since Atheifm with the true Religion grapples;
Think of thy Anceftors fo great of yore,
And bid thy noble Bull as ufual roar;

They whofe ftern looks could make an Emp'ror cow'r,
And Kings like fchoolboys fhudder at their pow'r.
Moft dangerous are the times—I fcorn to flatter—
Then ope thy cataracts of holy water;
Gather thy crucifixes, wood, brafs, ftones;
Bid the dark catacombs difgorge their bones;
Create new regiments of Saints for fight;
And chace the gathering gloom of Pagan night.
See * FRANCE againft her RIGHTFUL LORD rebel!
And fee! her SATAN banifh'd from his hell!
Blind wretch! now juftly fuff'ring for her evil!
For what are States, without a KING and DEVIL?

A pair

* The Author does not mean to treat with unfeeling ridicule the fate of the unfortunate LOUIS, but merely to notice the extinction of Monarchy and Religion in France.

A pair ſo ſweetly ſuited to controul!
Th' inſurgent body, one; and one, the ſoul.
To thee (thy ſlaves) the Miracles belong;
As Muſic waits on Lady Mary's tongue,
Humility on K——, void of art;
As melting mercy *hangs* on B———'s heart.
If marvels by thine anceſtors were done,
Why not perform'd, in God's name, by the ſon?
As Becket, that good Saint, ſublimely rode,
Thoughtleſs of inſult, through the town of Strode,
What did the Mob?—Attack'd his horſe's rump,
And cut the tail ſo flowing, to the ſtump:
What does the Saint?—Quoth he, "For this vile trick,
"The town of Strode ſhall heartily be ſick."
And lo, by pow'r divine a curſe prevails!
The babes of Strode are born with horſes tails!

Lodg'd in the talons of a famiſh'd kite,
And juſt about to bid the world good night,
A gentle Goſlin on Saint Thomas call'd!
At once the feather'd Tyrant look'd appall'd;
Sudden his iron claw grew nerveleſs, looſe,
And dropp'd the ſweet believing Babe of Gooſe.
Such was the pow'r of Saints, though dead and rotten,
By thee (one verily would think) forgotten:

Then

Then, prithee, do at once thy beſt endeavour,
As all the Saints are wonderful as ever.
SAINT DUNSTAN can'd the DEVIL, the ſtory goes,
And pinch'd with red-hot tongs the IMP's black noſe:
In vain he ſwore, and roar'd, and danc'd about—
Sore was his back, and roaſted was his ſnout.
The pow'r he boaſted, to his bones are giv'n:
Such is the gift of SAINTS, when lodg'd in Heav'n.

Hear with what blaſphemy this FRANCE behaves!
" ROME, I deſpiſe thee: all thy Popes are knaves;
" Thy Cardinals and Prieſts the earth encumber—
" Avaunt the Saints, and all ſuch holy lumber!
" Chop off their heads; away the legs and toes:
" Away the wonder-working tooth and noſe:
" Away the wonder-working eyes and tears,
" The vile impoſture of a thouſand years!
" Calves heads, pigs pettitoes, perform as well,
" Raiſe from the dead, and plagues and devils expel.
" Saint GENEVIEVE no longer is divine—
" The wiſe Pariſians mock her worm-gnaw'd ſhrine;
" Whoſe coffin planks that could ſuch awe inſpire,
" May go to light the kitchen-wench's fire.
" Saint Jail, Saint Whip, Saint Guillotine, Saint Rope,
" Poſſeſs (we think) more virtue than the POPE.

" My

" My woolcomber, my ſadler, and my hatter,
" No more Saint Blaize, Saint James, Saint Saviour
flatter:
" My carpenter, my farrier, and my furrier,
" My fiſhmonger, my butcher, baker, currier,
" And eke a hundred trades beſides, no more
" Bow to thoſe marvel-mongers, and adore.*
" Hang *me*," the Barber cries, " if I'm the fool
" To trim for nought the Virgin Mary's poll!"
" Burn me," cries Criſpin, " if I don't refuſe
" To find the gentlewoman in her ſhoes!"
" Curſe me," the Mercer cries, " If *I* give gowns,
" To be the laughing-ſtock of all our towns!"
" Damn me," the Hoſier roars, " if 'tis not ſhocking,
" That I ſhould give the woman's legs a ſtocking!"
" And why," the linen man exclaims, " a pox,
" Should I, forſooth, be forc'd to find her ſmocks?"
" No more ſhall bumpkins near the altar place
" Fair veal and mutton, for th' Almighty's grace;
" Grace to increaſe the loves of bulls and rams,
" And make more families of calves and lambs;
" No more ſhall capons too for grace be ſwapp'd,
" By prieſts ador'd, and in a twinkling ſnapp'd.

" My

* Every trade has its Saints.

" My bumpkins, once ſuch fools, think wiſer now,
" That God without *their* aid can *bleſs* the cow,
" With due fertility the poultry keep,
" And kindle love ſufficient for the ſheep.
" On their paſt folly with amaze they ſtare,
" And mock the ſolemn mummery of pray'r.
" No more on ANTHONY's once hallow'd feaſt
" The horſe and aſs ſhall travel, to be bleſt;
" No more ſhall HODGE's prong and ſhovel ſtart,
" Boot, ſaddle, bridle, wheelbarrow, and cart;
" No more in Lent ſhall wiſer Frenchmen ſtarve,
" While God affords them a good fowl to carve.
" Away with faſts—a *fool* could only hatch 'em—
" Frenchmen, eat fowls, wherever you can catch 'em.
" Let not the fear of hell your jaws controul—
" A capon (truſt me) never damn'd a ſoul.
" Heav'n kindly ſends to man the things man chooſes;
" And he's an impious blockhead who refuſes.
" Melt all the bells to cannon with their grace;
" And, 'ſtead of Demons, let them Auſtrians chace.
" Away with relicks, holy water, oils,
" At which CREDULITY herſelf recoils!
" Lo, KELLERMAN's and CUSTINE's gun-clad pow'r
" Will do more wonders with their iron ſhow'r,

" Than all the Saints and crosses of the nation,
" Since Saints and crosses grew a foolish fashion.
" Let crucibles and crucifixes join,
" And silver Saints perform their feats in *coin*;
" Make a good rubber of the Virgin's wig—
" Out with her ear-rings, and the Dame unrig;
" Sell off her gowns and petticoats of gold!
" A piece of timber need not fear the cold.
" Out with the Priests, to lust's wild frenzy fed,
" Who put the bridegroom and the bride to bed;
" One eye to Heav'n with sanctity apply'd,
" The other leering on the blushful Bride;
" Who loads her in hot fancy with caresses,
" And cuckolds the poor bridegroom as he blesses!
" Perish the masses for a burning soul,
" That never yet extinguish'd half a coal!
" No more for sins let pilgrims visit Rome—
" Th' Almighty can forgive a rogue at home.
" Strike me that purgatory from our creed—
" Heav'n wants not fire to clarify the dead.
" Break me old JANUARIUS's bottle;
" And let Contempt the old impostor throttle!
" A truce to pray'rs for Saints in Heav'n to hear—
" 'Tis idle—since not one of them is there.

" Away

"Away with benedictions—canting matter!
"A horsepond is as good as holy water.
"Unveil the Nuns, and *useful* make their charms;
"And let their prison be a *Lover*'s arms.
"I scout your Porter PETER and his keys,
"That ope to ev'ry rogue a POPE shall please.
"Avaunt the institutions that *enslave!*
"The man who thought of marriage was a knave;
"Rais'd a huge cannon against human bliss,
"And spoil'd that first of joys, the rapt'rous kiss;
"Delicious novelty from BEAUTY drove,
"And made the gloomy state the tomb of LOVE;
"To *discord* turning what had *charm'd* the ear:
"Converting Burgundy, to sour small-beer.
"Thus from his bright domain a SUN is hurl'd,
"To gild a pin-hole, that should light a world.
"Exulting REASON from her bondage springs,
"Claims Heav'n's wide range, and spreads her eagle
wings;
"While SUPERSTITION, lodg'd with bats and owls,
"With HORROR, and the hopeless maniac, howls."
Thus crieth FRANCE!

Thus INFIDELITY walks bold abroad,
And, 'stead of FAITH, the Cherub, see a *toad!*

Such

Such is th' impiety of FRANCE, alas!
And ſhall ſuch blaſphemy unpuniſh'd paſs?
No!—for the honour of RELIGION, riſe,
And flaſh conviction on their miſcreant eyes.
The French are devils—devils—downright devils;
In heavenly wheat, accurs'd deſtructive weevils!
Abominations! atheiſts, to a man;
Rogues that convert the fineſt flour to bran;
In VICE's drunken cup for ever guzzling;
Juſt like the hogs in mud uncleanly nuzzling.
I know the raſcals have a ſin *in petto*,
To rob the holy Lady of Loretto;
Attack her temple with their guns, ſo warriſh,
And thruſt the Gentlewoman on the pariſh—
A Lady all ſo graceful, gay, and rich,
With gems and wonders lodg'd in every ſtitch.
Heir of SAINT PETER, kindle then thine ire,
And bid FRANCE feel thy apoſtolic fire;
Think of the quantity of ſacred wood
Thy treaſuries can launch into the flood;
What ſhips the holy manger can create!
At leaſt a dozen of the largeſt rate—
And, lo, enough of ſweet SAINT MARTHA's hair,
To rig this dozen mighty ſhips of war.

Our SAVIOUR's pap-ſpoon, that a world adores,
Would make a hundred thouſand pair of oars.
Gather the ſtones that knock'd down poor SAINT
STEPHEN,
And fling at Frenchmen in the name of Heav'n;
Bring forth the thouſands of SAINT CATHERINE's nails,
That ev'ry convent, church, and chapel hails—
For ſtorms, uncork the bottled ſighs of Martyrs,
And blow the rogues to earth's remoteſt quarters.
Such relicks, of good mother CHURCH the pride,
How would they currycomb a Frenchman's hide!
Son of the Church, again I ſay, ariſe,
And flaſh new marvels in their ſinner eyes;
With teeth and jawbones on thy holy back,
Thumbs, fingers, knucklebones, to fill a ſack;
With joints of rump and loins, and heels and toes,
Begin thy march, and meet thy atheiſt foes;
Struck with a panic ſhall the villains leap,
And fly thy preſence, like a flock of ſheep.
Thus ſhall the Rebels to RELIGION yield,
And thou with holy triumph keep the field.

'Thus in Jamaica, once upon a time,
(Ah! well remember'd by the man of rhyme!)

QUAKO,

QUAKO, high prieſt of all the Negro nation,
And full of Negro faith in conjuration,
Loaded his jackaſs deep with wonder-bags
Of monkeys teeth, glaſs, horſe-hair, and red * rags;
When forth they march'd—a goodly, ſolemn pace,
To pour deſtruction on the Chriſtian race;
To ſend the huſbands to th' infernal ſhades,
Hug their dear wives, and raviſh the fair maids;
To bring God MUMBO JUMBO into vogue,
And ſanctify the names of wh— and rogue!
By FORTUNE's foot behold the ſcheme disjointed;
And, lo, the BLACK APOSTLE, diſappointed!
But mark! this diff'rence, to the world's ſurpriſe,
Between your HOLINESS and QUAKO lies:—
O'er FRANCE (no more an unbelieving foe,
Who bought their relicks, and ador'd thy toe)
Divine dominion ſhalt thou ſtretch, O POPE,
While luckleſs QUAKO only ſtretch'd—a *rope*.

Where is the Prieſt that cannot curſe a rat,
A weaſel, locuſt, graſshopper, and gnat?—
If *journeymen* can curſe the reptile clan,
The maſter certainly can curſe a *man*.

* Theſe little bags are called by the Negroes, *Obia*, and are ſuppoſed tobe poſſeſſed of great witchcraft virtues.

Father of Miracles, then ſtir thy ſtumps,
And break the legs of SIN, that takes ſuch jumps;
Fall not upon thy face, and cur-like yelp;
And, panting, panic-ſtricken, cry—"God help!"
To ſhow that pray'r alone will not avail,
The Muſe ſhall finiſh with a well-known tale.

THE WAGGONER AND JUPITER.

A LUCKLESS waggon roll'd into a ſlough—
CLOD ſcratch'd his head, and growl'd, and knit his
 brow;
 But what avail'd it?—Faſt the waggon lay.
Now CLOD imagin'd, like an idle lout,
A pray'r or two might help the pris'ner out;
 Then unto JUPITER he howl'd away.

"How now! you lazy lubber!" cry'd the God—
"Clap to the wheel your ſhoulder, Maſter CLOD;
 "And (mind me) let your horſes be well flogg'd."
CLOD took th' advice, exerted all his ſtrength:
The waggon mov'd, and mov'd; and, lo, at length,
 Forc'd from the quagmire, on again it jogg'd.

Such

Such is the ſimple tale, O man of God!
Go thou, and imitate the bumpkin CLOD.
  I do not call your HOLINESS a *lubber*;
But let me tell thee, in an eaſy way,
Contrive with ſkill this *game of Saints* to play;
  Thou'lt beat thy anceſtors, and win the rubber.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

Just as I had finished my Epistle, it struck me that his Holiness kept a bad *house at Rome—Marvelling Reader, nothing less than a large B-wdy House, from which he derives an immensity of* impure *emolument: so that this great Son of the Church, God's Vicegerent on earth, taxes female flesh, winks at fornication, and consequently promotes the cause of carnality. Thus is a great commandment broken, and lasciviousness become sanctioned by the Successor of the Apostolic* PETER. *From this sad circumstance probably the Bone, Wood, and Metal Conductors of Miracle, like the Electric Machine in foul weather, will not answer so well; and consequently a disappointment may attend the experiments. The Bard, therefore, wishing the Moral Hemisphere to be as clear as possible, very properly addresses a pair of reprimanding Odes to his Holiness on the occasion, in sanguine hopes of a reformation.*

O D E.

LET me confess that Beauty is delicious:
To clasp it in our arms, is nice—but vicious:
That is to say, *unlawful* hugs—caresses
Which want those bonds which God Almighty blesses.

I do

I do not ſay that we ſhould not *embrace:*
We *may*—but then it ſhould be done with *grace*:
The fleſh ſhould ſcarce be thought of—there's the merit:
Sweet are the palpitations of the ſpirit!

Pure are indeed the kiſſes of th' upright;
So ſimple, meek, and ſanctified, and ſlight!
Good men ſo *ſoftly* preſs the virgin lip!
But *wicked* man! what does he, carnal wretch,
With all his horſe-like paſſions on full ſtretch?
The mouth, ſweet cup of kiſſes, ſcorns to *ſip*—

But with the ſpicy nectar waxing warm,
The knave gets drunk upon the pouting charm;
Seizes the damſel round the waiſt ſo handy;
And, as I've ſaid before, gets drunk, the beaſt,
Like aldermen, the guttlers at a feaſt:
For ladies' lips are cherries ſteep'd in brandy,

The flaxen ringlets, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The cheek of bloom; the lip, delightful neſt
Of balmy kiſſes, moiſt with rich deſires;
The burning bluſhes, and the panting heart;
The yielding wiſhes that the eyes impart,
Oft in our boſom kindle glaſs-houſe fires,

Oh! ſhun the tempting nets that Satan ſpins!
The higheſt pleaſures are the deepeſt ſins!
Woman's a lovely animal, 'tis true—
Too well, indeed, the lawleſs paſſions know it:
Unbridled rogues, that wild the charm purſue,
And madly with the ſcythe of ruin mow it—

Thus giving it of death the wicked wound—
A tender flow'r ſtretch'd ſweetly on the ground!

"Ware lark," the ſportſman to his pointer cries
Deſigning him for partridge—nobler game.
As the ſoul's partridge is the ſkies,
"Ware girl," ſhould Piety exclaim.

Bleſt is the ſimple man by virtue ſway'd,
Who wiſhful burns not for the blooming maid:
Whoſe pulſes calm as ſleeping puppies lie;
Who ruſheth not to prey upon her charms,
Full of Love's mad emotions, mad alarms,
Juſt like a famiſh'd ſpider on a fly,
That in the tyrant's claws reſigns its breath,
Unhappy humming till it ſleeps in death.

Bleſt

Bleſt is the man who marks the cherry lip,
And ſigheth not the nectar'd ſweets to ſip,
Nor preſs the heaving hills of pureſt ſnow;
Who marks the love-alluring waiſt ſo taper,
Without one wiſh, or pulſe's ſingle caper,
And to his hurrying paſſions cries out, "No!
"Stop, if you pleaſe, young imps, your hot career,
"And ſhun the precipice of fate ſo near;
"Draw in, or, with the horſes of the Sun,
"You drive, like Phaëton, to be undone."

O Pope, I've heard that, when a Friar,
(And Fame, in this, is not a liar)
Thou oft didſt ſmuggle beauty to thy cell,
And, 'ſtead of flogging thy own ſinful back,
Didſt give a ſweet Italian girl the ſmack—
The *ſmacks* indeed of Love that lead to Hell!

And lo, thou ſinner, Pope, inſtead
Of counting ev'ry ſacred bead,
Thou wickedly didſt count the damſel's charms:
Inſtead of claſping the moſt holy croſs,
Such was of ſanctity thy loſs,
Thou ſqueezed'ſt mortal limbs amid thy arms:

Inſtead

Inſtead of kiſſing the moſt ſacred wood,
Lo, were thy lips defil'd by fleſh and blood.

Inſtead of pſalmody, the ſkies to greet,
In ſinful catches didſt thou deal, and glee;
And lo, to put the angels in a ſweat,
Thou dandled'ſt the young harlot on thy knee,
Singing that wanton ſong of ſhame,
" A lovely laſs to a friar came!"

Inſtead of begging gracious Heav'n,
For all thy ſins to be forgiv'n,
Ready wert thou to manufacture more!
Thy paſſions, ev'ry one a mutineer,
Juſt like a caſk of cyder, ale, or beer,
Fermenting, frothing, friſking, foaming o'er.

The ſongs of harlots to thine ear,
So full of witchery, were dear,
And boſom of deſire that hook'd thine eye!
Dear as a murder to a certain JUDGE,
A well-known wight who ſeems to grudge
Life and enjoyment to a fly;

Who, ſond of hanging, robs the very cats,
And on a gibbet mounts his captive rats
And moles,
To look like dangling men and maids, poor ſouls!

Inſtead of loudly crying, "Let us pray,"
Thou, in thy twilight cell ſo ſnug,
Didſt to an armfull of rich beauty ſay,
In whiſper ſoft, "BETTINA, let us hug."

Inſtead of turning *upwards* thy two eyes
Devoutly, for a bleſſing from the ſkies;
What was thy moſt unhallow'd action? Oh!
Vile didſt thou caſt thoſe eyes on *things* below.

ODE II.

THE world was never wickeder than now—
Wedlock abus'd—her bond pronounc'd a jail;
A wife call'd vilely 'ev'ry body's cow,
'A canifter, or bone to a dog's tail!'
What dare not knaves of this degenerate day,
Of marriage, decent hallow'd marriage, fay?
"Wedlock's a heavy piece of beef, the rump!
"Returns to table, hafh'd and ftew'd, and fry'd,
"And in the ftomach, much to lead ally'd,
"A hard unpleafant undigefted lump:

"But fornication ev'ry man enjoys—
"A fmart anchovy fandwich—that ne'er cloys—
"A *bonne bouche* men are ready to *devour*—
"Swallowing a neat half dozen in an hour.
"Wedlock," they cry, "is a hard pinching boot,
"But fornication is an eafy fhoe—
"The firft won't fuit;
"It wo'n't do.

"A girl of pleafure's a light fowling-piece—
"With this you follow up your game with eafe:
"Tha

"That heavy lump, a *wife*, (confound her!)
"Makes the bones crack,
"And ſeems, upon the ſportſman's breaking back,
"A lumb'ring eighteen-pounder.

"*One* is a ſummer-houſe, ſo neat and trim,
"To viſit afternoons for PLEASURE's whim;
"So airy, like a butterfly ſo light;
"The *other*, an old caſtle with huge walls—
"Where MELANCHOLY mopes amid the halls,
"Wrapp'd in the doleful duſky veil of NIGHT."

Then, POPE, on fornication turn thy back:
Oh, let it feel the thunder of attack!
Moſt dangerous is this habit, Sir, of ſinning:
Hang all the Bawds; for where's a greater vice,
Than taking in young creatures, all ſo nice?
And yet to them, 'tis merely knitting, ſpinning—
No more!
Although the innocent is made a wh—.

With juſt as much *ſang-froid*, as at their ſhops
The butchers ſell rump-ſteaks, or mutton-chops,
Or cooks ſerve up a fiſh, with ſkill diſplay'd,

So

So an old Abbeſs, for the rattling rakes,
A tempting diſh of human nature makes,
And dreſſes up a luſcious maid:
I rather ſhould have ſaid, indeed, *un*dreſſes,
To pleaſe a youth's unſanctified careſſes.

Thus, in the practices of fleſhy evil,
They're off upon a gallop to the devil;
Yet deem themſelves, poor dupes, cockſure of Heav'n;
As though Salvation could to bawds be giv'n,
To jades encouraging thoſe rebel fires,
Pepper'd propenſities, and ſalt deſires;
Curs'd by the Bible, if we truſt tranſlators;
Which ſayeth, "Woe be to all fornicators!"

At Rome, each hour, are horrid actions done!
By *thee* approv'd, thou dar'ſt not, Pope, deny:
Yes, yes, the lawleſs places are well known,
Where youth for venal pleaſures madly fly,
Bargain for beauteous charm, and pick, and cull it,
As at a poulterer's *Betty* turns a pullet.

I like examples of a wicked act—
Take, therefore, Reader, from the Bard a fact.

An

An old *Procureſs* groaning, ſighing, dying,
A rake-hell enters the old Beldame's room—
" Hæ, mother! thinking on the day of doom?
" Hæ—dam'me, ſlabb'ring, whining, praying, crying?
" Well, mother! what young filly haſt thou got,
" To give a gentleman a little trot?"

" O Captain, pray, your idle nonſenſe ceaſe,
" And let a poor old ſoul depart in peace!
" What wicked things the dev'l puts in your head!
" Where can you hope to go when you are dead?"

" How now, old Beldame?—ſhamming Heav'n with " praying!
" Come, come, to bus'neſs—don't keep ſuch a braying;
" Let's ſee your ſtuff—come, Beldame, ſhow your ware;
" Some little Phillis, freſh from country air."

" O Captain, how *unpiouſly* you prate!
" Well, well, I ſee there's no reſiſting fate;
" Go, go to the next room, and there's a bed—
" And ſuch a charming creature in't—ſuch grace!
" Such ſweet ſimplicity! and *ſuch* a face!—
" Captain, you are a devil—you are, indeed.

" I thank

"I thank my ſtars that nought *my* conſcience twits;
"Which to my parting ſoul doth joy afford.
"O Captain! Captain! what, for nice young *Tits*,
"What will you do, when I am with the LORD?"

REFLECTION.

Such was the fact! thus was this Bawd perſuaded,
Heav'n's maſſy door would not be barricaded!
Sure, in her mind, that PETER would unlock it!
Thus had her ſoul thy paſſport in its pocket.

Though the Author has ſo ſeverely reprimanded HIS HOLINESS *for his incontinency, he, with the utmoſt candour, ſuſpecteth his own frailty.*

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

NYMPH of meek and bluſhful mien,
Lone wand'rer of the rural ſcene,
Who loveſt not the city's buſtling ſound,
But in the ſtill and ſimple vale
Art pleas'd to hear the turtle's tale,
'Mid the gay minſtrelſy that floats around!

Now on the bank, amid the ſunny beam,
I ſee thee mark the natives of the ſtream,
That break the dimpling ſurface with delight;
Now ſee thee pitying a poor captive Fly,
Snapp'd from the lov'd companions of his joy,
And, ſwallow'd, ſink beneath the gulph of *night.*

Now ſee thee, in the humming golden hour,
Obſervant of the Bee, from flow'r to flow'r,
That loads with varied balm his little thighs,
To guard againſt chill winter's famiſh'd day,
When rains deſcend, and clouds obſcure the ray,
And tempeſts pour their thunder through the ſkies.

Now ſee thee happy, with the ſweeteſt ſmile,
Attentive ſtretch'd along the fragrant ſoil;
Beholding the ſmall myriads of the plain,
The piſmires, ſome upon their ſunny hills,
Some thirſty wand'ring to the cryſtal rills,
Some loaded, bringing back the ſnowy grain;

So like the lab'ring ſwains, who yet look down
Contemptuous on their toils and tiny town!

Now ſee thee playful chaſe the child of ſpring,
The winnowing Butterfly with painted wing,
That buſy flickers on from bloom to bloom;
Purſuing wildly now a fav'rite FAIR,
Circling amid the golden realm of air,
And leaving, all for *love*, the pea's perfume.

Now

Now ſee thee peeping on the ſecret neſt,
Where ſits the parent WREN in patient reſt;
While at her ſide her feather'd partner ſings;
Chaunts his ſhort note, to charm her nurſing day;
Now for his loves purſues his airy way,
And now with food returns on cheerful wings.

Pleas'd could I ſit with thee, O nymph ſo ſweet,
And hear the happy flocks around thee *bleat*;
And mark their ſkipping ſports along the land;
Now hear thee to a fav'rite lambkin ſpeak,
Who wanton ſtretches forth his woolly neck,
And plucks the fragrant herbage from thy hand.

Thus could I dwell with thee for many an hour:
Yet, ſhould a rural VENUS from her bow'r
Step forth with boſom bare, and beaming eye,
And flaxen locks, luxuriant roſe-clad cheek,
And purple lip, and dimpled chin ſo ſleek,
And archly heave the love-ſeducing ſigh;

And cry, "Come hither, ſwain—be not afraid;
"Embrace the *wild*, and quit the *ſimple* maid"—
I *verily* believe that I ſhould *go*:

Yet, parting, ſhould I ſay to thee, " Farewell—
" I cannot help it—WITCHCRAFT's in her cell—
" The PASSIONS like to be where tempeſts blow—
" Go, Girl, enjoy thy fiſh, and flies, and doves;
" But ſuffer *me* to wanton with the *Loves*."

Thus ſhould I act—excuſe me, charming Saint:
An imp am I, in VIRTUE's cauſe ſo faint;
Like DAVID in his youth, a lawleſs ſwain!
Preferring (let me own with bluſhing face)
The ſtorms of PASSION to the calms of GRACE:
One ounce of *pleaſure* to a pound of *pain*.

PATHETIC ODES.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S DOG *THUNDER*, AND THE WIDOW'S PIGS:

A TALE.

THE POOR SOLDIER OF TILBURY FORT.

ODE TO CERTAIN FOREIGN SOLDIERS.

ODE TO EASTERN TYRANTS.

THE FROGS AND JUPITER—A FABLE.

THE DIAMOND PIN AND CANDLE—A FABLE.

THE SUN AND THE PEACOCK—A FABLE.

Far off the HERO *bleeds* in Brighton Wars,
At least his Horſe's *ribs* ſo glorious bleed;
Where, nobly daring danger, death, and fears,
He flies and rallies on his bounding ſteed!

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO

HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

SIR,

YOUR GRACE's well-known accomplishments; your GRACE's well-known liberality; your GRACE's well-known love of sham-fights; your GRACE's well-known rage for Public Liberty; your GRACE's well-known political economy; your GRACE's well-known private economy; and last, though not least, your GRACE's well-known Christian-like benevolence to objects of charity; form such a constellation of virtues as must inspire every Author with an ambition of dedicating his labours to so splendid a character. Flies are fond of the sun.

The great displeasure lately given by your GRACE to their *High Mightinesses Messieurs* PITT and DUNDAS, and *one or two* more whom we forbear to mention, has spurred the Muse to take the part of exalted

Merit,

Merit, defend you with her ægis againſt the united ſhes of a whole kingdom, and endeavour to reſtore your GRACE to a *firm ſeat* on that high-mettled war-horſe, ORDNANCE, upon which your GRACE ſeems to ſit ſo *dangerouſly looſe*.

I am, your GRACE's, &c.

P. PINDAR.

O D E

The Poet giveth PHILOSOPHY's modeſt and ſublime picture of INFINITY, a picture damned by the GREAT FOLK of the preſent day.—PETER maketh a moſt ſagacious diſcovery of a connexion never thought of before, viz. between FOLLY and GRANDEUR.—He talketh of wiſdom, and abuſeth the blindneſs of the *Vulgar*.—He talketh of FLATTERY.—He plumply contradicteth the *Vulgar*, and advanceth unanſwerable reaſons. —He deſcanteth on MIND and BODY, proving that a horſe-whip is as neceſſary for the one as the other.—The wiſe and elegant Speech of the 'SQUIRE, or Elder Brother.—The Poet diſcovereth Diſtance to be the parent of Admiration, and confuteth the opinion of MOB, by a pantomimical illuſtration. —PETER attacketh many GREAT MEN, moſt aptly making uſe of a wind-mill and a warming-pan.—He ſelecteth *one* Great and Good Man from the herd of *bad*.

THOUGH huge to *us* this flying World appears,
And *great* the bulk of a thouſand years;
How *ſmall* to HIM who form'd the VAST of nature!
One trembling drop of animated water!*

What

* Conſult the wonders of the microſcope.

"What are we?—Reptiles claiming PITY's ſigh,
"Though in our own conceits ſo fiercely ſtout;
"Nay, ſuch ſmall wights in PROVIDENCE's eye,
"As aſks *Omnipotence* to *find us out*."

So ſays PHILOSOPHY.—"*Fudge*, cant, mere words,
"Traſh, nonſenſe, impudence," cry Kings and Lords.

Ah, Sirs! believe the ſacred truth I tell—
FOLLY and GRANDEUR oft together dwell:
FOLLY with TITLE oft is ſeen to ſkip,
Stare from his eye, and grin upon his lip.

Wiſdom deſcendeth not from king to king,
Or lord to lord, like an eſtate;
The preſent day believeth no ſuch thing—
Matters are *vaſtly* chang'd of late.

What ſays EXPERIENCE from her ſober ſchool?
"NATURE on many a titled front writes *fool*.
"But lo, the vulgar world is blind, ſtone blind;
"The beaſt can ſee no writing of the kind;
"Or if it *ſees*, it cannot *read*—
"Now this is marvellous indeed."

Hark

Hark to the voice of FLATT'RY! thus ſhe ſings—
" Gods of the earth are Emp'rors, Popes, and Kings;
" Godlings, our Dukes and Earls, and ſuch fine folk."
And thus the liar FLATT'RY ſung of yore;
The faſcinated million cry'd *encore*,
For WISDOM was too young to ſmell the joke.

Wide was the ſphere of IGNORANCE, alas!
And faint, too faint, of TRUTH's young ſun the ray;
Too feeble through th' IMMENSE of gloom to paſs,
And beaming chaſe a world of fog away.

Ye VULGAR cry, " GREAT MEN are wond'rous wiſe"—
Whoever told you ſo, told arrant lies:
It cannot be.—Not be! why?—Hear me, pray,
They are ſo dev'liſh *lazy*, let me ſay.

The Mind wants luſty flogging, to be *great:*
To uſe a vulgar phraſe, " The Mind muſt *ſweat*."
Now men of worſhip will *not* ſweat the Mind;
Meat, clothes, and pleaſure, come *without*, they find.

What

What man will make a drayhorſe of the ſoul,
To drag from SCIENCE's hard quarry, ſtone,
Who really wanteth nothing from the hole—
A toil which therefore may be let alone?

Th' idea ſeems ſo wond'rouſly *uncouth*,
As maketh ev'ry elder brother *ſtart*;
Who openeth thus his widely-grinning mouth,
" Fine fun indeed for *me* to drag a *cart*!

" Let *younger brothers* join it, if they pleaſe;
" Old SQUARE-TOES, thank my God, has caught *my* fleas."

Suppoſe ye want a fine ſtrong fellow?—ſpeak,
Where for this fine ſtrong fellow would ye ſeek?
" Seek! ſeek a drayman," with one voice ye cry;
" A chairman or a ploughman, to be ſure;
" Men who a conſtancy of toil endure;
" Such are the fellows that we ought to try."

This then is granted—well then, don't ye find
Some likeneſs 'twixt the *body* and the *mind*?

Diſtance

Diſtance has wonderful effects indeed;
But, Sirs, this is not ev'ry body's creed:
Mob is not in the ſecret—that's the caſe;
Mob deemeth great men Gods!—yes, ev'ry where,
Far off, or near.
Now let a ſhort remark or two take place.

Firſt, I aſſure you that things are not *ſo*;
By G—d, they are *not* Gods.—I pray ye, go
To pantomimes, where fine caſcades, and fields,
And rocks, a huge delight to Wonder yields:

Approach them—what d'ye find the frowning rocks?
Lord! what imagination really ſhocks!
Black pairs of breeches, ſcarcely worth a groat:
What are the fields ſo flouriſhing? green bays,
The objects of your moſt aſtoniſh'd gaze:
What the caſcade? a tinſel petticoat,
And tinſel gown upon a windlaſs turning,
The fields and rocks ſo *nat'rally* adorning.

Great men, I've ſaid it, often are great fools,
Great ſycophants, great ſwindlers, and great knaves;
Too often bred in Tyranny's dark ſchools,
Happy to ſee the under-world their ſlaves.
Great men, at *diff'rent* times, are *diff'rent* too;
More ſo when int'reſt is the game in view.

A windmill and a warming-pan, no doubt,
Are moſt unlike each other in their nature;
Yet, truſt me, the ſame man, *in* place and *out*,
Is to the full as oppoſite a creature.

Yet *ſome* great men are good!—and, by miſchance,
Their eyes on mis'ry will not always glance:
As, for example, RICHMOND's glorious GRACE,
A Duke of moſt *unqueſtionable* merit,
With MERC'RY's cunning, and dread MARS's ſpirit,
Who took the ORDNANCE, a tremendous place!

This DUKE of THUNDER is for ever *ſpying*;
To find out objects of ſheer merit, trying:
How happy too, if objects of *diſtreſs!*
Thus is his GRACE of Guns ador'd by all;
For this, where'er he rides, both great and ſmall,
Him and his horſe, with eyes uplifted, bleſs.

This TURENNE* would be ſorry, very ſorry,
Should *one* pale form of want his eye eſcape:
"No," cries his Grace, "MISFORTUNE ſhall not worry,
"Whilſt *I* a ſixpence for the poor can ſcrape."

How

* A French General, of the last century, poſſeſſed of the ſublimeſt qualities.

How much like MAJESTY in Windſor town,
Hunting for PITY's objects up and down!

Yet ſince diſtreſs *has* 'ſcap'd his GRACE's eye,
The Muſe o'er TILB'RY Fort ſhall breathe a ſigh.
Yet ere on TILB'RY FORT we drop a tear,
Lo, with a tale we treat the public ear—
Relate a pretty ſtory of his GRACE:
Much will the tale his GRACE's ſoul diſplay—
Happ'ning ('tis ſaid) at Goodwood on a day—
'Twill put a ſmile or frown on ev'ry face.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S DOG

THUNDER,

AND

THE WIDOW'S PIGS.

The Widow's whole fortune lodged in the Sow.—Her joy on the Sow's lying-in.—The Duke's dog THUNDER much like Courtiers.—THUNDER killeth the young Pigs, yet ſurpaſſeth Courtiers in modeſty.—The Sow cryeth out—The Widow joineth the Sow in her exclamations.—The old Steward cometh forth at the cry of the Sow and Widow, and uttereth a moſt pathetic exclamation.—A ſenſible diſſertation on the different ſpecies of *compaſſion*.—The Widow's piteous addreſs to his GRACE.—His GRACE's humane and generous anſwer to the Widow.

A DAME near Goodwood, own'd a Sow, her all,
Which nat'rally did into travail fall,
  And brought forth many a comely ſon and daughter;
On which the WIDOW wond'rouſly was glad,
Caper'd and ſung, as really ſhe were mad—
  But TEARS oft hang upon the heels of LAUGHTER.

At

At Goodwood dwelt the Duke's great dog, call'd
THUNDER,
A dog, like courtiers, much inclin'd to plunder;
This dog, with courtier-jealoufy fo bitter,
Beheld the fweetly-fnuffling fportive litter.

Bounce! without "by your leave," or leaft harangue,
Upon this harmlefs litter, THUNDER fprang,
And murder'd brothers, fifters, quick as thought;
Then fneak'd away, his tail between his *rear*,
Seeming afham'd—unlike great courtiers here,
Who (FAME reporteth) are afham'd of *nought*.

The childlefs Sow fet up a fhriek *fo* loud!
All her fweet babies ready for the fhroud;
Now chas'd the rogue that fuch fad mifchief work'd:
Out ran the DAME—join'd MISTRESS Sow's fhrill cries;
Burft was at once the bag that held her fighs,
And all the bottles of her tears uncork'd.

"Oh! the Duke's dog has ruin'd me outright;
"Oh! he hath murder'd all my pretty pigs."
Forth march'd the Steward grey, with lifted fight,
And lifted hands, good man, and cry'd "Odfnigs!"

Word of ſurpriſe! which, with a plaintive tone,
And rueful countenance, and hollow groan,
   Did ſeem like *pity* alſo, for her caſe:
Yet what's *Odſnigs*, or moan, or groan, or ſighs,
Unhelp'd, by FAMINE if the object *dies*?
   Or what a yard of methodiſtic face?

Compaſſions differ very much, we find!
One deals in *ſighs*—now ſighs are merely *wind*:
Another only good advice affords,
Inſtead of alms—now this is only *words*:
Another cannot bear to *ſee* the poor;
So orders the pale beggar from the door.

Now *that* compaſſion is the beſt, I think,
   (But, ah! the human ſoul it rarely graces)
Inſtead of groans, which giveth meat and drink;
   Off'ring *long* purſes too, inſtead of faces.

But, MUSE, we drop DOG, DUKE, and SOW, and
      DAME,
   To follow an old pitiful remark;
Like wanton ſpaniels that deſert the game,
   To yelp and courſe a butterfly or lark.

Now

Now to his GRACE the howling Widow goes,
Wiping her eyes ſo red, and flowing noſe.

" Oh! pleaſe your Grace, your Grace's dev'liſh dog,
" THUNDER's confounded wicked chops
" Have murder'd all my beauteous hopes—
" I hope your Grace will pay for ev'ry hog."

What anſwer gave his GRACE?—With placid brow,
" Don't cry," quoth he, " and make ſo much foul weather—
" Go home, DAME; and when Thunder eats the *ſow*,
" I'll pay for all the *family* together."

O D E

TO

A POOR SOLDIER OF TILBURY FORT.

The Poet pronounceth the very great *ſhyneſs* ſubſiſting between MERIT and MONEY.—MERIT'S connexion with Poverty, and the conſequence.—Attack on FORTUNE.—Addreſs to the poor SOLDIER.—He pitieth the poor Soldier's pitiable fate, viz. his ragged coat, hungry ſtomach, and want of fire.—His companions on the mud.—PETER ſmileth at the hubbub made on account of a ſhot-hole in the *little* coat of a *great* PRINCE, a remnant of glory that may probably add another ray to the luſtre of SAINT PAUL'S.—PETER moſt pathetically enquireth for his GRACE—proclaimeth him to be at Brighton, moſt heroically engaged.—The different amuſements of his GRACE at Brighton, awake and aſleep.—Crumbs of conſolation to the poor Soldier.

MERIT and MONEY very ſeldom meet;
Form'd for each other, they ſhould oftener greet;
Indeed *much* oftener ſhould be ſeen together:
But MONEY, vaſtly ſhy, doth keep aloof;
Thus POVERTY and MERIT beat the hoof,
Expos'd, poor ſouls, to every kind of weather.

Thus as a greyhound is meek MERIT lean,
So ſlammakin, *untidy*, ragged, mean,
Her garments all ſo ſhabby and unpinn'd:
But look at FOLLY's fat Dutch lubber CHILD;
How on the tawdry cub has FORTUNE *ſmil'd*,
When with contempt the GODDESS ſhould have *grinn'd!*

So much for preamble; and now for THEE,
Whoſe ſtate forlorn, his GRACE could never *ſee*.

Poor SOLDIER, after many a dire campaign,
Drawn mangled from the gory hills of ſlain,
Perhaps the ſoul of Beliſarius *thine*;
Why with a tatter'd coat along the ſhore,
Where OCEAN ſeems to heave a pitying roar,
Why do I ſee thee thus neglected pine?

Poor wretch! along the ſands condemn'd to go,
And join a hungry dog, or famiſh'd cat,
A pig, a gull, a cormorant, a crow,
In queſt of crabs, a muſcle, or a ſprat!

Now, at NIGHT's awful, pale, and ſilent noon,
Along the beach I ſee thee lonely creep,
Beneath the paſſing ſolitary moon,
A ſpectre ſtealing 'mid the world of ſleep.

Griev'd at thy channell'd cheek, and hoary hair,
And quiv'ring lip, I mark thy famiſh'd form,
And hollow jellied orbs that dimly ſtare,
Thou piteous penſioner upon the ſtorm.
The MUSE's handkerchief ſhall wipe thine eye,
And bring ſweet HOPE to ſooth the mournful ſigh.

Deſerted Hero! what! condemn'd to pick,
With wither'd, palſy'd, ſhaking, wounded hand,
Of wrecks, alas! the melancholy ſtick,
Thrown by the howling tempeſt on the ſtrand?

Glean'd with the very hand that graſp'd the ſword,
To guard the throne of BRITAIN's SACRED LORD!
While COWARDICE at home, from danger ſhrinks,
And on an Empire's vitals eats and drinks.

Heav'ns! let a ſpent and rambling ſhot
Touch but a *Prince*'s hat or coat,

Expanded

Expanded are the hundred mouths of FAME;
Whilſt braver thouſands (but *untitled* wretches),
Swept by the ſword, ſhall drop like paltry vetches,
Their fate unpitied, and unheard their name!

Poor Soldier! [illegible] that ſtick to make a fire,
To warm thyſelf, and wife, and children dear?
Where is the goodly Duke—of Coals the 'SQUIRE,
Whoſe heart hath melted oft at MIS'RY's tear?

Sad vet'ran! is that *coat* thy ragged ALL?
Sport of the ſaucy winds and ſoaking rain!
For *this* has COURAGE fac'd the flying ball?
For *this* has bleeding BRAV'RY preſs'd the plain?

Where is the Man who mocks the grin of Death,
Turns Bagſhot pale, and frightens Hounſlow Heath?

Far off, alas! he bleeds in Brighton wars;
At leaſt his horſe's ribs ſo glorious *bleed*;
Where, nobly daring danger, death, and ſcars,
He flies and rallies on his bounding ſteed.

There too his GRACE may wield his happy pen,
To prove that truly great and valiant men,

In idle duels never ſhould engage,
But nurſe for dread Reviews their godlike rage.

Far off, the HERO, in his tent reclin'd,
  Where high and mighty meditations ſuit,
On leather, leather, turns his lofty mind,
  To make a cannon of an old jack-boot!

Great geniuses, how loftily they jump!
  Lord! what his rapture when he deigns to ride!
To feel beneath his GRACE's gracious rump,
  An eighteen-pounder in his horſe's hide!

There too, to Barracks, fir'd in FREEDOM's cauſe,
  And to Mount Wyſe,* his lyre the HERO tunes;
There too the pow'r of doting FANCY draws
  The Royal George to fight by air-balloons.†

This, FANCY's pow'r moſt eaſily can dare—
  By FANCY's pow'r the royal ſhip may riſe,
Borne by her bladders through the fields of air,
  Juſt like a twig, by rooks, along the ſkies.

There

* A place near Plymouth Dock, on which the national treaſure has been ſo *wiſely* expended for the *innumerable conveniencies* of his brother Lennox.

† This was actually propoſed by his GRACE, with every ſanguine idea of ſucceſs.

There too, at midnight drear, the HERO ſchemes,
'Midſt hum and ſnore of troops, for England's good;
Explores machines of death in happy dreams,
For hills of bones, and cataracts of blood.

There, like King Richard, whom the Furies rend,
He buſtles in his ſleep, and ſtarts, and turns;
Now graſps the ſword, and now a candle end,
That, blazing like *himſelf*, beſide him burns.

Thus, 'mid his tent reclin'd, the GODLIKE MAN
Vaſt ſchemes in ſlumber ſpins for England's ſake;
" And lo," quoth FAME, "his Godlike Grace can plan
" As wiſely in his ſleep as when awake."

When, with his hoſt, CALIGULA came over,
No matter where—for rhyme-ſake call it *Dover*—
What were the trophies hence to Rome he bore?
Of paltry perriwinkles juſt a ſcore!

But RICHMOND from his Brighton wars ſhall bring
Life to the State, and ſafety to a King!

Bleſt

Bleſt Man! from Brighton field, with laurels crown'd,
He triumphs up to town without a wound;*
From Brighton wars, that witneſs'd not a corſe!
Moſt lucky, loſing neither man nor horſe!

Thus then, O SOLDIER, *diſtance* hides his GRACE;
Thus is the ſun, at times, of clouds the ſport:
Yet ſoon the glories of his Lordſhip's face
Shall, like a comet, blaze o'er TILB'RY FORT.

There ſhall the MUSE thy piteous tale unfold,
Gain thee a coat, and coals, to kill the cold;
Nay, fat ſhall ſwim upon thy meagre porridge:
The ſympathiſing DUKE her tale will hear,
And drop, at ſound of coat and coals, a tear—
For RICHMOND's *bounty* equals RICHMOND's *courage*.

* The Poet ſeems to have forgotten himſelf: his motto talks a different language: but the *quidlibet audendi* belongs as much to P. P. as to every other poet.

AN

AN

ODE

TO

CERTAIN FOREIGN SOLDIERS

IN

CERTAIN PAY.

A complimentary addrefs to the Soldiers.—Wholefome advice.—PETER draweth a natural and pathetic picture of poor LITTLE LOUIS, reported to have been difgracefully put an apprentice to a Cobbler.—The infolence and cruelty of his mafter the COBBLER.—The COBBLER blafphemoufly abufeth TITLE.—The little COBBLER KING cryeth.—Senfible reflexions on the genius of Kings, with a lick at the French Convention, and alfo at his own ftupidity.—PETER fupplicateth for the little LOUIS.—Advifeth the Soldiers to a bold action.—Enquireth of Soldiers *who* is to receive their *Death-money*.—PETER comforteth, and reconcileth them to *Death*.

PETER bleffeth the King and the War, and curfeth REFORM, a word in the mouths of Mr. PITT and the DUKE OF RICHMOND *before* they got into office.—PETER advifeth *more* taxes, for a weighty political reafon, *videlicet*, on account of the the *impudence* of a NATION, which always increafeth in an infufferable *ratio*, with riches.

YE Heroes, from your wives and turnips far,
Who wage fo glorioufly the flying war,
I give you joy of hand and leg endeavour;
And though ye fometimes chance to run away,
The generous GENERAL MURRAY's pleas'd to fay,
"'Tis very great indeed—'tis vaftly clever."

O cut

O cut the Frenchmen's throats, the reſtleſs dogs!
O with the tiger's gripe upon them ſpring!
A pack of vile, degrading, horrid hogs;
To make a dirty cobbler of a King!

See *ſtool-propp'd* MAJESTY the leather ſpread;
Behold its pretty fingers wax the thread,
And now the leather on the lapſtone, hole;
Now puts his Majeſty the briſtle in,
Now wide he throws his arms with milk-white ſkin,
And now he ſpits and hammers on the ſole.

And lo, a raſcal, chriſten'd SANS-CULOTTE,
Leers on the window of his ſhed; and lo,
He bawls (without of awe a ſingle jot)
"Come, Maſter King—quick, ſirrah, mend my ſhoe."

And ſee! the *ſhoe* the little Monarch takes,
And lo, at ev'ry ſtitch with fear he quakes.—
Such is of *Liberty* the bleſſed fruit!
The name *Licentiouſneſs* would better ſuit.

Behold SAINT CRISPIN'S picture, ſtrange to tell,
The low-life cobbler's tutelary Saint,
Of little LOUIS deck the dirty cell;
How diff'rent from the lofty LOUVRE'S paint!

See

ee! his hard Maſter catches up the ſtrap,
And laſhes the young King's poor back and ſide—
Now! flog his MAJESTY!—for what mishap?
"Ye Gods! becauſe he ſpoil'd a bit of hide!

Hear, hear the cruel tyrant thus exclaim!
" Sirrah, there's nothing in a lofty name;
" 'Tis all mere nonſenſe, ſound, and ſtuff together:
" Don't think, becauſe thy anceſtors, ſo *great*,
" Have to a *paring* brought a glorious State,
" I give thee leave to ſpoil a *piece* of leather."

And now behold the little tears, like peas,
Courſe o'er his tender cheek in ſilence down;
And now, with bitter grief, he feels and ſees
The diff'rence 'twixt a ſtirrup and a crown.

Folly! to make a *cobbler* of a *King!*
'Tis ſuch a piece of madneſs, to my mind!
What could CONVENTION hope from ſuch a thing?
The race is fit for *nothing*—of the kind.

Heav'ns! then how dull I am! It was *diſgrace*
FRANCE meant to put upon the royal race;
" Aye, and diſgrace upon the *Cobbler* too,"
Moſt impudently roars the MAN OF SHOE.

O from the lapſtone ſet the Monarch free!
O ſnatch the ſtirrup from his royal knee;
Pull the hand-leather off, and ſeize the awl!
Seize too the hammer that his fingers gall!

Soldiers! to Paris ruſh—ſtrike ROBERSPIERRE,
Knock DANTON down, and crucify BARRERE;
Cruſh the vile egg from which the Serpent ſprings,
To dart th' envenom'd fang at ſacred KINGS.

O ſoldiers, *whoſe* your ſkin-money, I pray?
At thirty guineas each—how dear your hides!
Much ſhould I like the contract, let me ſay:
Thrice lucky ROGUE, that o'er your lives preſides!

Then pray don't grumble, Sirs, ſhould ye be *ſhot*;
That is to ſay, if ye deſire to *thrive*;
For know, if death ſhould prove your lucky lot,
You're worth a vaſt *deal more* than when *alive*.

POSTSCRIPT

POSTSCRIPT.

NOW God bleſs our good King, and this good war,
And d-mn that wicked word we call REFORM;
Breeding in Britain ſo much horrid jar,
So witch-like, conj'ring up a dangerous ſtorm!

Yet in the mouths of PITT and RICHMOND'S LORD,
Once what a ſweet and inoffenſive word!
Thus proving the delightful proverb true,
"What's meat to *me*, may poiſon be to *you*."

And now God bleſs once more good Miſter PITT,
Who for *invention* beats nineteen in twenty;
And may this Gentleman's moſt ready wit
Supply the nation all with taxes plenty;
And as the kingdom has unclench'd its fiſt,
Pick out a few odd pence for Civil Liſt.

We are too rich—Dame FORTUNE grows too ſaucy;
Wealth is inclin'd to be confounded *braſſy*.

War

War is a wholeſome bliſter for the back;
  Draining away the humours all ſo *groſs*;
Elſe would the Empire be of guts a ſack—
  A Falſtaff—woolſack—an unwieldy Joſs.

War yieldeth ſuch rare ſpirits to a nation!
Giving the blood ſo briſk a circulation!
A kingdom, and a poet, and a cat,
Should never, never, never be *too fat*.

O D E.

CATS and PRINCES very much alike.

" A CAT who from a window peepeth *out*,
" Is very like a CAT who peepeth *in*"—
Thus is it ſaid—and he who is no lout,
Knoweth that *Cats* are unto *Men* akin.

For PRINCES looking *up* towards a throne,
Are very much like PRINCES looking *down*;
That is, love pow'r, love wealth, have great propenſities,
Sublimely dealing ever in *immenſities*.

PRINCES have *clawing* paſſions too, I ween—
Yes, many a *foreign* King and *foreign* Queen;
With ſtomachs wide too as a whale's, or wider:
The ſubject and a king, in *foreign* land,
I often have been giv'n to underſtand,
Are a poor JACK-ASS and his RIDER.

ODE TO TYRANTS.

PETER, with his poetical broomſtick, belaboureth foreign Tyrants—Taketh the part of the oppreſſed POOR—Aſketh Tyrants knotty and puzzling queſtions—Giveth a ſpeech of CATO.—PETER ſeriouſly informeth them that they are not like the LORD.—PETER taketh a ſurvey of the furniture of their heads.—PETER ſolemnly declareth that the MILLION doth not like to be ridden—Giveth an inſolent ſpeech of Tyrants, and calleth them *Highwaymen*.—The TAYLOR and the Satin Breeches.—The SHOEMAKER and the Shoes.—PETER lamenteth that there ſhould be *ſome* who think it a *ſin* to *reſiſt* Tyrants.—Adviſeth them to read ÆSOP's fables.

WHO, and *what* are ye, ſceptred bullies?—ſpeak,
That millions to *your* will muſt bow the neck,
And, ox-like, meanly take the galling yoke?
Philoſophers your ignorance deſpiſe;
E'en FOLLY, laughing, lifts her maudlin eyes,
And freely on your *wiſdoms* cracks her joke.

How dare ye on the men of labour tread,
Whoſe honeſt toils ſupply your mouths with bread;
Who, groaning, ſweating, like ſo many hacks,
Work you the very clothes upon your backs?
Clothes of *calamity*, I fear,
That hold in ev'ry ſtitch a tear.

4 Who

Who ſent you?—Not the Lord who rules on high,
Sent you to MAN on *purpoſe* from the ſky,
Becauſe of *wiſdom* it is not a *proof*:
Show your credentials, Sirs:—if ye refuſe,
Terrific Gentlemen, our ſmiles excuſe,
BELIEF moſt certainly will keep aloof.

Old virtuous rugged CATO, on a day,
Thus to the SOOTHSAYERS was heard to ſay,
" AUGURS! by all the Gods it is a ſhame
" To gull the mole-ey'd million at this rate;
" Making of gaping blockheads ſuch a game,
" Pretending to be hand and glove with FATE!

" On guts and garbage when ye meet,
" To carry on the holy cheat,
" How is it ye preſerve that ſolemn grace,
" Nor burſt with laughter in each other's face?"

Thus to your courtiers, SIRS, might I exclaim—
" In wonder's name,
How can ye meanly grov'ling bow the head
" To pieces of gilt gingerbread?
Fetch, carry, fawn, kneel, flatter, crawl, tell lies,
To *pleaſe* the creature that ye ſhould *deſpiſe*?"

Tyrants, with all your wonderful dominion,
Ye ar'n't a whit like God, in my opinion;
Though *you* think otherwise, I do presume:
Hot to the marrow with the *ruling* lust,
Fancying your crouching subjects so must *dust*,
Your *lofty selves* the mighty sweeping *broom*.

Open the warehouses of all your brains;
Come, Sirs, turn out—let's see what each contains:
Heav'ns, how ridiculous! what motley stuff!
Shut, quickly shut again the brazen doors;
Too much of balderdash the eye explores;
Yes, shut them, shut them, we have seen enough.

Are *these* the *Beings* to bestride a world?
To *such* sad beasts, has God his creatures hurl'd?

Men want not *Tyrants*—overbearing knaves;
Despots that rule a realm of *slaves*;
Proud to be gaz'd at by a *reptile* race:
Charm'd with the music of their clanking chains,
Pleas'd with the fog of STATE that clouds their brains,
Who cry, with all the impudence of face,

" Behold your GODS !—down, rafcals, on your knees;
" Your money, mifcreants—quick, no words, no ftrife;
" Your lands too, fcoundrels, vermin, lice, bugs, fleas;
" And thank our mercy that allows you *life!*"

Thus fpeak the HIGHWAYMEN in purple pride,
On *Slavery*'s poor gall'd back fo wont to ride.

Who would not laugh to fee a TAYLOR bow
Submiffive to a pair of fatin breeches?
Saying, " O Breeches, all men muft allow
" There's fomething in your afpect that bewitches!

" Let me admire you, Breeches, crown'd with glory;
" And though *I made* you, let me ftill *adore* ye:
" Though a Rump's humble fervant, form'd for need,
" To keep it warm, yet, Lord! you are fo fine,
" I cannot think you are my work indeed—
" Though merely mortal, lo, ye feem divine!'"
Who would not quick exclaim, " The TAYLOR's mad!"
Yet Tyrant-adoration is as bad.

See! CRISPIN makes a pair of handfome fhoes,
Silk and befpangled, fuch as ladies ufe—

Suppose the shoes so proud, upon each heel,
Perk it in CRISPIN's face, with saucy pride,
And all the meanness of his trade deride,
And all the state of self-importance feel;

Tell him the distance between *them* and *him*,
CRISPIN would quickly cry, " A pretty whim!
" Confound your little bodies, though so fine,
" Is not the silk and spangles that ye boast,
" Put on you at *my* proper cost?
" Whatever's on ye, is it not all *mine?*
" Did not I put you *thus* together, pray?"
What could the simple shoes in answer say?

There too are *some* (thank Heav'n they do not *swarm*)
Who deem it *foul* to stay a TYRANT's arm,
That falls with fate upon their humble skulls:
Some for a DESPOT's rod have heav'd the sigh!—
Let *such* on wiser ÆSOP cast an eye,
And read the fable of the *Frogs*, the fools.

THE FROGS AND JUPITER.

THE FROGS, ſo happy 'midſt their peaceful pond,
Of *Emp'rors* grew at once extremely fond;
  Yes, yes, an *Emp'ror* was a *glorious thing*;
Each really took it in his addle pate,
'Twould be ſo *charming* to exchange their ſtate!
  An *Emp'ror* would *ſuch* heaps of bliſſes bring!

Sudden cut hopp'd the NATION on the graſs,
Frog-man and yellow wife, and youth and laſs,
  A numerous tribe, to knuckle down to JOVE,
And pray the Gods to ſend an *Emp'ror* down,
'Twas ſuch a pretty thing, th' IMPERIAL CROWN!
  So form'd their pleaſures, honours, to improve.

Forth from his old blue *weather-box*, the SKIES,
JOVE briſkly ſtepp'd, with two wide-wond'ring eyes:
" MYNHEERS," quoth JOVE, " if ye are wiſe, be quiet;
  " Know when you're happy"—but he preach'd in vain;
They made the moſt abominable riot;
  " An Emp'ror, Emp'ror, yes, we *muſt* obtain."

" Well, *take* one," cry'd the God, and down he ſwopp'd
A monſtrous piece of wood, from whence he chopp'd

Kings for the gentlefolk of ancient days:
Stunn'd at the ſound, the frogs all ſhook with dread;
Like dabchicks, under water puſh'd each head,
Afraid a ſingle noſe ſo pale to raiſe.

At length *one* ſtole a peep, and then a *ſecond*,
Who, ſlily winking to a *third* frog, beckon'd;
And ſo on, till they all obtain'd a peep;
Now nearer, nearer edging on they drew,
And finding nothing terrible, nor new,
Bold on his MAJESTY began to *leap:*

Such hopping this way, that way, off and on!
Such croaking, laughing, ridiculing fun!

In ſhort, ſo very ſhameleſs were they grown;
So much of grace and manners did they lack,
One little villain ſaucily ſquat down,
And, with a grin, defil'd the ROYAL BACK.

Now unto JOVE they, kneeling, pray'd again,
" O JUPITER, this is ſo ſad a beaſt,
" So *dull* a Monarch—ſo devoid of brain!
" Give us a king of *ſpirit*, JOVE, *at leaſt*."

The

The God comply'd, and ſent them EMP'ROR STORK,
Who with his loving ſubjects went to work;
Chas'd the poor ſprawling imps from pool to pool,
Reſolv'd to get a handſome belly full.

Now gaſping, wedg'd within his iron beak,
Did wriggling ſcores moſt lamentably ſqueak:
Bold puſh'd the EMP'ROR on, with ſtride *ſo* noble,
Bolting * his ſubjects with majeſtic gobble.

Again the croaking Tribe began to pray,
'Midſt hoppings, ſcramblings, murder, and diſmay:

" O ſave us, JOVE, from this inhuman TURK!
" O ſave us from this Imp of Hell!
" MYNHEERS," quoth JOVE, " pray keep your *Em-p'ror* STORK—
" Fools never know when they are *well*."

* A term to be found in the HAMPSHIRE DICTIONARY, implying a *rapid* deglutition of bacon, without the *ſober ceremony* of maſtication. It is, moreover, to be obſerved, that Hampſhire ſervants, who are bacon-*bolters*, have always leſs wages than bacon-*chewers*.

O D E.

PETER giveth a *gentle* trimming to the jackets of foreign POTENTATES; and a pair of pretty Fables, by way of looking-glaſſes, for their MOST HIGH HAUGHTINESSES.

EMP'RORS, and POPES, and NABOBS, *mighty things*,
I think, too, we may take in *foreign* KINGS,
Too often deem their HUMBLE MAKERS, *Slaves*;
Now ſuch high *Folk* are either fools or knaves,
Or *both* together probably—a caſe
That happens frequently amongſt the *Race*.
Methinks now, this is ſcandalous—'tis hateful—
Wicked, and, what is full as bad, ungrateful.

The GREAT of many a Continent and Iſle,
Enough to make the ſoureſt Cynic ſmile,
Or, as the proverb ſays, "*make a dog laugh*,"
Think honours from *themſelves* ariſe alone;
Thus are their MAKERS at a *diſtance* thrown,
Conſider'd as mere mob, mere dirt, mere chaff.

The following Fables then will let them know
What to *us riffraff* of the world they owe.

THE

THE

DIAMOND PIN

AND THE

FARTHING CANDLE.

A FABLE.

UPON a Lady's toilet, full of luſtre,
A Di'mond Pin one night began to bluſter:
Full of conceit, like ſome young flirting girl,
Her ſenſes loſt in Vanity's wild whirl:

Highly diſguſted at a Farthing Candle,
Left by the Lady of the *broom*,
Nam'd Susan, ſlipp'd into another room,
Something of conſequence to handle—

"You naſty tallow thing," exclaim'd Miss Pin,
"Pray keep your diſtance—don't ſtay here, and wink;
"I loath ye—you and all your greaſy kin—
"Good heav'ns! how horribly you look and ſtink!"

"Good Lord! Miss Pin," Miss Candle quick re-
"Soften a little that ungrateful pride: [ply'd,

"You

" You *ſhine* indeed—to this I muſt agree:
" Yes, *Miſs*, you make a very pretty blaze;
" But let me tell ye, that your wond'rous rays
" Owe all their boaſted brilliancy to *me*."

" How! *Madam* IMPUDENCE!" rejoin'd MISS PIN,
Firſt with a frown, and then a ſcornful grin;
" I ſhould not ſure have dreamt of *that*,
" MISS FAT!"

" SUSAN," Miſs CANDLE bawl'd, "SUSAN, come here;
" Such ſaucy language I'll no longer bear:
" SUSAN, come, ſatisfy the *Lady*'s doubt—
" Take me away, I ſay, or blow me out."

SUSAN, who, liſt'ning, heard the great diſpute,
By no means could refuſe Miſs CANDLE's ſuit;
So into darkneſs SUSAN blew her beam:
" *Now*," with a ſharp ſarcaſtic ſneer,
" *Now*," quoth Miſs CANDLE, "*now*, my dear,
" Where is of radiance *now* your boaſted ſtream?

" Where are your keen and faſcinating rays,
" Ten thouſand of them—ſuch a mighty blaze?"

Miſs Di'mond ſtar'd, and ſtar'd, and ſtar'd again,
To find departed radiance, but in *vain*.

Quite vaniſh'd! not a ſingle ray diſplay'd!
Each ſparkle ſwallow'd in the depth of ſhade!
Alter'd, quite alter'd, ſadly diſappointed,
The bones of her high pride disjointed,
 "I fear," quoth Pin, "I much miſtake my nature."
"True," anſwer'd Candle, "true, my dear Miſs Pin;
"Lift not, in future, *quite ſo high*, your chin,
 "But ſhow ſome rev'rence for your Blaze-creator."

THE SUN

AND

THE PEACOCK.

A FABLE.

A PEACOCK, mounted on a barn one day,
Bleſt with a *quantum ſufficit* of pride,
All conſequence amid the ſolar ray,
Spread with a ſtrut his circling plumage wide.

" Good morrow, (quoth the Coxcomb) MASTER SUN;
" Your braſſy face has greatly been admir'd—
" Now pray, SOL, anſwer me—I'm not in fun—
" What is there in it to be ſo deſir'd?
" If I have any eyes to ſee,
" And, that I have, is clear to *me*,
" My *tail* poſſeſſes far more ſplendid grace,
" By far more beauty than your WORSHIP'S *face*."

The SUN look'd down with ſmiles upon the fowl,
Suppoſing it at firſt an owl;
And thus with gravity reply'd, " Sir, know

" That though unluckily my *Worſhip's face*
" Seems far beneath your *tail* in ſplendid grace,
" Still to *my face that* glitt'ring *tail* you owe."

" Poh! (quoth the Peacock) Maſter SUN,
" Your *Highneſs* loves a bit of *fun*."
" I beg your pardon," anſwer'd SOL again—
" And, if you pleaſe, Ill condeſcend to ſhow
" How much to *me*, you ev'ry moment owe
" The boaſted beauties of your waving train."

" Agreed, with all my ſoul," the Bird reply'd,
In all the full-blown inſolence of pride;
" To credit ſuch a tale I'm not the noddy:
" Prove that the glorious plumage I diſplay
" Owes all its happy colours to thy ray,
" D-m'me I'll tear my feathers from my body."

The challeng'd SUN in clouds withdrew
His flaming beams from ev'ry view;
And o'er the world a depth of darkneſs ſpread:
The bats their churches left, to wing the air;
The cocks and hens and cows began to ſtare,
And ſulky went all ſupperleſs to bed;

For

For not an Almanack had op'd its lips
About ſo very wond'rous an eclipſe.

The Peacock too, amongſt the reſt
Of marv'ling fowl and ſtaring beaſt,
Turn'd to his feathers with ſome doubt,
Amaz'd to find his hundred eyes put out;
Indeed all nature now appear'd as black
As if old SOL had popp'd into a ſack.

Pleas'd with his triumph, from a cloud,
The Sun, ſtill hiding, call'd aloud,
"Well! can ye merit to *my face* allow?
"What's now your colour? where your hundred eyes?
"The mingled radiance of a thouſand dies?
"Speak, Maſter PEACOCK, what's your colour now?"

"What colour!" quoth the Bird, as much aſham'd
As courtiers high, by loſs of office tam'd—
"To own the truth, much-injur'd PHŒBUS, know,
"I'm not one atom better than a *crow*.

"I ſee

"I ſee my folly—pity my poor train;
"And let thy goodneſs bid it ſhine again."

TYRANTS of *eaſtern* realms, whoſe ſubjects' noſes,
Like a ſmith's vice, your iron pow'r incloſes;
Who treat your people juſt like dogs or ſwine;
The meaning of my tale, can ye divine?
If *not*, go try to *find* it, I beſeech ye,
And do not let your angry SUBJECTS *teach* ye.

CELEBRATION;

OR

THE ACADEMIC PROCESSION

TO

SAINT JAMES'S:

AN ODE.

Rare Band! whom wide-mouth'd MOB with ſhouts ſhall hail;
WEST at the *head*, and WILTON at the *tail!*

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE READER.

MARVELLING READER,

SOON after the death of Dr. JOHNSON, a subscription for a Monument to the memory of that celebrated MORALIST being in circulation amongst the *first* people of the kingdom, the ROYAL ACADEMY generously and unanimously voted One Hundred Pounds towards the expences, as a tribute of regard for so extraordinary a Man, and one of their own Members; Dr. JOHNSON holding the place of PROFESSOR OF MODERN LITERATURE. This resolution being presented to the KING, his MAJESTY, in consideration of the *extreme poverty* of the ROYAL ACADEMY, instead of giving the ROYAL ASSENT, imposed the ROYAL VETO.—So much for Dr. JOHNSON.

In confequence of the exalted idea entertained by the MEMBERS of the Royal Academy of the late PRESIDENT'S (SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS) difcourfes, they refolved in council that an ELEGANT EDITION fhould be printed at the expence of the Academy; one copy to be prefented to each of the Members; the remainder of the copies to be depofited in the Library of the Academy; and a copy to be given occafionally to the moft fuccefsful Student, and to the newly-elected Academicians. This refolution was alfo offered to the KING, who, on account of the *ftill-reigning poverty* of the Academy, put a period to the proceeding, by a ROYAL VETO!

MISTER WEST, the prefent *extraordinary* PRESIDENT of the Royal Academy, *un*terrified by ROYAL VETOS, *with* and *by* the advice of his COUNCIL, magnanimoufly produced another ftring of refolutions:—viz. to beg to be *permitted* to *eat* and *drink*, *totis viribus*, in fpite of the Academy's *poverty*, the ACADEMY'S and his MAJESTY'S good health, amidft *mountains* of meat, and *oceans* of drink; to prefent an addrefs of *humble* thanks to his MAJESTY for his *unexampled Munificence* to his own Academy; and to be indulged with the honour of prefenting a andfome

MEDAL

MEDAL of GOLD to *his* MAJESTY, to *her* MAJESTY, to the PRINCE OF WALES, and to the PRINCESS ROYAL. These resolutions were *fortunately* received by MAJESTY with the most *flattering cordiality*; *and this day*, all these things (God willing) are to be *performed* and *executed*, together with the most *august* and *sublime* ceremony of MISTER BENJAMIN WEST'S *Knighthood*.*

Redeunt Saturnia Regna!

* Since the first edition, the POET (as hath been *sometimes* the case with the most inspired characters) finds himself mistaken; the ceremony did *not* take place: had this *ne plus ultra* of laughable and degraded Knighthood happened, the Knights of PEG NICHOLSON would have *held up their heads*.

CONTENTS.

PETER, after the manner of Parſons, prayeth for good weather. —He beggeth MORNING to ſmile on the meat and drink, and the cavalcading Members of the ROYAL ACADEMY.— PETER upbraideth Miſter WILTON for guzzling porter with *low* People *below*, when he ſhould be *above* amongſt the *Antiques*. — The CAVALCADE deſcribed. — It arriveth at SAINT JAMES's.—The MEMBERS tremble.—They appear before their SOVEREIGN.—They fall on their faces.—They get up again.—The PRESIDENT receives the honour of Knighthood. — He feeleth himſelf metamorphoſed into a ſublimer creature.—A moſt original, beautiful, and ſtriking compariſon between Miſter WEST's new ſtate, and that of a Butterfly.—PETER wondereth at the *great power* of a SWORD, and a *word*, and wiſheth they could improve the literary abilities of Miſter WEST.—The MEMBERS *kiſs hands*; who, PETER thinketh, would gladly kiſs *any other part*, than *no part* of MAJESTY.

THE

ACADEMIC PROCESSION

TO

SAINT JAMES'S.

SOL, put thee on thy beſt gold wig to-day:
Let rude DECEMBER be the gentle MAY;
Chain'd be the tempeſts, and well bung'd the rain;
Nor let a fog his ſullen twilight ſpread,
As lately dark'ning bade us think the head
Of ſome HIGH-TITLED MAN was cleft in twain.

Yes, yes, let MORN look down with ſmiling pride,
And ſmile on roaſt, and boil'd, and bak'd, and fry'd,
And grill'd, and devill'd, gums of GENIUS greeting;
Smile too upon the Academic Men,
Reſpectables indeed! who, nine in ten,
Well as of *painting*, know the *art* of *eating*.

Smile too on the Proceſſion—*grateful* Throng,
That glorious through the Strand ſhall move along,
And

And at Saint James's give th' addreſs of honey;
Full of rich loyalty and candied praiſe,
For royal favours that a world *amaze!*
Viz. pictures, ſtatues, drawings, books, and money.

Rare Band! whom wide-mouth'd *Mob* with ſhouts ſhall hail;
West at the head, and Wilton at the tail.
Yet let not Wilton join the glorious rear;
No, let not Wilton in the band appear;
Wilton, who, lazy beer-admiring Maſter,
For Whitbread, quits his pupils and their plaſter;
Deſerts, for common ſerving-men, the room,
And *bobs or nobs* with Ladies of the Broom:

Preferring thus black Charles's * Æthiop face
To Belvidere Apollo's head and grace;
O fie! 'midſt vulgar porter-pots regaling;
Who leav'ſt great Hercules for poor grey John †,
And, what muſt ſhock the feelings of a ſtone,
The youthful Venus for old Mother Maling ‡.

See!

* A Servant of the R. Academy.

† An old Servant *alſo* of the R. Academy.

‡ A Servant *likewiſe* of the R. Academy.

See! from yon DOME, amid th' expectant throng,
Slow moves the tribe of BENJAMIN along,
While FAME before them with her trumpet flies
Whilst on their heads, from bulks and chimney-to
As thick as herrings, or as thick as hops,
Wild ADMIRATION casts her countless eyes.

And now they reach the GATE of ADORATION!
And now a very sudden palpitation
Amid the fibres of their hearts they feel!
And now of ROYALTY th' electric shock,
Just as a man upon the black-brow'd rock
Has oft experienc'd from the numbing EEL!*

And now they panting mount SAINT JAMES'S stairs,
In *goodly* order and in *goodly* pairs;
Now at the HALL OF AUDIENCE they arrive;
Now 'midst the blaze of MAJESTY they fall
Prone on their faces, like affrighted PAUL,
Half dead, alas! poor Saint! and half alive.

See them, like nine-pins tumbled on the plain!
And now they get upon their *ends* again!—

* The Torpedo

Behold grave BENJAMIN th' Addreſs preſent!
Now on his knees (his ſoul's firſt wiſh!) delighted,
Behold *once*-Quaker-BENJAMIN be-knighted,
Amidſt a moon-ey'd hoſt of wonderment!

Now on his ſhoulder drops the magic ſword:
"Ariſe SIR BENJAMIN!" the SOVEREIGN ſays—
Happy, the KNIGHT ariſeth at the word,
And feels himſelf o'erwhelm'd with GLORY's rays.

In bolder ſtreams his blood begins to flow;
His heart ſublime, a richer torrent pours;
He looks contemptuous on the mob below,
And, ſwelling, now a pyramid he tow'rs.
With *Lords* behold him talk—with *Ladies* chat
Of ſceptres, ſnuff, rebellions, and *all that.*

Thus from his humble ſhop the ſilken WORM
That *crawl'd* at firſt the earth, to man's ſurpriſe,
Burſts forth with ſplendour—what an angel form!
And mounts on glittering wings of gold the ſkies;
Talks to *this mealy* LORD, and now *that* FAIR,
So happy mingling with the Tribes of Air!

Ah!

Ah! dwelleth ſuch rare virtue in a *ſword?*
Ah! lodgeth ſuch huge magic in a word?
Good heav'ns! what pity for th' unletter'd KNIGHT,
They cannot teach to *ſpeak* and *read* and *write!*

And now they humbly all kiſs hands ſo ſweet;
How bleſt the hand of MAJESTY to greet!
For which, miles high would thouſands gladly jump:
And would but ſacred MAJESTY *permit,*
Such really is AMBITION'S raging fit,
(Unlike RABELAIS the rogue*) they'd kiſs the *rump!*

Now cloth'd with honour, ſee the troop retreat!
Now MAJESTY'S good health they *drink* and *eat!*
Now, maudlin, MAJESTY'S good health *diſgorge!*
Now on poor *kingleſs* FRANCE they run their rigs!
Now mad for MAJESTY they burn their wigs!
Now, loyal, fry their watches † for KING GEORGE!

* The ſtory of Rabelais running from the Pope's preſence is too well known to be repeated.

† This farce was actually performed during the late reign, in the full form of loyalty, by the MAYOR and ALDERMEN of a *certain* Corporation in a weſtern county.

THE END.

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